

Orson Booker and
Mary Elizabeth Owen Calkins
Family Histories

2009


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A History of
Orson Booker and
Mary Elizabeth Owen Calkins
Their Children and Grandchildren
and many of their ancestors

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The OLD TOWN MILL

Built in 1651

New London, Connecticut

Preface

It was in the summer of 1996 that Loren and I were first introduced to the writings of Frances Manwaring Caulkins. We were vacationing in the East and had gone to New London Connecticut to become acquainted with the Calkins “roots” in America. We took a turn off of the freeway and were just driving around when we spotted the “Old Town Mill” built in 1651. We walked around the mill and saw a poster on the side of the mill stating that this was “undoubtedly one of the most romantic and picturesque spots in New London¹.” It further stated that Hugh Calkins had been one of the defenders of the mill when the “newcomers” [settlers] were anticipating Indian attacks. We were elated with the discovery and walked around taking a lot of pictures. We then drove to a little summer visitor’s center kiosk on a street corner. When we told them who we were and why we were there, they asked if we were familiar with Frances Manwaring Caulkins, who was a great historian from the 1800s. They directed us to the old Shaw Perkins mansion, which is the home of the New London County Historical Society. They welcomed us there and sold us their last copy of the book “History of New London” by F.M. Caulkins published in 1895 and reprinted in 1985. Arthur Lestor Lathrop, in his book “Victorian Norwich Connecticut” quoted the New London County Historical Society stating that “It is not too great praise to say that this book is the best local history ever published. . . .”² Norwich historian Dale Plummer, in speaking of Frances Caulkins, commented, “She was an amazing woman . . . quite progressive, intelligent, deeply religious and in many ways ahead of her time . . .”³ “One critic [went] so far as to claim that for her, it was a religious calling.”⁴

It is because of her love of history and her almost “religious” zeal in writing, that we have records of the lives of so many of our Calkins ancestors.

Quoting from “The History of New London” Frances wrote: “The divine command to “remember the days of old, and consider the years of many generations, so often repeated in varying terms in Holy Writ, is an imperative argument for the preservation of memorials of the past.

¹ *History of New London*, F. M. Caulkins p 403

² *Victorian Norwich Connecticut* p 53

³ Ibid

⁴ Ibid p 52

“The hand of God is seen in the history of towns as well as in that of nations. The purest and noblest love of the olden time is that which draws from its annals, motives of gratitude and thanksgiving for the past [and gives] counsels and warnings for the future.”

How could one possibly appreciate the present without an understanding of the sacrifices of those who came before? Perhaps as we read of their struggles, as they persevered with endurance through heartache and pain, it would help us make better decisions in our lives and truly appreciate the advantages that we have as a result of our great heritage.

The history of our country, *The United States of America*, from its very beginning—the conflicts with Indians, the war with our Mother Country, the trials of fighting for religious freedom, the need to recognize that God-given equality for all mankind, the efforts of building homes and roads, and pioneering through the expanse of the vast wilderness to build a great country—as a Calkins descendant, this is your history. Your ancestors were there!

In December of 1986, Loren wrote letters to all of his aunts requesting information to begin a project of compiling histories of his grandparents. Following is an excerpt from his letter:

“I would like to start a family organization of the descendants of your father and mother (my grandparents, Orson Booker and Mary Elizabeth Owen Calkins). I would like to begin with a history of Orson Booker Calkins. I, of course, have a family group sheet but do not have any histories. I will write my memories of him but I need your help. In the next few months I would appreciate your memories of your father, where he lived, schooling, jobs, how he met grandmother and anything else of interest.”

And so the project was begun. This has taken many years and now many of these beloved family members are no longer with us. With Loren’s death, I have felt compelled to continue on with this project and complete the compilation of these histories of Orson Booker and Mary Elizabeth Owen Calkins, their children, their grandchildren and extending to many of their ancestors. With the new technology available to us it is so much easier to record and preserve precious family histories for all of our posterity to enjoy. It is my wish that each member of the family will cherish the memories as they read through the histories of these important people in their lives. I pray that we might also have gratitude and thanksgiving for the past, and draw wisdom from the counsel of those who have gone before.

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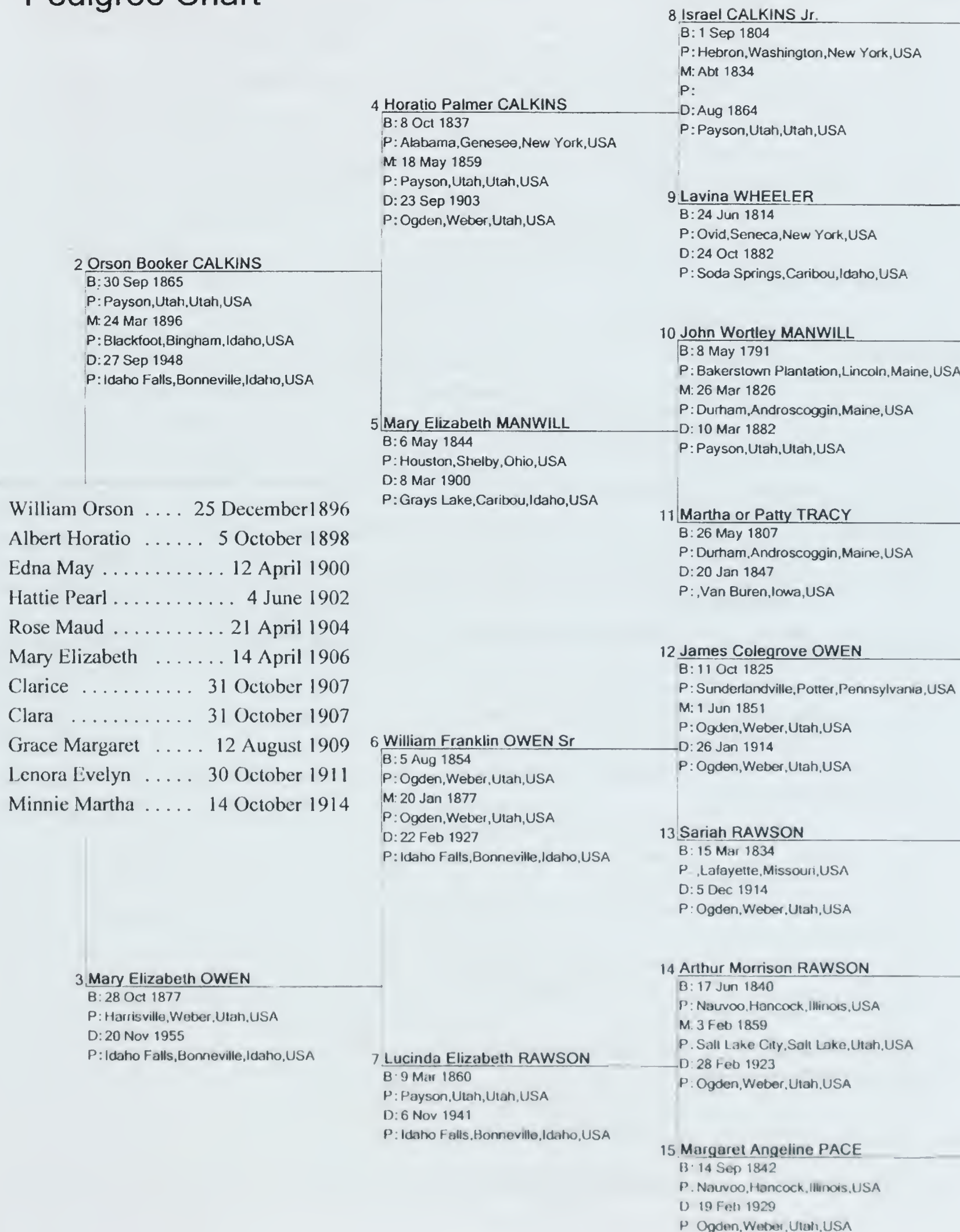
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Pedigree Chart



Family Group Record

Husband Orson Booker CALKINS			
Born	30 Sep 1865	Place	Payson, Utah, Utah, USA
Died	27 Sep 1948	Place	Idaho Falls, Bonneville, Idaho, USA
Buried	30 Sep 1948	Place	Idaho Falls, Bonneville, Idaho, USA
Married	24 Mar 1896	Place	Blackfoot, Bingham, Idaho, USA
Husband's father	Horatio Palmer CALKINS		
Husband's mother	Mary Elizabeth MANWILL		
Wife Mary Elizabeth OWEN			
Born	28 Oct 1877	Place	Harrisville, Weber, Utah, USA
Died	20 Nov 1955	Place	Idaho Falls, Bonneville, Idaho, USA
Buried	23 Nov 1955	Place	Idaho Falls, Bonneville, Idaho, USA
Wife's father	William Franklin OWEN Sr		
Wife's mother	Lucinda Elizabeth RAWSON		
Children List each child in order of birth.			
1	M William Orson CALKINS		
Born	25 Dec 1896	Place	Lewisville, Jefferson, Idaho, USA
Died	8 Jan 1973	Place	Boise, Ada, Idaho, USA
Spouse	Mabel Lucy HORSLEY		
Married	1 Mar 1920	Place	Idaho Falls, Bonneville, Idaho, USA
2	M Albert Horatio CALKINS		
Born	5 Oct 1898	Place	Ammon, Bonneville, Idaho, USA
Died	24 Mar 1965	Place	Logan, Cache, Utah, USA
Spouse	Hannah CROSSLEY		
Married	7 Jan 1919	Place	Pocatello, Bannock, Idaho, USA
3	F Edna May CALKINS		
Born	12 Apr 1900	Place	Ammon, Bonneville, Utah, USA
Died	28 May 1966	Place	Idaho Falls, Bonneville, Idaho, USA
Spouse	James McMurtrie STAGNER		
Married	2 Dec 1916	Place	Pocatello, Bannock, Idaho, USA
4	F Hattie Pearl CALKINS		
Born	4 Jun 1902	Place	Grays Lake, Bonneville, Idaho, USA
Died	27 Dec 1995	Place	Boise, Ada, Idaho, USA
Spouse	Phyleamon Dewey SKINNER		
Married	22 Oct 1919	Place	Meadowville, Caribou, Idaho, USA
5	F Rose Maud CALKINS		
Born	21 Apr 1904	Place	Ammon, Bonneville, Idaho, USA
Died	1 Jan 1951	Place	Conda, Caribou, Idaho, USA
Spouse	Theodore SKINNER		
Married	16 May 1922	Place	Soda Springs, Caribou, Idaho, USA
6	F Mary Elizabeth CALKINS		
Born	14 Apr 1906	Place	Grace, Bannock, Idaho, USA
Died	1 Aug 1926	Place	Gunnison, , Utah, USA
Spouse	George R. WILSON		
Married	24 Sep 1925	Place	Meadowville, Caribou, Idaho, USA

Family Group Record

Husband		Orson Booker CALKINS	
Wife		Mary Elizabeth OWEN	
Children List each child in order of birth.			
7	F	Clarice CALKINS	
	Born	31 Oct 1907	Place Grace, Bannock, Idaho, USA
	Died	10 Nov 1993	Place Idaho Falls, Bonneville, Idaho, USA
	Spouse	Hans Fredrick LARSON	
	Married	21 May 1927	Place
8	F	Clara CALKINS	
	Born	31 Oct 1907	Place Grace, Caribou, Idaho, USA
	Died	19 Oct 1908	Place Grace, Caribou, Idaho, USA
9	F	Grace Margaret CALKINS	
	Born	12 Aug 1909	Place Grace, Caribou, Idaho, USA
	Died	7 Dec 2000	Place Stockton, San Joaquin, California, USA
10	F	Lenora Evelyn CALKINS	
	Born	30 Oct 1911	Place Grace, Bannock, Idaho, USA
	Died	4 Feb 2004	Place Emmett, Gem, Idaho, USA
	Spouse	John Thomas PIPER	
	Married	22 Dec 1928	Place Pocatello, Bannock, Idaho, USA
11	F	Minnie Martha CALKINS	
	Born	14 Oct 1914	Place Meadowville, , Idaho, USA
	Spouse	Leon Bancroft POORMAN	
	Married	25 Nov 1936	Place Idaho Falls, Bonneville, Idaho, USA

Idaho Falls, Idaho March 1946

Pearl Skinner
Ray Street
Ray Stagner
Ida Stagner
Richard
Mary Street
Jeanette Poorman
Joan Poorman
Martin Larson
Lorraine Skinner
Albert & Hannah Calkins
Don Larson
Keith Larson
Lorraine Skinner
Grace Calkins
Jean Skinner
Fred Larson
Dewey Skinner
Jim Stagner
Edna Stagner
Orson Booker
Vera Rose Stagner
Mary Elizabeth
Hazel Larson
Emily Street
Garry Street
Sharlene Stagner
Dallas Skinner
Brian Skinner
Dennis Poorman
Ruth Poorman
Douglas Poorman
John Piper
Lenora Piper
Rose Skinner
Theo Skinner
Minnie Poorman



ORSON BOOKER CALKINS

Orson Booker Calkins born.. . . 30 September 1865

Married:.. 24 March 1896

To: Mary Elizabeth Owen 28 October 1877

Children:

William Orson. 25 December 1896

Albert Horatio. 5 October 1898

Edna May 12 April 1900

Hattie Pearl.. 4 June 1902

Rose Maud.. 21 April 1904

Mary Elizabeth.. 14 April 1906

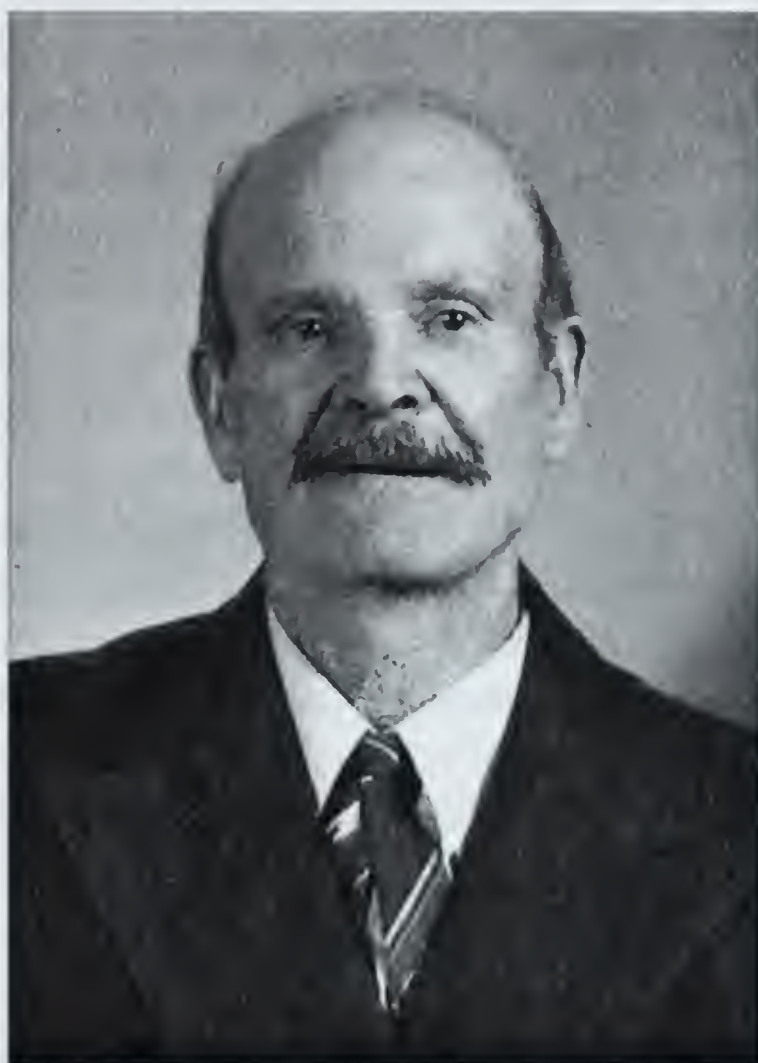
Clarice. 31 October 1907

Clara.. 31 October 1907

Grace Margaret. 12 August 1909

Lenora Evelyn. 30 October 1911

Minnie Martha. 14 October 1914



Grandfather Orson Booker

Loren began:

For several years I have wanted to write a sketch of my paternal grandfather. I have collected material from many family members and I will include it generally as I received it.

This sketch of the life of Orson Booker Calkins was written by his wife, my paternal grandmother, Mary Elizabeth Owen Calkins.

Orson Booker Calkins was born on the 30th of September 1865 in Payson, Utah. He was the son of Horatio Palmer Calkins and Mary Elizabeth Manwill.

When he was a small boy he moved with his parents to Mound Valley, Idaho. They lived there until he was 12 years old. They then moved to Grays Lake, Idaho where they lived until Orson was 27 years old. He then left Grays Lake and moved to Ammon, Idaho where he met Mary Elizabeth Owen. They were married on March 24, 1896 at Blackfoot, Idaho. He was then 30 years old and she was 18. They lived at Lewisville, Idaho for two years where a son was born to them who they named William Orson. He was born 25 December 1896. When William was about 18 months old Orson and Mary moved to Lost River, Idaho where Orson worked for a short period of time.

Orson and Mary moved to Ammon in 1898 and another son, Albert Horatio Calkins, was born on 5 October 1898. On the 12th of April 1900 a daughter, Edna Mae, was born. They lived in Ammon until 1902 when they moved to Grays Lake and went into the sheep business with his father, Horatio Palmer Calkins. While living there a fourth child, Hattie Pearl, was born on the 4th of June

1902.

They lived there until 1903 when Horatio Palmer Calkins died and the business was sold. They moved back to Ammon and their third daughter, Rose Maud Calkins, was born on the 21st of April 1904. The next move took them to Grace, Idaho where they purchased a farm, living there until 1913. During that time, five more daughters were born; Mary Elizabeth Calkins, twin girls, Clara and Clarice, (on October 19, 1908 Clara passed away.) and then on 12 August 1909 Grace Margaret was born. On 30 October 1911 Lenora Evelyn was born.

In 1913 Orson and Mary sold the farm and their home and moved to a new and unsettled country nine miles north of Soda Springs, Idaho; no name for the area, a wagon trail for a road, no school or church. Here they settled and Orson helped to get the school started and served on the school board as a trustee for a number of years. They worked hard to organize a ward, Sunday school, primary and a religion class for the children.

They helped name the little settlement Meadowville, Idaho. One more daughter, Minnie Martha, was born there on 14 October 1913. The children all grew up on the dry farm and most of them married and moved away.

In October 1936 Orson and Mary moved to Meridian, Idaho where they lived three years. He farmed until 1938 when he suffered a stroke. Mary, his wife, also became ill and had to have an operation which she didn't recover from, so they were compelled to move to a cooler climate. They moved to Idaho Falls, Idaho where they built a small home on 16th street.

Orson Booker Calkins was of sturdy pioneer stock. His principles were high. He was always a good neighbor and always ready to lend a helping hand to anyone in need. He passed away 27 September 1948 at the age of 83. He died in the LDS Hospital in Idaho Falls, Idaho after a short illness."

He was laid to rest in Fielding Memorial Park, Idaho Falls, Idaho.

Memories of My Father, Orson Booker Calkins by Clarice Calkins Larson

I am sending a copy of the life sketch given at his funeral (included above as written by my Mother, Mary Elizabeth) and I will write the things I remember.

I am one of the four youngest children, so I don't know too much. We grew up on the old dry farm in an area named by my father, "Meadowville," Idaho because of the sloughs and little lakes



Fiftieth Anniversary Grandpa and Grandma 1946

that covered a large area; lots of green grass and flowers, etc., in the spring and mosquitoes.

We were told when my father was young he drove freight wagons over the Oregon Trail. He had good horses and loved them. They were always cared for before he cared for himself.

My father never had time to pay much attention to children. Life was very hard. It would have been wonderful to have heard him talk of those things and tell us of his adventures.

In the evenings after the work was finished for the day and he wasn't too worn out, he would bounce the littlest kids on his knee and sing an old song:

Old Dan Tucker

Old Dan Tucker was a fine old man,
He washed his face in the frying pan.
He combed his hair with the wagon wheel
And died with the tooth ache in his heel.

So get out of the way for Old Dan Tucker,
He's too late to get his supper.
Supper's over and breakfast's cookin
Old Dan Tucker just stands there lookin.
(That is the way I remember it.)

Editors Note:

[From "Pioneer Songs": Five verses are printed as follows]

I came to town de udder night,
I hear de noise and saw de fight,
De watchman was a runnin' roun',
Cryin' "old Dan Tucker's come to town"

Old Dan he went down to de mill,
To get some meal to put in the swill;
The miller swore by the point of his knife,
He never seed such a man in his life!

Old Dan and I we did fall out,
And what you tink it was about?
He tread on my corn, I kick him on the shin,
And dat's the way dis row begin!

Old Dan begun in early life,
To play de banjo and de fife;
He play de niggers all to sleep,
And den into his bunk he creep.

And now Old Dan is a gone sucker,
And nebber can go home to supper;
Old Dan he has had his last ride,
And de banjo's buried by his side.

Chorus:

So get out de way, for Old Dan Tucker,
Get out de way, for Old Dan Tucker,
Get out de way, for Old Dan Tucker,
You're too late to come to supper.

The thing I remember most about my father was the way he felt about his horses. He had good ones and took good care of them. The ones I remember most were a team named Nig and Bill. "Nig" was a large black, kind of lively with a bit of a temper. We kids kept away from him. "Bill" was a large Bay with feet so big. He was that bright color with very dark brown shiny mane and tail. He was gentle and easy to handle. They were good horses, good workers and for years they served him well. Then one day they disappeared. My father had turned them out to graze. There was usually some good grass along the fence lines. Somehow they got through the fence and disappeared. All that was left was a torn down fence and large hoof prints going out into the thick sage brush.

Dad searched for miles around riding our pony. He went to every farm house, but no one had seen them. Then he was told by someone that a group of riders had come through the area cutting fences and driving away every horse they could find. Our fence was quite a distance from our house and farm buildings and beyond our fence was just miles of sagebrush and lava reefs that horses couldn't climb over.

In the farthest corner of our place the fence posts had been broken and tipped over so the horses could walk over it and so they were driven away, leaving us with one riding horse and two unbroken colts.

The loss of those horses nearly killed my father. They were good horses and his good friends. He searched the area for days riding the pony. All he found were others who had lost horses also. It was a great loss. He would never forget. It was a great loss to all of us. He was so worn and tired, exhausted and ill when he got back home. He cried with my mother and we kids hid behind the house and cried, too.

My father had a bad hernia and riding a horse was something he just couldn't do. He was really sick for a few days, as well as discouraged and depressed.

Going back to our first years we were in Meadowville, my father was really quite a strong person and the only time I remember him being really sick was when he had spotted fever. I think it was caused by being bitten by wood ticks or something like it. He was very ill for a long time, right in bed. He didn't know where he was or who we were. It was impossible to get a doctor at that time. Mother took care of him and did every thing she could do. We were away out in that old dry farm wilderness. No close neighbors, no way to get anywhere.

One day as he had begun to improve and was getting so he could eat a little, (but of course there wasn't much to eat that he felt like eating), a farmer who lived in the area came by. He had gone to the hills to get wood and while he was close to a stream he stopped and fished. All he could catch were suckers and chubs. But he drove home, coming by our place and left some fish with mother, hoping my father could eat a little. He always said he would never eat those fish, and would never keep them when he was fishing. My mother cleaned the fish and skinned and boned them as good as she could, and fried them in butter. He ate them and said they were the best fish he had ever eaten. From that day he began to feel better and was soon able to get out of bed. He was weak and

ill most of the summer but did recover. This happened when we had first settled in this dry farm country just a few years.

My father was the one who named our little dry farm area Meadowville. That is what the county called it. Our school was the Meadowville school, and we were the Meadowville kids, etc. I think about ten or twelve families made up our school.

Father was the one who gave our area its name. I wonder if the place is still called that. Now the whole area is one big field of green from east to west. Not a building left, except for one granary and Pearl and Minnie thought it was the one our father built. It had been moved but sure looked like it. He also was the one to get a real school house built. That was so great. Two nice big rooms with real desks and blackboards, a large clean basement where we could have dances and programs and parties. That was so nice. Then in a few years a teacher's cottage was built by the school house and there was a well with a good pump for water.

We lived about a mile from school and walked, except on very bad days, when my father would drive us in the sleigh, with old Nig and Bill plodding along, their breath making clouds in the cold air.

Our family was made up of eleven children and our parents; (1st) "Bill" William Orson, (2) Albert, (3) Edna, (4) Pearl, (5) Rose, (6) Elizabeth, (7) Clarice, (8) Clara, (9) Grace, (10) Lenora, and (11) Minnie. I, (Clarice) was one of a pair of twins. We were the first twins born in Grace, Idaho and the ladies gave my mother a baby shower. There were two lovely dresses. My twin, Clara, died when we were just babies so she was buried in her beautiful dress. I have mine, a 79 year old dress!!



Pearl, Mother Mary, Father Orson, Minnie, Rose, Lenora, Pearl's daughters, Valene and Cleo with their doll.

Our brothers being the first born grew up and went out into the world to make their own way, to marry and have their own lives. Edna married also, then Pearl and Rose, (they married brothers).

Elizabeth married and died in childbirth a few years later.

When I was fourteen or so I milked the cows and helped with chores, helped in the fields by riding the plow, helping to care for the horses and milking the cows when the long day on the plow was done. I loved our riding pony. She was a good friend.

As time went on we girls all grew up and had to leave home to work or go to school. Then I married. Our father had to give up the farm, his health was failing, and mother had suffered from poor health for years, too.

Sister Edna and her husband, Jim, helped to build them a small house on 16th St. in Idaho Falls. That was a great blessing. Edna was so good to them and Jim did everything he could to make them comfortable. Mother got a job at Rogers Brothers potato place and earned enough to add one room to their little home and a bathroom. What a thrill.

In September of 1948 my father died. He was 83 years old. He was buried in the Fielding Memorial Cemetery. I will always remember that last illness. He would say, "No. No, you go home and get your rest. I'm alright." He was so sick.

Several years later mother met this nice man at church, named Roland McGavin. They became very good friends and were married. He was a kind, loving man and they had three good years together. Then my mother died from cancer.

Remembrances of Grandfather by Loren Gene Calkins

I suppose the first time that I can remember my grandfather must have been in the late 1920s. We lived at Beckwith, Wyoming at that time. Dad owned a Model T Ford and we made a trip or two from Beckwith to Soda Springs.

I remember a kindly, old man with a mustache, a bald head and a mouth that showed, when he smiled, only a few "snags", as he called them, for teeth. He usually had a chew of tobacco in his mouth. Grandfather liked his chew. He kept a plug in his top overalls' pocket and a pocket knife in a front pocket. He would take out the plug, his pocket knife and cut off a small slice. This he would tuck into the side of his mouth and then lick off the blade of his knife. He was always very clean with his "spitting". When in the house and a fire was going in either the heating stove or the kitchen stove he would, every few minutes, lift up the lid or open the door and expectorate into the fire. Before every meal, if he had a chew in his mouth, he would carefully remove the chew and if there was any goodness left he would save it until after dinner. A water bucket with a dipper was usually in the kitchen and after removing the chew he would take a mouth full of water, swirl it around a bit and then open the kitchen door and let it go out the door onto the ground.

One time I asked him why he didn't just swallow the juice from the tobacco. His reply was that it gave him the hiccups. Another time Dad was driving the car, Grandfather was sitting on the right side, Ellis was sitting on the left side in the back and I was sitting on the right side behind Grandfather. This car may or may not have had windows, but anyhow they were open. Grandfather expectorated out the window on his side, the mouthful went out his window and back in mine. I was only about ten years old and small enough that the mouthful covered the entire right side of my face.

As I remember, Grandfather apologized but he and Dad had a good laugh.

Two summers in a row, Ellis and I spent a month or so staying with Grandfather and Grandmother when they lived on the dry farm almost due west of Conda. I must have been about ten years of age. Grandfather was trying to farm about a hundred or so acres of dry farm. The area had hundreds of ground squirrels. Grandfather had a couple of dozen small traps and he showed me how to set the traps and then gave me a penny each for everyone I caught. He also gave me a nickel each for jack rabbits and rock chucks. I must have made two or three dollars each summer. One day he took a piece of hard wood and whittled out an arrow point about six inches long. He then said that if I would creep up behind the hole that when the squirrel came out of its hole that I could stab him with the point. This probably would have worked if I had had enough patience, but after about two minutes I was gone. Many times though I could set a trap and come back in five minutes and have another penny.

As mentioned previously Grandfather only had a few teeth in his mouth that he called snags. One day he showed us a set of forceps that he kept in a drawer. They were shiny and were probably chrome plated or some other kind of plate. I asked him what they were for and he said that when one of his snags got to bothering him too much that he would take the forceps and pull it out. I hadn't been to a dentist yet but I could imagine how it would feel to pull out one of your own teeth.

Ellis and I knew that he had grown up during the later "Cowboy and Indian" years so we asked him one day if he owned a pistol. He went to his drawer again and pulled out a small, shiny pistol. We didn't ask him if he ever shot an Indian, but presumed that he might have or what would he be doing with the pistol.

Orson Booker had a way with animals. During the two summers Ellis and I stayed with them they had horses, cows, pigs and chickens. He must have had at least a dozen Holstein cows that he milked. Just west of the house about a hundred feet was the county road. On the west side of it about a quarter mile was a cliff of lava rock. There were only a couple of trails where a person and a cow could go down to a meadow. The area between the road and the cliff was covered with wild grass and sage brush. The meadow had a good stand of grass. After milking, the cows were let out and they would normally go down one of the trails to the meadow. Grandfather must have owned or rented about twenty five acres of the sage brush and maybe fifty acres of meadow. It was mine and Ellis's chore to drive the cows back to the corral for milking. Grandfather had his cows so trained that he did n't put them in a barn to milk them. He had a barn but it was on the opposite side of the road. We would drive the cows into the corral and then he would walk up to each one of them and pump out the milk. When they were all milked, the milk was carried to the house.

Quite often when we would get to the rim rock and look down into the meadow, the cows would not be in their assigned area. If we looked around we would probably find them in another person's meadow property. Rather than walk completely around the fence to find where they got out, Grandfather told us to go directly toward them, (cows will usually stay fairly close together,) then get on the opposite side and drive them slowly toward home. They would invariably walk to

the opening in the fence and get back in their proper pasture. The hole in the fence was then found without a lot of searching. They were very gentle and would walk across the meadow to the nearest trail over the rim-rock and into the corral.

Grandfather had a hand pump for domestic water for the home and the animals. He either had to pack water from the well, across the road to a trough or open two gates and drive the cows to the well. One day he took me with him and picking up a shovel said, "Lets go to the meadow and dig a pond for the cows to drink out of." Just below the rim rock and about fifty yards out in the meadow, he stuck his shovel in the ground and dug a hole about three feet wide, four feet long and two feet deep. The water table was close to the ground and by the time he had the sump dug it was filled with about a foot of water. He then took his shovel and on one end dug a sloped ramp down to the water. The cows then had a never ending supply of water although they would invariably walk in the water almost up their knees.

Just about fifteen feet east of the house was an underground cellar. The first year we were there, Grandmother would strain any impurities out of the milk, pour it into several large flat pans and put it in the cellar. It was cool in that cellar and by morning the cream on the evening milk would have risen to the top. It was skimmed off the milk and put into a butter churn with the cream from the previous day's morning milking. Grandfather or Grandmother would then work the handle until butter was formed. She had a pound mold and other tools to work the butter and put it in the mold. She also had wrappers made with her name on them. This butter was also put in the cellar and about once a week a trip was made to the store in Conda where the butter was traded for those items needed, including a few plugs of tobacco. The balance was taken in money. When they received this money we would be paid for our squirrels. The skim milk and the butter milk were put in a couple of 50 gallon barrels with other scraps and grains and then the mixture was used to "slop" the hogs.

The second summer there was a new cream separator in the house. During the time we were there it was Ellis's and my jobs to turn the handle to separate the cream from the milk. This was quite a job for an eleven year old boy, but given enough time I could get it up to speed. The separator had some kind of bell on the handle and it had to be turned at the



Orson and Mary - Picture taken by granddaughter Valene

proper speed to get a melodious sound. If you slowed down it would sound flat. (For a dissertation on how the cream separator worked you can find it in my other writings.)

The first year I was there, Grandmother's butter churn was shaped like a tall thin drum. The cream was put into it and then a handle with a plunger on it was worked up and down. Eventually the butter would start to form and when Grandmother thought it had been churned enough she would pour out the mixture of butter and buttermilk. She would work the butter with a flat spatula to get out the rest of the buttermilk and to have the chunks of butter cling to each other. The second year she had a larger and better churn. This one was shaped like a box on legs. I don't remember how the mechanism worked inside but it had a handle on the side that one pulled back and forth.

Grandmother had an automatic washing machine that was quite unique. It was a round tub with a mechanism that turned an agitator that looked something like three toilet plungers in a triangle. These were made out of brass and when a handle on the side was pushed back and forth the agitator would work up and down pushing the clothes under the water. At the same time it would turn slightly to make sure all the clothes were covered. This to me was a boring job, but I helped run it as needed.

Near the house were several sink holes in the lava rock. Some of these were quite large and fifteen or twenty feet deep. In the winter time these sink holes would become almost filled with blowing snow. In the spring, after the snow had settled, Grandfather would take a wagon load of straw and pitch it onto the snow. I remember going to one sink hole in particular and watched the men remove a supply of compacted snow. This was taken back to the house and used to make a batch of homemade ice cream. Boy, did I ever think that was delicious.

One summer, (I must have been about eight) we visited our grandparents. This must have been in the spring because Grandfather was plowing the field just to the north of the house. This piece of ground was not flat and the north east corner pitched far enough down that the corner could not be seen from the house. He had a riding plow and was pulling it by his two horses. One horse would walk in the previous furrow and would know enough to go to the end of the row and then make a left turn to start in a new direction. On this particular day I begged to be allowed to drive the horses. Grandfather did not think that I could get into any trouble so I got on the plow seat and made a couple of rounds of the field. The horses left the furrow and cut off about fifty feet of the corner in spite of me trying to rein them. I made a couple of more rounds and they did the same thing. On my last trip it must have been dinner time because the horses were unharnessed and put into the barn. We left the next day to return to our home and I never did find out what Grandfather thought about the cut off corner, although I can imagine he had quite a laugh.

During those two years they cooked on a range during the summer and had a heater in the living room for cold weather. I presume they bought some lump coal for winter use but all the cooking, water heating, etc., during mild weather was done by wood. Grandfather cut most if not all the wood with an axe. I was always amazed by the accuracy and straightness of the cut when he worked. His cuts took out a bare minimum of chips. (When he lived in Meridian he put a floor

made out of railroad ties in the barn. The ends of the ties had to be cut off because the ties were too long. These cuts were almost as straight and clean as a saw.) He probably had a cross cut saw but I do not remember ever seeing one.

One summer day he took Ellis, myself, his team of horses, a wagon, his trusty axe and himself and we drove over near Conda. This was in the middle thirties and the hill just west of Conda had a stand of evergreens and deciduous trees on the north side. He and others must have been cutting this stand of trees from time to time because there was a wagon trail up the hill into the grove. (The last time I was there not a tree or stump was visible.) Grandfather stopped the wagon and took his axe and went up the hill above the wagon. Here he began to cut both types of trees. He would then limb them and load them into the wagon. When he had used up most of the day we took the logs home where he put them in a pile with a few other previously cut logs. This particular day he dropped a rather large evergreen tree and it fell toward the wagon. Ellis and I were sitting on the wagon watching him work and the tree started to fall directly towards us. He hollered and we both went off the wagon as fast as we could. The top of the tree missed the wagon by some ten feet but we were a little scared. Grandfather said later that he hollered to scare us and that he knew the tree would not reach the wagon, but I have often wondered.

About 1935 father received a gift from Uncle Sam for having fought in World War I. With this money he and mother bought a ten acre farm about two and one half miles east of Meridian on Franklin road. It had a barn, a chicken house, a garage and a two bedroom house without inside plumbing. Dad loved and respected his father and wanted to make life better for him and Grandmother. He contacted them and invited them to move to Meridian with their cows. Here he could run the small farm and sell his milk to the Meridian Creamery. They moved to Meridian and brought cows and chickens with them. We lived at Owyhee, Idaho (about twenty miles south and east of Meridian) and made almost a weekly trip to the farm to help with the farming. I remember shoveling snow and pulling a small hand cultivator to help with the crops.

I think it was in 1939 that the railroad section in Meridian became available and Dad bid on it. He had enough seniority and was given the job. The section at Meridian did not have a company house, so it was necessary for him to provide his own. We moved to the farm, Dad and Grandfather remodeled the garage into an apartment and then the grandparents moved into it. We moved into the house and everything should have been rosy but things happen from time to time. Grandmother had a tumor and had to have an operation. I understand that the removed tumor weighed several pounds. Grandfather then had a small stroke which left him without the strength to do every thing he wanted. Grandmother claimed that the weather in Meridian was too hot in the summer time so they moved back to Idaho Falls. They lived there until they both died as mentioned earlier.

We were going to church in Meridian and tried to go every Sunday. When Grandmother returned home after her stay at the hospital she wanted to go to church the first Sunday. She had asked mother to pick her up and take her to church. When it became time to go we all climbed into the car without Grandmother and went to church. I asked Mother why she didn't take Grandmother

and was told that Mother thought that she would not be able to sit through the entire sacrament meeting and that Mother would be required to leave sacrament meeting and take her back home. From that time on there was a rift between Mother and Grandmother and I believe that it was that rift that helped them decide to return to the Idaho Falls area.

We lived in a railroad house at Owyhee and were able to get all the used railroad ties that we wanted. We always had about a hundred in stock. From time to time some of these were hauled to Meridian to the farm for building and burning purposes. Grandfather, at that time, owned a large Dodge Touring car. It had a trailer hitch on the back and he, or we, owned a two wheel trailer. One day I went with him to Owyhee to get a trailer load of ties. We probably had about a dozen on the trailer and were traveling on the Kuna cutoff about four miles west of Mora. The road at that time was just gravel. I don't know what happened but all at once the trailer started to weave, the force of the weaving caused the Dodge to leave the road and end up in the sagebrush on the south side of the road. When we got stopped the trailer was still connected to the car but it was upside down and most of the ties were scattered. Grandfather and I righted the trailer, reloaded the ties and went on to the farm without further incident.

One final incident I recall:

Probably the first fall Grandfather moved to Meridian, he, Dad, Ellis and I went fishing to upper Canyon Creek below Long Tom Reservoir. The weather was cool, but quite pleasant and there was a couple of inches of snow on the ground. Grandfather and Dad took their fishing rigs and worked their way down the creek. Ellis and I were left alone at the car and told to fish the creek close to the car. I fished for about an hour but didn't get so much as a bite. Then, at one hole there was a rock overhang and the water was clear. I could see several trout with their tails sticking out from under the rock. I had a double hook and put this on my line. By kneeling down and being quiet I managed to snag several trout, the largest some fourteen inches. Ellis and I then played in the car but as we became bored, we decided to see how far we could run away from the car in our bare feet. The first time or two it was a virtual tie because we only ran until our feet were partially cold. I finally won the contest because on our last try I ran until my feet were cold all over and by the time I got back to the car they were like a couple of ice cubes.

Dad had bought a few slices of bologna and a loaf of bread for lunch. Ellis and I didn't give the amount of bologna much thought and ate several sandwiches and only left Dad and grandfather about two slices each. They came back for lunch with a nice catch of trout and were hungry. When they found out that Ellis and I had eaten most of the meat, they were a little put out. They ate what was left and then went back to fishing. By the end of the day they had both caught over their limit of nice trout. When we got home Dad found out that the fishing season was closed for the year on Canyon Creek.

I was working at Winchester, Idaho during the month of September 1948. Orson Booker Calkins passed away on 27 September. By the time I received the information it was too late for me

to attend his funeral so I never would see my Grandfather in this life again.

Memories of My Grandfather Orson Booker Calkins by M. Valene Klamt

I remember Grandpa as a big man, most always dressed in denim overalls, blue work shirt, and wearing a crumpled felt hat indoors or out of doors. He had large, soft brown eyes and was bald except for a couple of inches of dark brown hair above his neck and a few strands on top of his head. He had a big, bushy moustache.

Grandpa worked every day, rising early in the morning, except Sunday, when his only chore was feeding the animals. He took good care of his work horses, often saying, "They need a day of rest, too." He loved hot baking powder biscuits every morning for his breakfast.

He chewed tobacco and had a very accurate aim directed at a brass spittoon he kept in the corner not far from his chair. Often he would lay the remains of his chew ("cud") where it would be handy to pick up. One day Grandma found it on the window sill in the kitchen. There was much muttering, including the remark, "What if one of the children touched it?" The back of his captain's chair was worn smooth.

I often heard him remark to Grandma, regarding his grandchildren, "We must treat them all fairly. I can't do something for one without doing the same for others." He was gentle and protective of his grandchildren, always cautioning us to stay in a safe place around the buildings where he kept his animals, when he didn't have a firm hand on one of ours.

I remember being bounced on his leg and sung to. When I was older, he would greet me with, "Well, come and tell me what you have been doing." I took snapshots the last time I saw him. I believe it was the summer of 1942 when we had made a family trip to Idaho Falls to visit the new temple.

Whenever I hear the word "grandparent", I think of Grandpa and Grandma Calkins, remembering the loving impact they made on my life as a little girl.

I'll close with a little verse he used to recite and which came in handy when one of my kids complained about lumps in the Cream of Wheat! Grandma often made a dish she called "Lumpy Dick", the



Grandma Mary Elizabeth and Grandpa Orson

contents of which I've never been able to uncover in my cookbook research. We loved it and Grandpa would recite:

“Lumpy Dick, he was so quick,
His bow, it was so limber.
He bent his bow to shoot a crow
And shot a cat in the winder!

Loving thoughts of my Grandfather Orson Booker Calkins by Cleo Hazel Skinner Grinaker

From the eyes of a very tiny granddaughter, my Grandpa was a swarthy, muscular, commanding man, wearing blue denim overalls, long sleeved light denim shirt, a dark felt hat that was perched on the back of his head, black ankle high shoes that turned up on the toes caused from the constant moisture in which he trod as he completed his daily chores on the farm.

Under this prevalent hat, he sported a fringe of dark brown hair. A few wisps had grown much longer than the fringe, so these wisps were brushed from one side over the top of his head. His hat came off as he entered the living quarters. Upon one of his wrists he wore a copper bracelet. His broad face was covered with weather tanned skin and lined with well earned wrinkles. His small dark eyes were framed with dark, unrelenting eyebrows on his forehead and furrows of lines, caused from various elements of weather, at the corner of each eye.

Grandpa had few teeth remaining by the time the grandchildren came along but he did sport a handsome dark mustache. One of my poignant memories is that after a visit with him, he expected a goodbye kiss. I can recall that I requested him to clean off his mustache first. Now as these events come tumbling back to my memory the haunting smell of chewing tobacco dances across my face. You see, my Grandpa used the old fashioned plug tobacco - he always carried it in his overall pocket along with a small pocket knife. Oh, how many times have I seen him cut off a chew and smack at it like it was the most delightful experience of the day.

When he was in the farmyard working with the animals, his voice was commanding and the animals always seemed to obey. However, his voice was never raised when children were at play. In fact, I loved to sit on his foot and enjoy the familiar, gentle bounce as he sang in his soothing, sing, song way. A few of these favorite jingles were “Ride a Cock Horse”, “Lumpy Dick” and “Nickety, Nackity, Now, Now, Now”.

I loved to sit by Grandpa at mealtime. There was no fooling around by the youngsters at the table, but he was always so grateful for the food before him. His gratitude was shown by the quantity he ate and with such gusto! He never seemed to be grumpy about the items served. One of my very favorite evening meals with him “was lumpy dick”.

As the years passed and I found myself in elementary school, I can recall that much of my visiting with him was done during the summer months. He was always busy in the fields or doing his harvest work. However, during the winter months, we could usually plan on a Saturday visit

from our grandparents. They brought a big sleigh through the fields and had lunch with us before starting back over the snow trail for the farm. He let us ride on the back of the sleigh for a mile or two and then stopped the horses and said, "Now you kids run for home before it gets dark and cold." We did just that, always feeling like special people because our grandpa gave us a ride on the back of the sleigh. We invited our friends along for the rides, too.

After they moved from the Meadowville area, our visits were few and far between. Years were piling on his shoulders and he no longer farmed. After they had moved to Idaho Falls, I did visit them occasionally with my parents. Norm and I visited their humble home by the potato chip factory a couple of times. My last memory of him centers around the death and funeral of a sweet cousin, Eldon Skinner. Grandpa and Grandma had been brought to Conda for the occasion. All of us were crying and feeling sorry for ourselves, when Grandpa very quietly remarked to a number of people standing around, "Do you think Eldon would want us to stop living because of this tragedy. We must dry our tears and get on with our lives." I have thought of that many times and although he was the very senior member of the relatives, all of us respected the message and moved on with what had to be done.

One last thought; I recall looking at him that day and wondering if his body had always been so small. Was he a big, overpowering person because I was just a little girl?

Grandfather Orson Booker died just before his 83rd birthday on the 27th of September 1948.

Grandmother Mary Elizabeth was then 61 years old. She took a business class, bought herself a typewriter and began compiling all of her family records for herself and her posterity. On the 12th of March 1952 she married Roland McGavin and spent much of her time in the temple, doing work for her ancestors. She died on the 20th of November 1955.

Compiled by Loren Calkins

	Birth date	Death date
Orson Booker Calkins	30 September 1865	27 September 1948
Mary Elizabeth Owen	28 October 1877	20 November 1955
William Orson	25 December 1896	7 January 1973
Albert Horatio	5 October 1898	24 March 1965
Edna May	12 April 1900	28 May 1966
Hattie Pearl	4 June 1902	27 December 1995
Rose Maud	21 April 1904	1 January 1951
Mary Elizabeth	14 April 1906	1 August 1926
Clara	31 October 1907	19 October 1908
Clarice	31 October 1907	10 November 1993
Grace Margaret	12 August 1909	7 December 2000
Lenora Evelyn	30 October 1911	4 February 2004
Minnie Martha	14 October 1913	



Orson, Caroline and Palmer



Orson Calkins, 83, Dies at Hospital

Orson B. Calkins, retired local farmer, died Monday at 6 a.m. at a local hospital after a brief illness.

Mr. Calkins was born Sept. 3, 1865 at Payson, Utah, the son of Horatio and Mary Elizabeth Calkins. When he was 12 years of age he came with his parents to Gray's lake.

On March 24, 1885 he was married to Mary Elizabeth Owen at Blackfoot. Following their marriage they located at Grace where they lived for nine years when they moved to Soda Springs where they resided for 20 years. Before coming to Idaho Falls they lived in Boise.

Funeral services will be held Thursday at 2 p.m. at the Second LDS ward church with Bishop Vern Bitter of the Sixth ward officiating. Friends may call at the Wood Funeral home until Thursday and then at the family home at 484 West Sixteenth street until service time. Burial will be in the Fielding Memorial park.

Besides his widow, Mr. Calkins is survived by nine sons and daughters, William O. Calkins, Meridian; Albert H. Calkins, Hagerman; Mrs. James Stagner, Mrs. Fred H. Larsen and Mrs. Leon Poorman, all of Idaho Falls; Mrs. Dewey Skinner and Mrs. Theodore Skinner, Conda; Mrs. Kenny Belshaw, Hayward, Calif. and Mrs. John Piper, Council; and 45 grandchildren and 33 great grandchildren.

Mr. Calkins served on the school board while residing in Soda Springs.

This picture was probably taken about 1886. Orson and his older brother Palmer were no longer at home. Caroline is shown here with her brothers, Albert Manwill, David Farrington, John Israel and Horatio Vernon.

Patriarchal Blessing for Orson B. Calkins

Grace, Idaho

April 24, 1908

A blessing by W. W. Sterrett, Patriarch, upon the head of Orson B. Calkins, son of Horatio P. and Mary Elizabeth (Manwill) Calkins born 30 September 1866 at Payson, Utah.

My dear and beloved brother Orson B. Calkins, by the authority of the Holy Melchizedek Priesthood, I lay my hands upon your head and, in the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, seal upon you a Patriarchal blessing.

Thou art of the blood and lineage of Abraham through the loins of Ephraim and a lawful heir of the blessings promised his children.

And my dear brother I say unto you draw in the wanderings of your mind and think more of the things of life and salvation. For thou art a noble spirit that our Father has sent from his presence through goodly parents to do a work upon the earth.

And blessed art thou Orson, for thou wast born in Zion and thy name is written in the Lamb's book of life.

And thou shall yet preach this gospel at home and abroad and you will become mighty in speaking and have power to heal the sick and cast out evil spirits.

I seal upon you the gift of the discerning of spirits.

You will see your sons and daughters grow up about you healthy and fair and they will be mighty to take a vengeance on the enemies of the Lord.

You will accumulate much of this world's goods and always an abundance. Your name will be held in honorable remembrance in Zion forever.

Your land will yield its strength for the sustenance of yourself and family. Your cellar and your barns will be filled with the good things of the earth.

You shall have gold and silver, houses and lands and domestic animals in abundance.

My dear brother according to your faithfulness I seal you up unto Eternal life to come forth in the morning of the first resurrection. And receive a full and complete salvation and an exaltation with all your posterity in the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth.

Amen.

MARY ELIZABETH OWEN

Mary Elizabeth Owen born..... 28 October 1877
Married 24 March 1896
To: Orson Booker Calkins 30 September 1865
Children:
William Orson 25 December 1896
Albert Horatio 5 October 1898
Edna May 12 April 1900
Hattie Pearl..... 4 June 1902
Rose Maud 21 April 1904
Mary Elizabeth 14 April 1906
Clarice 31 October 1907
Clara 31 October 1907
Grace Margaret 12 August 1909
Lenora Evelyn 30 October 1911
Minnie Martha 14 October 1914



Mary Elizabeth Owen

Minnie contributed her Mother’s writing:

I, Mary Elizabeth Owen, was a daughter of William Franklin Owen and Elizabeth Rawson—their firstborn. I was born the 28th of October 1877, at Harrisville, Weber County, Utah. It is now Farr West. We lived on this farm until I was eight years old. In the spring of 1885 we moved to Eagle Rock, Bonneville County, Idaho (now Idaho Falls). My father had gone the previous year and filed on a homestead and cleaned some of the sage brush off and planted a crop. We built a log house—the first shingled roof in Ammon.



William and Elizabeth Owen

In the spring of 1885, father returned to Utah and moved us to our new home in sage brush country. We had two wagons loaded with household goods and machinery and six cows. It took about ten days to make the trip. I well remember how hot and uncomfortable it was traveling and how desolate it was when we arrived there—with nothing but tall sage brush every way we looked. How I did miss the green lawns and the trees and flowers we had in Utah!

I was fourteen years old before we had a school that I could go to. Previous to this we had studied some at home, such as reading and spelling and writing, which was all my mother was able to help us with. After we did get a school I was always kept at home to take care of the family until the middle of winter as my mother had her babies regularly every two years, so I did not get much schooling after we got a school going.

We did not have grades then as we do now. We went by the reader. Each class was called by what reader they were in. If one was in the second reader, it was called "second reader class" and so on. It went up to the sixth reader. We had to go to Iona to Church, Sunday School and everything. I can't remember just what year it was that we got our Ward organized. It was such a thrill when we could go to Sunday School without driving nine miles in a big old lumber wagon. My grandparents moved into Ammon and two Empey families and two Southwick families, then we had enough to get a school and church. They built a log house and we used it for school, church parties and everything.

We did have good times and we all grew up there. In about 1894 I met Orson B. Calkins and we became good friends and kept company for two years. On March 24, 1896 we were married and moved to Lewisville, Jefferson County, Idaho, where we farmed for two years. Then we moved to Lost River and worked for about six months, and then we moved to Ammon where we lived until 1905. We then moved to Grace, Idaho, and bought us a farm. While living in Lewisville we had a son born to us. We named him William Orson. After moving back to Ammon we had another son born who we named Albert Horatio and a daughter we named Edna May. Hattie Pearl and Rose Maud were also born there in Ammon.



Mary and Orson

We stayed in Grace until the spring of 1913, when we moved to a dry farm north of Soda Springs which we named Meadowville. While living in Grace we had a daughter born who we named Mary Elizabeth. We also had a set of twin girls we named Clara and Clarisa. Another daughter we named Grace Margaret and another daughter we named Lenora Evelyn. While living in Grace one of our twins (Clara) died on the 19th of October 1908.

We moved to our dry farm in the spring of 1913 and began a new life. We helped to build up a new country and get a school started. Also Sunday School, Primary, Mutual and all the organizations and got them all going. Our family all grew up there on the dry farm, going to school and working in all the organizations.

Another daughter we named Minnie Martha was born there. I did a lot of hard work, mostly washing for different people to try to earn enough to clothe the girls so that they could go to church and school. The children all grew up and married from the dry farm and went their different ways. One girl, Mary Elizabeth, married and went away. She died in Gunnison, Utah, 1 August 1926.

In the year of 1936 we moved to Meridian, Idaho, to take care of our son's place. We both worked very hard and our health broke down. My husband had a stroke in 1938, and a month later I had to have a serious operation from which I did not recover for about five years. My heart was so weak the doctors said I could not live.

[Editor's note: in speaking with Dr. Joseph Thomas in 1951, he was surprised to hear that Mary Elizabeth was still in good health. When they performed surgery on Grandmother Calkins in 1938, he was certain that she could not live very long. He said she had cancer of the stomach and was in serious condition.]

We moved back to Idaho Falls where it was not so hot and I began to improve. We landed in Idaho Falls in July 1939 and began to get us a home built and have lived here ever since.

Since moving to Idaho Falls I have had the privilege of working in the different church organizations. I have been a visiting teacher since 1940 and have never missed visiting my district. I enjoyed doing church work. I had to quit for a while as my husband did not approve of my doing anything in church so I stayed home to keep peace in the family.

In 1945 and 1946 I went to work at Roger's Brothers Dehydration plant and earned enough money to build me two back rooms and put in a bathroom which has been the biggest thrill of my life.

On September 27, 1948 my husband passed away. I carried on alone and kept on working. In April about 1950 I went to Glen Clark's Business College and learned to type so that I could type my genealogy. I have done a lot of gathering genealogy and was a Genealogy Teacher for about two years. I made 187 visits and sold 44 books. It became difficult for me to get around and do much walking so I had to give up teaching genealogy. I have done a lot of temple work.

Leaves From my Diary

I started this diary in December 1935, while living on a dry farm west of Conda, Caribou County, Idaho.



Orson and Mary

January 1st, 1936 began by being a very beautiful day. Cold but the sun was shining. We went to Lenora's and had dinner. We got home, did the chores, had supper and sat around until bed time, then went to bed.

January 2nd - A blizzard is raging today and I can't keep warm.

January 3rd - It is a good day today.

January 4 & 5 - The storm has stopped.

January 6, 7, & 8 - It's a blizzard again today. About all the month has been a blizzard.

February 1 - The first day was a good day. I have a small radio which I enjoy very much. The blizzard has been so bad Dad couldn't get feed for the stock so had to let them go hungry. We are out of coal and feed for the stock and we can't get any where to get anything. Even the Conda train can't get through. All this month we have been snowed in.

March 1 to 7th - The month came in better. We got a road made through so we could get out. My hens are beginning to lay so things don't look so dark.

March 31st - March is going out bad. A terrible blizzard is raging.

April 1st - I went to Conda today and brought Dennis home with me. Now another blizzard is on and the snow is so deep it don't look like it would ever go off.

April 10th - The weather is better and the snow is going fast. Today I set my old turkey hen. I fell and crippled myself so I don't feel too good.

April 12 - Easter Sunday. We are invited to Lenora's for dinner. We had a terrible time getting home. I am so crippled I can hardly walk. The snow is still going off, but there is so much to go that it looks like it would take forever for it to go. I went to Soda Springs today and it seemed so good to get away from home.

May 1 to 9 - It is still stormy. Has been both stormy and good.

May 9th - I took off my first little turkeys today, which was a big thrill.

May 10 - It is Mother's Day. The girls came home for dinner and brought me some nice gifts.

May has been nice at times and cold at other times. I am so lame I can hardly get around.

June 1st - The weather is nice and we have had some nice rain which will help the crops.

June 10th - I put a quilt on and the girls came over and helped me finish it.

June 19th - I went to Lenora's today and did my washing. It made my knee so lame again. Today Billie and family drove in and found Dad and I both so crippled we couldn't do the chores. They stayed a few days and went to Wyoming.

June 25th - Billie came and went back home again.

June 30th - Lenora came and took me to Soda Springs.

July 1st - It is dry and hot, but the crops are looking good.

July 4 - Today we had a surprise—Grace and family drove in and we all went out to Tin Cup and had a picnic and a very good time.

July 5 - Lenora came over today and we made ice cream and all enjoyed ourselves a lot, then they all left and went home.

July 8 - Today I went to see a doctor and get something for my knee. It seems to be getting better. The weather has been hot and dry.

July 27 - Today Pearl came and took me to Soda Springs.

July 9th - Today I got a real surprise when Minnie and family came to visit with us.

July 31 - It is raining.

August 1st - August came in cool. We are afraid of frost. It did frost some but we don't think it has done any damage.

August - Dad has been to Boise and just got home. Billie's boys have been staying with me while he was away. They went home today. My neighbor brought me a quilt to quilt. I am so tired and my fingers are so sore I have a hard time trying to do anything.

August 30 - Today Pearl and Rose and Lenora and their families were all here and had supper.

August 31 - I finished the quilt and am I ever glad?

September 1 to 5 - The weather is nice today. We went to Conda and had dinner with Pearl and family.

September 7 - Today we got our barley combined so that is done.

September 13 - Today John and Lenora came and had dinner and took me to Alexander for a ride which I enjoyed very much.

September 17 - Today Pearl and Rose came over and visited for a while.

September 19 - Today is a hot day. The threshing machines are running full blast and the trucks are busy hauling in the grain.

September 30 - Today is Dad's birthday. He is 70 years old today and next month I will be 59 years old.

October 1 - It is dry and dusty and cold.

October 3 - Today Pearl and Rose and the children came to visit me and I enjoyed them so much.

October 4 - Lenora came today. It seems so good to see them.

October 11 - Today Rose and Theodore and children came and brought me a nice lamp for my birthday. My first electric lamp. They all came over and we had turkey dinner and all enjoyed ourselves. We are getting ready to move to Meridian to live on Billie's place.

October 17 - I came to Albert's today and he is going to take me on to Meridian tomorrow. Today is a beautiful day here in Meridian.

October 25 - Dad has been lost and just found the place but hasn't found the cattle yet.

October 29 - Today we found the cows.

November 1 - Billie, Dad and the boys all went fishing and Mabel and the girls are here with me.

November 4 - Today is Ellis's birthday. He is 16 years old. I got me a radio and it is sure nice to have some music. I have been so starved for things like that. The weather is nice and warm day times but cold nights.

November 12 - I went to a sale today to see what it was like.

November 14 - I am going to Boise today with Billie and Mabel and I am looking forward to it.

I see so little in my life except work. Dad has been so cross.

November 16 - We went to Owyhee and the men went fishing for salmon.

November 19 - I am sick with the flu today.

November 22 - I am getting better but still feel weak and shaky.

November 26 - Thanksgiving Day. We have both the boys and their families with us for dinner.

November 28 or 29 - Sunday. The kids are here. I fixed a big dinner.

December 9 - I went to Relief Society bazaar today and then watched the sale for a while.

December 18 - Today we went to Billie's children's program and enjoyed it very much.

December 24 - Today I am getting ready for Christmas. We had such a nice Christmas and received so many nice gifts.

December 29 - Today I went to Boise and run myself in debt for a washing machine. Dad was upset about it, but I expect to pay for it myself, anyway.

December 20 - Today I tried my new washer and OH, how nice it was to have a washing machine to do my washing in and not have to scrub them on a wash board!

December 30 - It is dark and gloomy today but not very cold. This is all for 1936.

1937

January 1 to 15th - It has been cold and windy and some blizzards all through this half of January.

Nothing of importance just every day things. The family comes each week end. I never get out much.

January 30th - The last half of the month has been about the same as the first. My hens have started to lay which seems awfully good to think I can buy a few groceries and have something different to eat.

February 1 to 15 - The weather is changeable. It snows and blows and then blizzards for awhile and then the sun comes out and it is nice for awhile. Billie and family came over and helped to shovel out the road so we can get out with the car.

February 19 - It is beginning to feel like spring. Billie came over and took me to a show in Boise for the first time.

February 22 - Washington's birthday and I have been listening to the radio. The programs are so good.

February 23 - Today the hens are cackling and the birds are twittering everywhere. It is like music to me.

February 27 - I went to Boise today and sold my first eggs. It did seem so good to have a little money to spend.

February 28 - Today is nice and warm and the snow is going fast.

March 1 - I went to Boise today and saw the show *Ramona*. It was a good show although it was sad.

March 2 - Albert came to see us today for a couple of hours. It was so good to see him.

March 7 - Billie and Mabel came over and they pruned trees and we raked lawns.

March 14 - We spent the day alone for the first time.

March 19 - It is snowing and blowing by turns.

March 21 - It is snowing and blowing and awfully cold.

March 25 - It is warmer today but froze hard last night.

March 28 - Easter Sunday but it is still cold.

March 31 - It is raining today—a steady rain.

April 1 - It is still raining. A steady downpour.

April 4 - I went to Meridian and got garden seeds and planted our garden.

April 7 - It is nice today and we got some feed for our cows.

April 12 - Edna's birthday. She is 37 years old today.

April 25 - Sunday today. We went over to Emmett and saw the cherry blossoms. It was a beautiful sight. It has been stormy all the week but is nice today.

May 1 - It is nice today.

May 6 - I went to Boise and got me some little chicks.

May 9 - It is Mothers Day. The family had dinner with us and I received a lot of nice gifts.

May 13 - It is nice today. I burned my arms clear up to my elbows and they sure do hurt me.

May 18 - Today the family has been here and I am tired.

May 24 - Pearl and Rose came today and Pearl will stay for a while until she gets feeling better.

June 1 - We washed today, Pearl and I. It seemed so good to have a washer to do my washing with.

June 4 - Pearls birthday. She is 35 years old. How time does fly!

June 6 - Pearl went home today and it is so lonesome without her. Dennis is such a good little fellow.

July 18 - Clarice came today so we are busy cooking and washing and taking care of the kiddies.

July 21 - Rose came today so we have a house full. We were glad to see her.

July 23 - We went over to Billies today.

July 24 - Rose and family went home today and Clarice went over to Billies to stay over night.

July 31 - I am sick with a cold today.

August 1 - There is nothing much to write about. Just working in the garden, watering and hoeing and cooking. Nothing much happened all month.

September 8 - Billie came and took us over to Nampa to see the Harvest Festival.

September 20 - It rained today and it helps a lot to have the air cooled. There is nothing doing around here.

September 30 - Today is Dad's birthday.

October 26 - I got a surprise last night. John drove in with Shirley and Douglas. They are moving to New Plymouth to live.

October 28 - Today is my birthday. I am 60 years old and have worked harder than ever all day.

We went over to the railroad track and picked up coal along the track. I am so tired I can hardly sit up tonight.

November 2 - Lenora came today and it was so good to see her again. The babies are so cute.

November 3 - We took Lenora over to New Plymouth today.

November 4 - I have been canning pears all day today.

November 12 - It is like winter today. Mabel went to the hospital today to have her leg taken care of.

November 15 - We butchered our beef today and I have been busy taking care of the meat. I also made mincemeat.

November 23 - It has been stormy all this month but has cleared up today, but I don't know for how long. I went to Meridian today.

November 25 - Thanksgiving day is here. Billie and his family came, but no one else.

November 28 - We went to New Plymouth today and saw Lenora and family.

December 5 - We went to New Plymouth today and it was so foggy we couldn't see any distance ahead of us.

December 8 - I was invited to a Christmas party today and received a nice gift.

December 18 - We killed a pig today and I have been busy taking care of the meat.

December 23 - We went to Billie's kids' program today and enjoyed it a lot. Lenora came over to spend Christmas with us so I have been pretty busy. We went to Boise today and went through the Capital building. It is a beautiful place and worth going to see.

December 25 - It is Christmas today and it has been nice. Lots of gifts.

December 28 - Lenora went back home today and it is lonesome.

December 29 - I have rendered lard and made sausage today and salted down the meat.

1938



January 2 - We spent Sunday alone today.

January 19 - It is trying to snow but not doing much.

February 4 - It is still trying to snow.

March 18 - Today is the worst blizzard we have had all the year.

This little house was built in the year 1885, by William Franklin Owen, my father, and was the first shingle roof house built in what is now Ammon. It was built on the homestead of William F. Owen. I was eight years old when it was built. I will never forget how cold it was the first winter we lived in it. It did not have a ceiling in it and the only heat we

had was a small old-fashioned cook stove with a hearth on the front and an oven door on each side.

I remember how my mother and I used to sit—one on each side of the stove, with our feet in the oven while we knit stockings for the family. O, how tired I did get! I remember how I would knit for awhile and then ask mother to measure it and she would scold me and say, "Go on. You have not knit enough yet." It seemed hard on me at the time. I felt that I should have time to play, but there was never time for me to play. There was always something for me to do.

When I was nine years old, my mother had brain fever and the care of the family all fell on my shoulders—a baby one year old to wean and take care of. He was always "my boy" until he grew up. We were very fond of each other. I still have a lot of affection for my brother, Bert.

In the year of 1900, my first husband and I bought the little house and two lots on the south west corner of the Ammon Town-site and moved the house on to the lots. So it was the first home of my family as well as the first home of Mother's family. The front was made of logs and the lean-to was made of lumber. This house still stands, although it has been remodeled.

It was on an evening in June 1951, that I first met Roland McGavin. I was on my way to the L.D.S. Hospital to see my daughter, Edna Stagner, who had an operation. He was on his way to a baseball game. At Highland Park we met at the bus stop and made each other acquainted. Our friendship began from that evening. We met quite frequently after that evening and after our new church was finished we used to walk to church together every Sunday. Then we started having supper parties in our neighborhood. We had a very enjoyable time together with our friends here on West 16th Street.

Roland and I became very good friends and on the 12th of March we decided to be married. We have been very happy. We have grown more in love with each other than we were at first. As the years roll on we grow more fond of each other and we both hope that we can have a good many years together.

About the first of April, after we were married, we started on our honeymoon. Roland's brother, Jim, came to visit us. We went home with him to Afton, Wyoming, and visited with them for several days. Then brother Jim drove us over to catch the bus at Montpelier so we could go to Salt Lake City. When the bus came, it was just a two seated car and there were 12 people to go. We had a very uncomfortable ride. We were late getting into Logan so we couldn't get us any thing to eat, so had to go hungry until we



Grandma and Grandpa Mac

reached Salt Lake City that evening, about 5:00 PM. We lost no time finding a place to eat. Then we called a taxi and went to Roland's sister, Myrtle's place and found her not home so we went over to her neighbors and rested until Myrtle came home.

We visited with Myrtle and husband, Selten Lewis, for about three days and saw sister Erma Blackham and sister Mary and husband Vasco Call and had a nice visit with each of them. We visited with one of my nephews, Marvin Owen and his wife Virginia Owen and gathered genealogy which I was wanting. Then we came to Ogden and visited an aunt of mine, Mrs. Annie Hiatt, who was almost 90 years old. We had a nice visit with her. We then came on home and rested a few days, then took the train to visit my children, Lenora and John met us in Weiser and took us on to Council, Idaho. We visited with them a few days then went to Meridian and visited with my oldest son, Bill, and family for a few days. Then we went to Hagerman, Idaho and visited with my son, Albert, and family. Then on home about the 24th of April.

We had a wonderful trip and saw a lot of our relatives and had a very enjoyable visit. In the later part of September, 1953, brother Jim came and we went to the Yellowstone National Park with him and his wife and had another very enjoyable time. Brother Jim was such a wonderful person to go with. He was so jolly and full of fun. We did enjoy his company so much and we miss him so much.

March 12, 1955, today is our 3rd anniversary. We went up town and celebrated by having dinner in Johnny's café. We had fried rabbit and it was very good. We enjoyed it very much. After dinner we walked around town and saw friends and a few relatives and talked with them. We had a very enjoyable day.

**My Mother - Mary
Elizabeth Owen Calkins**
by Minnie Calkins Fowler

The folks didn't talk about their past lives. Very little was said about them so I grew up not knowing their past. I guess they were too busy taking care of the present needs of the family.

Some of my earliest memories of our home was our big dining table. Meals were



*Mother and the girls:
Edna, Pearl, Rose, Mother Mary,
Elizabeth, Grace, Clarice and in front Lenora and Minnie*

prepared and we all sat down together to eat. The blessing was always asked, either by Dad or whichever one he called on. The food was simple but Mother was a marvelous cook. She seemed to be able to make a great meal out of the very plainest of food. Dad liked hot bread for breakfast, either pancakes or hot baking powder or soda biscuits. (I have never been able to make biscuits.) We never had saran wrap or aluminum foil to wrap bread in, but had a bread box where bread scraps were kept. These were used for an evening meal. We would have bread and milk or bread pudding. Our noon meal was the largest. I can't remember much about them but our evening meal was probably my favorite. We had either bread and hot milk, "lumpy dick" or fried corn meal "mush". "Lumpy Dick" was made with milk brought to nearly a boil and a mixture of egg and flour carefully dropped into the hot milk, and cooked slowly until it thickened. I have tried many times to make that, but never could get it to taste like Mother's. The corn meal "mush" was made from the left over corn meal cereal from morning. It was packed into a loaf pan and cooled. It was then sliced and fried in butter until a crisp crust was formed. It was delicious with butter and homemade maple syrup. Mother knew I liked little new potatoes cooked and then fried in butter until crisp. She probably spent much time scraping those little potatoes for me to enjoy.

In the fall of the year, after the harvest, we would go to one of the canyons to pick chokecherries and service berries. These were special times. Mother and Dad both seemed relaxed and seemed to enjoy these outings. Mother always packed a delicious picnic lunch. The older girls picked berries and Lenora and I would climb up into the trees and hold the branches down so they could reach them. Dad always liked a big dish of service berries with thick cream and sugar when we got home. Mother canned the service berries and made jelly out of the chokecherries. Always tasted so good in the winter time.

Also in the fall, Dad would kill a pig. This was our winter meat. Mother made sausage and head cheese, salted down the sides and sometimes some of the meat was smoked. She made bags out of clean white muslin material, packed the prepared sausage or head cheese in them. They were hung on the north side of the house, as we had no refrigeration in those days. The meat would practically freeze and would then be sliced for use. Seasoned salt mixture was used for "salting" the meat. Each piece was generously sprinkled with the mixture, then packed into a large clean barrel. A brine formed and that preserved the meat. It was sliced and parboiled before frying. Mother took care of all the meat.

Whenever Mother sat down to rest, there was always a basket of mending, knitting or crocheting beside her chair. Her hands were always busy. We always had hand knit socks, mittens and caps for winter. We were always dressed warmly.

As a child I had rather poor health. Frequent headaches, which I know now were migraine. I would be very ill for hours, sometimes days and when I awakened mother would be sitting beside my bed, hands busy as usual, always concerned over how I felt and what I would like to eat. Maybe I didn't always get what I wanted, most of the time it was fried potatoes, but

she would fix something tasty and nourishing. She was a very capable nurse. Not only did she care for our own family but assisted Dr. Kackley and Dr. Tigert delivering babies. Dr. Kackley had complete confidence in her ability. One time when I had my arm badly cut he wouldn't even take the bandage off to look at it but said, "I know it's all right, Mother Calkins, you've taken care of it."

Times got really bad for us. We lost our horses through some carelessly spread rodent poisoning. Things kept disappearing, the gramophone, piano and then we lost the homestead. We moved to another farm to the north and east. We didn't live there long. I can't remember how long. We moved again to a farm just north of the "three mile knoll." The house was small—only two rooms. There wasn't anything much for out-buildings. Dad soon got a lean-to built for the livestock. There were only three of us girls at home then. Dad broke up about ten acres of sagebrush ground. We all worked hard. Us girls pulled and burned sage brush. It was at this time that Elizabeth got very ill in Gunnison, Utah. She was expecting her second child. The folks were getting Grace ready to go to help her when we got word that the funeral was already over and she had been buried in Gunnison Cemetery. Mother nearly died. She was delirious and so ill. She had worked so hard in the field besides keeping the regular house work up. I remember Dad sitting beside her bed trying to console her—hiding his own grief. We were all so worried over Mother and so heartbroken over the loss of our sweet sister. Our grief had to be put aside—there was work to be done if we were to have a crop for the next year.

Grace left home to work for the Superintendent of the mine at Conda. Lenora met and married John Piper. I really missed my sisters.

When I was a sophomore in high school, mother got a job in Soda Springs at the Enders Hotel. We moved into a little apartment in town for the winter. Dad stayed at the farm to care for the livestock.

We moved again to another farm out towards Grays Lake. There was just a one room house, but good out buildings. Mother always made the best of things. I can't remember a time when she wasn't helping with the living expenses. She did washings for a family who had all boys. We never had electricity, so the washing had to be done on the washboard or a hand operated washer which wasn't too efficient, and ironed with flat irons heated on the cook stove. The clothes were always washed so clean and ironed and folded so neatly.

She made butter which she sold at Conda, also fresh eggs. She had plenty of customers as everyone wanted her fresh butter and eggs. At one time she made candy and sold it at the Stoor's Grocery in Soda Springs. Always a hard worker and industrious. Very thrifty—she could make a dollar really stretch!

I came to Idaho Falls in 1931 to help Grace. I didn't see the folks again until about 1936. They had never met my husband or seen my little girls. We took the train. Very few people had cars then and the roads were not what they are now! The folks were so happy to see us.

They moved to Meridian to help Billy on his farm. Things didn't work out and their health began to fail. Dad had a stroke and Mother had a serious operation. Edna and Jim helped them get a little house on West 16th Street. The cooler climate helped. Mother's health improved and she went to work for Rogers Brothers Processing plant. She did shift work. She walked from their home to the plant, crossing the railroad tracks and Yellowstone Highway. She was nearly sixty five years old. She earned enough to have two rooms and a bath added to their little home. She was so happy over that. This type of work got a little hard for her so she quit the plant and went to work for Rogers Hotel in the kitchen. The help all fell in love with her as she was so willing to help in anyway needed.

They celebrated their Golden Anniversary 14 March 1946. All living members of the family were there. The folks were so happy! This was the last time we were all together.

Dad died in 1948. Mother continued her work. She had become involved in genealogy and loved it! She did many hours researching and compiling the information. She wanted to have her sheets so others could read them so she entered Glen Clark's Business College and learned to type. She bought her a little typewriter. She did a mighty good job of it. Her hands were always so smooth and supple.

After the Temple opened she did a lot of temple work. She walked from her home on West 16th Street to the Temple. She was so faithful and enjoyed her time there. She and Clarice did so much genealogy. That was the beginning of all that we have. Loren has done much since.

Mother met Roland McGavin or "Mac" as we called him. They married in 1951. I am so grateful she had these few years with "Mac". They enjoyed their life together.

My folks left us a legacy of hard, honest work, integrity and a love of their fellow men. I have a deep appreciation and love for them. Thank you, dear Lord, for my dear, dear Mother and Father.

Mother passed away 20 November, 1955. She and Dad are both buried in the Fielding Memorial Cemetery in Idaho Falls.

A Few Memories of My Grandma Calkins By granddaughter Joan Poorman Fowler.

We grew up only a few blocks from Grandma's house. I would walk to school by her house. Sometimes I would see her out in the raspberries in her print dress and apron, sometimes with a bonnet on her head. I loved to skate with my shoes on Crow Creek that ran behind her house.

Grandma's house seemed large to me. Just inside her front room was a beautiful china closet. I was always fascinated by all the glass trinkets and ceramics she had. Her bedroom was right off the front room. Her bed was in the center of the room. Sunlight coming in from the front window made the room so beautiful. Above the couch in her front room were two large oval pictures of my Great Grandma and Grandpa Owen, grandma's parents. Her kitchen was so cute with glass doors on the cupboards. You could see her dishes neatly placed. Her little table

by the door always had a doily on it. She had a screen door that would kind of bang when you let got of it quick.

Grandma worried about my birthmark. She would put powder on it so it wouldn't show. Grandma taught me how to crochet. She would wrap the thread around her little finger and crochet so fast. I would tell her to slow down. She would just laugh and her tummy would jiggle. I don't think she thought I'd ever learn to crochet. I have doilies, pin cushion, pillow cases and a Christmas card holder that she made. I will always cherish.

LaMar and I and our son, Mike, stayed over night with grandma and "Mac." I wish I could remember everything she told us as we looked through the photo books and the things she had in the china closet. The next morning, she fixed us poached eggs. She and "Mac" loved them. We had never had poached eggs before. LaMar loved them. They were wonderful.

I am so grateful for the beautiful legacy Grandma and Grandpa left us. It is wonderful to be their granddaughter and a member of the Calkins Family. All My Love, Joan

A Few Memories of My Grandmother and Grandfather By Jeanette Poorman Heffling

My memories of Grandma and Grandpa are very few. There were two occasions with Grandma that I remember very clearly: On the day I was baptized I stood by her as she sat in her wooden rocker and she gave me my first "Book of Mormon" and "Bible". She told me to "read and study these books." My other memory is of a crocheted doll she made and gave to me. I treasure my books and doll and they will be passed on to my girls.

I, also, remember her kitchen. It was always so bright and clean. Their whole house was spotless, but the kitchen seemed to glow in the sunlight.

I remember grandpa and his "forceps." He pulled most of my baby teeth when they got loose. He would say, "Lets get this tooth out before that train comes down the track." The railroad tracks ran very close to their house. In looking back I don't think I was ever afraid with Grandpa. He was always so gentle and kind.

Thoughts of Grandpa Calkins Ruth Poorman Poole – Granddaughter 3 June 1999.

The one memory that I have of Grandma and Grandpa Calkins together was their 50th Wedding Anniversary. I remember the picture being taken and how fun it was to play that day with all of my cousins.

I remember that Grandma Calkins was always smiling and I loved to see her laugh. Most of the memories I recall are when she was married to Grandpa Mac and she always seemed so happy. I remember how clean and neat she kept her home and what a great cook she was. There was one time, though, that we were there for dinner and I thought how good the chicken was. When Grandma told me it was rabbit that we were having, I thought I would throw up. To this day when I see a rabbit, I think of Grandma.

I remember, also, when she was so sick just before she passed away. I can't recall her ever complaining. I was a Junior in high school when she passed away and though I can't remember any of the services, I do remember being out to Fielding Memorial Cemetery for the burial.

Grandpa Mac took such loving care of her and when I was married in the Idaho Falls Temple, he was there at my wedding. I'd like to think that Grandma was too.

What I remember about Grandma Calkins by Wanda Calkins Duncomb

She was always very kind and loving to me. The kids always teased me—called me “turkey egg” on account of my freckles. Grandma told me I was special—“look around you”—she said—“not everyone has freckles. They're angel kisses and you are especially blessed.” Always made me feel good.

I loved her cooking. She always cooked so much food. It was the first time I ever saw fried potatoes for breakfast.

Her homemade ice cream was delicious. Sometimes she let me have the paddles.

I loved her very much. Many years later, after she married Grandpa Mac, they came to see me. She always had a happy laugh.

I loved Grandpa too. I hated his mustache kisses. I would try to hide but he would find me. He loved to tease.

We didn't see much of our grandparents. Too far away, I guess.

Memories by Aura M. Jeppson

My earliest memory of Grandma Calkins was when we visited them at their farm, perhaps Nounan? I do remember the windmill that creaked whenever the wind changed the direction of the blades. And the huge work horses of grandpa's, and being put on the back of one, with my legs sticking straight out, and feeling as if I was riding a huge creature, (which I was!)

They had a cream separator in the kitchen, which fascinated me, pouring in the foamy milk fresh from the cows, then turning the crank, slowly at first until it got up speed, then continuing it steadily while the cream came out one spout and the milk another.

Grandma made candy from the cream. It smelled and looked so delicious, my mouth still waters thinking of it, the rich smells, the lovely smooth sheets of candy, perhaps fudge. I really have no idea, but the aroma still lingers in my memory. And then, what bliss, we were given a piece! It was never enough, even though we tried to keep it in our mouths as long as possible to savor the last, sweet, delicious morsel!

I'm sure times were hard for Grandma and Grandpa, and they did anything they could to make ends meet. It seems that Grandma was always busy. Her kitchen had a wonderful smell,

of clean linen, fresh bread, and the milk! She made butter, too. What could be better than home made bread warm from the oven with rich, sweet butter?

I wish I had more memories to share. There were quilt blocks and quilting, I think, shared with Mama when we came, as all women were on the lookout for quilt patterns to use the scraps of fabric carefully saved.

Grandma left a legacy to me of hard work and endurance. I'll always appreciate that. I am happy that her later years were easier, and she loved and enjoyed her little house in Idaho Falls. She and Grandpa raised good, hardworking and honest sons and daughters. Their sons were gentlemen and their daughters were cultured and talented women who became good wives and mothers.

Thank you, Grandma and Grandpa, for my wonderful father, whom I will never stop missing, and look forward to being with him again some day, and with both of you!

Your granddaughter, Ora

Memories of my Grandparents by Mary Calkins Welker Dragich:

I always felt special around my grandmother. I was named after her and felt a special bond. Grandma Mary would send gifts every Christmas. One Christmas she sent me a book by Richard L. Evans. She wrote inside of it "To Mary from Grandma Mary."

When we visited Grandma Mary at their Pocatello home the other children would go outside to play, But I would stay inside to visit with Grandmother and ask her lots of questions. I wanted to be like grandmother and learn to cook as well as she did. Grandma's house was always clean and tidy. The house was small—only Grandma Mary and Grandpa Orson lived there. When the family was there to visit and everyone was in the house it felt crowded.

I loved Grandpa very much. I remember how kind he was and how he always made me feel loved. Grandpa would sit in the shade and watch us kids play outside. He would tease us a lot. Grandma Mary would come outside and say to him, "Leave those kids alone."

Years later my husband Sherman and I would drop by Pocatello to visit Grandmother on our way to go fishing in Palisades Reservoir. Sherm was attending pharmacy school at ISU so we had more opportunities to visit. We also stopped on our way to Yellowstone National Park.

I, too, remember Grandpa's tooth puller like forceps. He was always checking my baby teeth to see if any of them were loose.. He pulled at least one of my teeth. I remember him lifting the lid of the wood stove and spitting his chewing tobacco into it.

Memories of My Grandmother by Evelyn Nieffenegger

My first memory of Grandma is of going down to the cellar with her to get some dill pickles and apple butter for dinner which she had prepared for us. There was this row of big crock jars maybe five or ten gallon size. I wasn't very old so they looked big to me. They had wooden lids as I remember. Grandma lifted one of them, took off a piece of white cloth then

removed some leaves. There layed these beautiful green pickles which she put into a dish. I learned years later that these were grape leaf dill pickles. The grape leaves helped to keep the pickles green.

The next jar held chokecherry jelly which she scooped up with a special scoop that took just the right amount to fill the beautiful round glass dish she had brought with her. I thought this was the most fascinating place I had ever seen. Years later I came across a recipe in a book that explained about the grape leaves and how they kept the pickles green in the brine.

Grandma explained that one jar was filled with apple butter and the other one with sauerkraut.

We didn't visit with Grandma and Grandpa very often because we lived so far away. Travel in those days was very slow.

The winter we lived in Pocatello, Idaho Grandma sent us a box of her special candy bars. She spent the months after harvest making all different kinds of real candy bars which she sold at Christmas time. I think that was my first taste of a real candy bar wrapped in paper.

When I got a little older, in my teens, I used to write to her. She always answered my letters so we became better acquainted. She crocheted a basket that held two pot holders for me one Christmas.

When they lived in Meridian, Idaho we went there for Thanksgiving one year. I was still in high school. I learned that day what an excellent cook she was and I vowed that I would learn to cook like that some day. She always made Grandpa soda biscuits for his breakfast every morning. He wouldn't have any substitute.

Grandma crocheted beautifully. One of her biggest projects was a bedspread that she made from #8 sewing thread. That fascinated me when I saw it on her bed one time when we visited them after they moved to Idaho Falls. Aunt Edna and Uncle Jim built them a lovely little home right next to them. It was close to the railroad track. Between their place and the tracks was a big potato chip factory. They gave us samples when we toured the place.

When the Idaho Falls Temple was finished Grandma became an ordinance worker there. Then she really got into genealogy. She was my inspiration and I soon became involved in it myself. She did many hundreds of hours of research over the years. She left me a great legacy, the desire to keep our family Records.

The year Grandma and Grandpa celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary I was pregnant with our son Richard. I was unable to attend that grand occasion, but I did bake and decorate them a little wedding cake. It was my very first attempt at that, but later I was able to develop my talents building a lucrative business over the years.

Grandma was always so neat and tidy. Around the house she always wore an apron. I treasure the picture I have of her with her Mother in front of Great Grandma Owen's little home in Idaho Falls.

I regret not having spent more time with her. Once when I went to the Idaho Falls Temple with my Primary boys to do baptisms for the dead I was able to visit with her there in the temple for a short time.

Memories from Carolyn Calkins

Loren and I were dating and planning to be married when I received a telephone call from Mabel Calkins telling me that Grandfather Orson Booker Calkins had passed away. Loren was working at a mill in Winchester, Idaho and could not be reached by phone, so he missed his grandfather's funeral.

Loren and I were married a few months later in the Idaho Falls Temple 15 December 1948. By arrangement, my parents and Loren's parents stayed with Aunt Edna and Uncle Jim and Loren and I stayed at Grandmother's home. I slept with Grandmother and I remember waking up to the sound of the train as it rumbled by the house.

Grandmother was so loving and gracious and easy to love. In the next five years Loren's work took us to the Idaho Falls and Montana area so we always stopped to visit. She was such a good cook and I especially loved the chicken noodle soup with home-made noodles. It was inspiring to me to witness her eagerness to tackle new things—to take a typing course in order to prepare histories and pages of portrait pedigree charts for all of her children and grandchildren.

I know her desire was to have all of her family sealed together for all eternity and to prepare a way for them to join her in the hereafter.

We enjoyed having an opportunity to visit with Grandma and Grandpa "Mac". It was nice to see Grandma so happy and enjoying her last few years.

Great-Grandmother by Sylvia Calkins Kent-Great-granddaughter (Loren's Daughter)

I was pretty young when she died (I was born in 1951) and so my memories are just vague impressions that I can't quite separate into individuals. Since my grandmother (Mabel Lucy Calkins) was killed before I was four, I think what I remember about both is jumbled together into just knowing I was loved. I know my great grandmother crocheted because I still have a little brown yarn doll she made with a crocheted hat and skirt. I remember hot pads that were white with a big red flower and green leaves crocheted in the center.

When my Aunt Aura was here in Lehi visiting a month or so ago we all (Mother, Aura and I) went to the DUP library together to look up family pioneer histories. It was so thrilling to read about our ancestors and we talked about the history projects you are working on. I think great-grandmother was a member of DUP because we saw her application form and Aura and Mom recognized the typing. They said if she'd been alive today she would be learning the

computer because she had bought a typewriter when she was older and had learned to use it so she could do genealogy. June 20, 1999.

Memories - Faye Tupper

Dear Aunt Minnie,

I am writing in regards to your letter of May 10, requesting my memories of my Grandparents. I always remembered the few times we went to their home and grandpa would always stand by the car and pull me out to give me a kiss. I never wanted to kiss him because he had a mustache. I think he pulled us all out one at a time to greet us with his kiss. I didn't know anyone with a mustache except him. I also remember spending the night there one time and we slept on the floor. There was a clock on the floor under a china cupboard, I think, and it had a luminous dial. That worried me all night.

When Bob and I had been married just past a year and we were expecting our oldest son, Evelyn and I decided to go to Idaho Falls and spend a few days with them. Of course this was my first trip away from my husband and I got very homesick. Evelyn's husband was working in the mines in Nevada and she had her oldest son Alan with us. Mom and Dad were working in the shipyards in Portland at the time and Evelyn was staying at their house taking care of the house for them. We went on the train from Gooding. That was a real experience for me, at least as that was my first train ride. When we got there we got off from the train and the depot was right close to their house and we walked there. While we were there I had my first taste of pasturized milk and I didn't like it at all! We were used to plain old cows milk and couldn't see why they had to spoil it that way. I remember grandpa went out into the country to a farmer they knew and got some raw milk for us to drink. I always thought that was real special of him to do that for us.

We stayed several days and then we were back on the train for home. The only other times I remember visiting with them was at the family funerals we attended. I think Grandpa died when we had only been married a few years. I always remembered the potato chip factory right by their house and how wonderful it smelled as they were cooking. Now we come up to Idaho Falls to Dr. Liljenquist, who takes care of Bob's diabetes for him and we often go by Calkins Street. I feel sure that was named after Grandma and Grandpa Calkins. I know it is very close to the railroad. When we went there to visit them were no sidewalks and the road had big holes in it from the snow and ice. Isn't it funny the things we remember as children, but I don't remember visiting them very much. Love, Faye

Patriarchal Blessing of Mary Elizabeth Calkins

Grace Idaho April 24, 1908

A blessing by W. W. Sterrett, Patriarch, upon the head of Mary Elizabeth [Owen] Calkins, daughter of William Franklin and Lucinda [Elizabeth Rawson] Owen, born 28 October 1877 at Harrisville, Utah.

My dear and well beloved sister, Mary Elizabeth Calkins, I place my hands upon your head by the authority of the Holy Priesthood which I bear and, in the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, seal upon you a Father's blessing which is Patriarchal. Thou art of the blood and lineage of Israel through the loins of Ephraim and rightful heir to all the blessings of the new and everlasting covenant and thou art a choice spirit that the Lord reserved in the Heavens to take a body through goodly parents in the last dispensation.

And thy mission is to bear the souls of men and thou will continue to be added upon through time and through all Eternity until your posterity becomes innumerable.

I seal upon you the blessing of health and strength and you shall live to see the third generation of your children and see them grow up and spread upon the mountains like Jacob. You will have peace, joy and comfort in your habitation. Your table will be crowned with the comforts of life and no one will ever be turned from your door hungry.

And I say unto you that sickness and disease shall not have power over your body. Your faith will increase from the very moment until you will be able to heal your sick children according to your faithfulness.

I seal you up unto Eternal Life to come forth in the first resurrection and be crowned a queen in your Father's family in the name of Jesus of Nazareth.

Amen



"Little Chapel of The Pines"

FUNERAL DIRECTORS
Mr. and Mrs. Jack A. Wood
Jack A. Wood, Jr. and Ralph M. Wood
Wood Funeral Home
"Little Chapel of The Pines"



In Memory of



MARY ELIZABETH CALKINS McGAVIN
Date of Birth - October 28, 1877
Passed Away - November 20, 1955
Family Prayer - Dewey Skinner
Services at
L. D. S. Sixth Ward Chapel
Wednesday, November 23, 1955 - 2:00 P. M.
Bishop Richard Mason, Officiating
Prelude Organ Music - Audrey Kullick
Ladies Chorus - "I Know That My Redeemer Lives"
Jetta Hale, Mary Mason, June Wadsworth,
Cleo Melkle, Ruth Jones, Phebe Wold
Accompanist, Audrey Kullick
Invocation - William G. Robinson
Obituary - Anna Everett

Ladies Chorus "Sister Thou Are Mild and Lovely"
Speaker Bishop John A. Orme
Ladies Chorus "Peace I Leave With You"
Speaker Harold Moss
Remarks Bishop Richard Mason
Vocal Duet "Going Home"
Mary Mason, Lucy Shurtliff
Accompanist, Audrey Kullick
Benediction Rolf C. Wold
Postlude Music Audrey Kullick
Dedicatory Prayer Ira N. Corey
Interment Fielding Memorial Park

PALLBEARERS

Grandsons

FLORAL ARRANGEMENTS

Sixth Ward Relief Society Presidency

Alice Moss

Helen Elkington

June Wadsworth

Ida Farnes

Your Kindness and Sympathy will always be
held in Grateful Remembrance

McGavin and Calkins Families



*Five Generations
Grandmother Mary Elizabeth Owen Calkins, Edna May Calkins Stagner
Mary May Stagner Street, Lucinda Elizabeth Rawson Owen and
Gary James Street*

WILLIAM ORSON CALKINS

William Orson born..... 25 December 1896
Married..... 1 March 1920
To: Mabel Lucy Horsley..... 20 March 1901
Children:
Ellis Don 4 November 1920
Loren Gene 31 March 1923
Ora Mae 1 February 1925
Mary Lou 8 July 1927
Herbert Duane. 14 February 1930
William Richard. 6 March 1944
Married Helen Hedvig Gunther 6 June 1957
Married Beulah Emma Sparks 5 September 1970



Billy

History Written by Mother Mary Calkins

It was in the year 1896, on Christmas day, that William Orson Calkins was born in Lewisville, Jefferson County, Idaho. The parents were Orson B. Calkins and Mary Elizabeth Owen. The parents were very poor and were living in a small log cabin with a dirt roof. They had a farm rented, but, there being no house on the farm, they were compelled to rent a house to live in on the town site, as the people in Lewisville were trying to establish a small town and they wanted every one to live in town.

They lived there until Bill was two years old, when his parents had a job offered to them and because jobs were scarce and hard to find, they accepted and moved to Lost River, where they worked for about six months or until August of the same year. Then they gave up the job and moved to Ammon where they remained until the year 1905, when they moved to Grace, Idaho and bought a farm. They remained there until the year 1913, when they decided to move to a new country nine miles north of Soda Springs, which they named Meadowville. The parents worked hard to get a school organized, and also a Sunday School, Primary and Mutual and all the organizations in the church to going.

Bill went to school one winter there. He had met Mabel Horsley at a Mutual party in Meadowville. They were having a party and sold baskets. Bill bid on a basket thinking it belonged to Mabel. It happened to belong to a woman by the name of Mrs. Bybee. He was about seventeen years old at that time.

He had seen Mabel several times before in the store in Soda Springs, which her father owned, but had never had a chance to talk to her until the night of the party. Mabel was staying at Meadowville at her brother William's place. Apparently, it was a case of love at first sight. Never did either one of them experience an attraction for anyone else. Bill never saw another woman who interested him in the least, and I'm sure Mabel felt the same way.

To find work, he picked apples, then worked in the foundry at Garfield, Utah. He was

twenty years old when he decided to join the army. He was unable to return to Soda Springs to bid goodbye to his parents or Mabel before leaving for Spartanburg, South Carolina for basic training. He began corresponding with Mabel right away.

After five months in South Carolina, he was shipped to England and then to France. He spent eleven months there in the infantry participating in several battles. The Armistice was signed in November, and in March he was sent back to the states to land in Charleston, South Carolina. The outfit was then shipped to Fort Russell, Wyoming, where he was discharged and he took the train to Soda Springs.

The first person he saw was Mabel. She was walking from town to her home, and he joined her. I imagine it was a very pleasant meeting. The two years absence must have changed them both a great deal. Their love must have kindled.

Bill filed on a homestead at Humphrey and spent a year there. Early the following spring he went to Salt Lake City to see Mabel who spent the winters there with her parents. They decided to marry without waiting any longer. She went with him to Idaho Falls, where she had some relatives and they were married in March by a justice of the peace.

Bill was a watchman for the railroad at Beaver Canyon. They lived on his homestead. Mabel often walked track with him, taking lunch along for the both of them and together enjoying the solitude of the beautiful country. There have been few honeymooners which were more complete in love and happiness.

They remained there all of that summer, and in the fall returned to Soda Springs. They were living with her parents when their first child was born. A son, Ellis Don was born that winter. A brief period was spent in Fossil, with Bill on the railroad. Another move back to Soda Springs. They lived there in an apartment near Mabel's parents until their next two children were born, Loren Gene and a daughter, Ora Mae in February of 1925.

It was in the fall of 1925, that the growing family moved to Beckwith, Wyoming where Bill was again with the railroad. He was not to leave it again.

They spent five years at the isolated little hamlet several miles from Cokeville. Mabel worked very hard. She did all the washing for her family on the wash board, besides taking in washing for several bachelors who worked for Bill. She baked bread every day for her family and for the other men. Coal and wood had to be carried into the house to heat the water, which was also pumped and carried in to be put in a large boiler on top of the cook stove.

Her system of washing derived from necessity into the simplest plan. One day all of the diapers and underclothing. Another day she would tackle the bedding and towels. Another day for the clothes which had to be starched, and the grimy overalls which Bill wore on the section.



All of this over a wash board in a tub placed on two chairs. It is even more remarkable when we consider that Mable had been raised practically as an only child, pampered and spoiled by her parents who were well advanced in to middle age before she was born. But, I believe she was happy and contented, and found a lot of joy in life. I am sure she never regretted the move she made to marry Bill.

While at Beckwith, Mary Lou and Herbert Duane were born. She went to Soda Springs to her parents' home when her time for confinement drew near, taking the children who weren't in school. The others, Ellis and Loren remained at home and batched with their father. She was usually gone about three weeks to a month. This was the only vacation she had for many years.

In April of 1930, they moved to Reverse, which is about ten miles east of Mountain Home. It was a bare and lonely spot, hot in the summer with dust storms, and bleak and cold in the winter. The scenery consisted of nothing but acres of rolling sagebrush. There was not a blade of green grass, only a few carefully watered cottonwood trees to give a little shade. It was here that Mabel came close to having a nervous breakdown. It was a combination of overwork and loneliness. But, nothing could be done. She still had her home to keep care of and five children to care for, so she had to fight it off alone.

In the spring of 1933, they moved to Meridian. Bill had the section at Novene, but it was only temporary. They deemed it best to live in Meridian where the children could attend school and have their first religious training in church. Mabel loved it there, except for the separation from Bill. For the first time in her life, she could have a garden and discovered her natural affinity for growing things. She reveled in the produce from the garden, canning and drying all she could.

Another blessing which everyone enjoyed was being able to attend church. At that time there were few Mormons in Meridian and the meetings were held in a public hall over a grocery store. I do not remember how many were there, but it could not have been more than twenty adults. Mabel had been raised in the church by very religious parents and being able to go again must have given her a deep sense of happiness and peace.

But, this was not to be for long. In October of 1934, the family moved to Tunnel, Wyoming, and here they stayed until the spring of 1936, when they moved back to Idaho, to another section on the desert, Owyhee. But, it was somewhat improved from most of the places they had lived. Although still without electricity, they had running water in the house and were able to have a small garden and lawn. Here Mabel had a few household conveniences, a gas washing machine, a gas iron and a beautiful new "Coolerator" refrigerator. Also, Owyhee was only twenty miles from Boise and the high point of the week was the trip to town for groceries and a show.

While living there, Bill received another World War bonus from the government and they invested in some property. They bought a ten acre farm on the outskirts of Meridian. Bill's parents left Soda Springs to live on it and take care of it.

In the fall of 1936, Bill bid on and got the section at Meridian and they moved to the farm. The grandparents moved into the garage and shortly left for Idaho Falls, where they remained.

The children loved life on the farm. They had all the milk they could drink, green grass

to romp on and irrigating ditches full of water to swim in, but Bill and Mabel had to work too hard. Besides his railroad job, he had the chores and the milking of their small herd of cows, as well as planting and irrigating of grain and alfalfa. There was little time left for recreation, but the family managed to attend church regularly. It was here the habit became firmly instilled in most of the children.

In 1942, they sold the farm and bought a nice modern home in Meridian. Bill began to do a lot of work out of town on the extra gangs, as it was during the war and this work paid very good wages. Mabel became very active in the church. When the first church house was built, she helped with it, even doing a lot of the painting herself. At this time, she formed her close association with the Relief Society which she held until the end.

Another son was born to them in March of 1944. Mabel was very ill and the baby had to be born prematurely. The doctor said, "He came in on a wing and a prayer." He was a big surprise to everyone, but helped to fill their lives and hearts as the older children were leaving home. Ellis had been married for some time. Loren was in the service and in December of 1944 Ora left home to be married.

In 1947, Mabel and Bill fulfilled a lifelong desire. They went to the Logan Temple in Utah and were sealed with their three youngest children. I think it was the happiest time of their lives, making all the years of sacrifice and work completely worthwhile and meaningful.

In 1953, they decided to make another move and left Boise Valley for McCall, Idaho. The next two years were very happy and productive years. Bill and Mabel worked very closely in the church, carrying a lot of the work and responsibility on their backs. It was a small branch and they were very much needed. He was Sunday School Superintendent, teacher, councillor, and ward teacher. She helped with the music, with teaching, with bazaars, and was a key member in the local extension club. It was said of her that if any one needed help with anything, they knew Mabel would be only too happy to offer her services and that she would give of her best.

On December 4, 1954, the Lord saw fit to call this beloved woman back into his presence. For those who were left, it seemed that her sojourn among them had been too brief, but they must feel thankful that they had the wonderful privilege of close association with her as husband, daughters, sons and friends. It was a great blessing.

ALERT SOLDIER SAVES BOY, 10, FROM RIVER; MOTHER LOST

FERNCROFT, IDAHO (AP) A Canadian soldier climbed onto a rock in the turbulent Payette River and snatched a 10-year-old boy from the wreckage of an automobile Saturday, but the lad's mother apparently drowned.

The auto skidded on an icy highway near here, and plunged 150 feet down an embankment, carrying three members of a McCall family with it.

Volunteers were still searching Saturday night for the body of Mrs. Mabel Calkins, 52, while Richard Calkins and his father, William, 57, were taken to an Emmett Hospital.

Continues Journey

The Canadian, Capt.. J. Callaghan, continued his journey to the Royal Canadian School of Military Engineers at Vedder Crossing, B.C., where he is stationed.

Lt. Dean Bennett of the Idaho State Police gave this account of the accident: Callaghan, driving back to his home station, came upon the scene a few minutes after the Calkins car had left the road, slithered 200 feet along a barrow pit, and plunged into the stream.

Seizes Stick

Seizing a stick, Callaghan climbed on a rock and stretched it toward the youngster, who had clambered onto the roof of the sinking car. He hauled the boy to safety.

Bennett said the father climbed out of the car and freed himself.

No trace of Mrs. Calkins was found when the car was pulled from the river, a total wreck. Searchers were probing the icy waters downstream.

[Bill was actually thrown out of the car and received serious injuries.]

On the 22nd of June, 1955, Bill's oldest son, Ellis died of a heart attack, which has left him broken hearted again.

[Grandmother, Mary Elizabeth died 20 November 1955 and Bill was devastated with the loss of his beloved wife, his oldest son and his devoted mother all within one year's time.]

Memories by daughter, Aura (Ora) Mae Jeppson and son, Loren Gene Calkins

Our Father, William Orson (Bill or Billy) Calkins was born on Christmas day 25 December 1896, at Lewisville, Jefferson County, Idaho. His father was Orson Booker Calkins and his mother was Mary Elizabeth Owen.

He was the eldest of eleven children. He was followed by a brother, Albert Horatio, and nine sisters, who were, in order of their birth; Edna May, Hattie Pearl, Rose Maud, Mary Elizabeth, Clarice, Clara, Grace Margaret, Lenore Evelyn and Minnie Martha.

At the time of Dad's birth, his parents were living in a small log cabin with a sod roof in the town of Lewisville. Grandpa was working a farm outside of town, but there was no house on it. The people of the community were trying to establish a town and encouraged people to live within the town's boundaries.

When Dad was two years old, his father was offered a job in the sheep business at Lost River near Grey's Lake, and the family moved there for six months, until August 1899. They next moved to Ammon, near Idaho Falls, where Grandpa rented a farm.

Dad started school at Ammon. They lived there until 1905 when Grandpa bought a farm at Grace. Dad remembered moving with a team and wagon. They were at Grace for about eight years. While living at Grace, Dad was baptized into the church on 2 June 1905.

He saw his first silent movie in Grace in 1910. It was a Western and used carbide lamps.

While living at Grace, Dad became acquainted with the Pack family, who owned a nearby ranch. They became his second family for the rest of his boyhood, frequently living with them and working for his board and room.

In 1912, he rode in his first automobile, a Dodge, which was owned by the barber in Grace. They drove the five miles to Alexander in fifteen minutes.

In 1913, Grandpa moved his family to a new farming community that was being opened up nine miles North of Soda Springs. The settlers named the town Meadowville. The Calkins family helped to organize a school for the children, a Sunday School and Primary and Mutual Improvement Association, and gradually all auxiliaries of the Church.

Living at Meadowville, Dad had his second automobile ride in the "EMF" Studebaker owned by his future wife's half brother, Jim Horsley, who took him from Meadowville to Soda Springs. (EMF stood for Every Morning Fix'em.)

Dad attended school at Meadowville for only one year, spending most of his time with the Pack family at Grace.

In 1915 and 1916, he went to Moapa, Nevada to work, then returned to Soda Springs in the spring of 1916 to work at odd jobs, then returned to the Pack ranch.

When he was seventeen years old, he attended a Basket Social put on by the Mutual in Meadowville. (A Basket Social was a fund raising event where the women made and decorated baskets, then filled them with special foods. These were auctioned off, the owners' names not being revealed until won at auction.) At this party Dad became better acquainted with Mabel Horsley, who he had seen several times at her father's general store in Soda Springs. She was visiting her half brother, William Skinner, who lived in Meadowville. Dad was confident the basket he bid on belonged to Mabel but was claimed by a Mrs. Bybee. He visited Mabel again before he went to Ogden, Utah with some friends to find work. They picked apples for a time. He worked on the railroad in Ogden, then went to Glenns Ferry, Idaho where he was employed by the D.C. and R.H. Department of the Union Pacific Railroad. This was the Dining Car and Rooming House division. But he was restless and soon returned to Utah and found employment at the Utah Copper Company in the foundry at Garfield.

He roomed in a hotel in Garfield where he met a friend, who was, soon after their meeting drafted into the army. Dad enlisted with him. He was twenty years old. His buddy did not pass the physical and was discharged, but Dad was accepted.

He was sent to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas to be sworn into the army and to receive his uniform. Then to Spartanburg, South Carolina for his basic training. He wrote to his family to let them know where he was, and also corresponded with Mabel Lucy Horsley. After basic training, they were sent to a camp on the end of Long Island, New York, for their final examinations and overseas clothing and equipment. He saw his first aircraft, a dirigible, when they were sent on an electric train to a camp on the Hudson River. From there they embarked on the S.D. Hybee, a small freighter, which carried lumber and 3500 men. It was June, 1918.

The crossing of the Atlantic ocean was miserable, with severe overcrowding, rough seas, homesickness, seasickness and wondering what was to await them in Europe. It took fifteen days, with all lights extinguished at dusk because of the threat of submarines. Dad was so sick that he was afraid he would die, and then became even sicker and afraid he wouldn't die. They landed in Liverpool, England, then crossed the channel to Dover, France. In England they were issued combat boots, which had no right or left foot last. In time your foot shaped the boot to fit.

In their first night in camp at Dover there was an air raid, but the camp was not hit. He was in Company D, 105th Battalion, 30th Infantry division.

They were near the Swiss border at one time, then back to the front where he was engaged in a lot of action. Dad would not tell of his experiences there. He had a shrapnel wound to his leg, not serious enough to send him back. He told of having a buddy who was with him in the cold, muddy trench. When he awoke in the pale, grey dawn, he found that his buddy had wrapped his blanket about Dad and had shivered throughout the night himself without any extra covering.

Eventually they had to come out of the lines for replacements, but the war ended before they were ordered back to the front. They were sent to a small French town, Saint Mars, which made an impression on Dad, as the landmark was an old church built in the 1700s. From Saint Mars they went to Le Mans and to Saint Nazar where they embarked and returned to the United States, arriving in Charleston, South Carolina in April 1919, the same base where he had trained.

Here the men were put in geographic groups, where Dad and four others were sent to Fort D.A. Russell in Cheyenne, Wyoming, where they were given their discharge papers. He took the train to Soda Springs and when he stepped off the train at the depot, one of the first persons he saw was Mabel, who was returning home from the downtown area. He walked her home.

Dad filed on a homestead at Humphrey, Idaho and worked there for a year. Early in the spring, he traveled to Salt Lake City to see Mabel. Her parents spent the long, cold winters in that city. They decided to get married and she went with him to Idaho Falls where she had relatives. They were married by a Justice of the Peace on 1 March 1920.

They saw the first movie with sound in Pocatello. It had Mandolin music and the sound of slamming doors.

Dad worked for the Union Pacific railroad at Beaver Canyon. They lived on his homestead, in a converted barn. Mother often walked the tracks with him, packing a lunch, and keeping him company. On Sundays, Dad would fish Beaver Creek. He caught a lot of small trout and Mother would pick them up as Dad threw them on the bank behind him. They remained there until late fall and returned to Soda Springs where they stayed with her parents. Their first child, a son, Ellis Don, was born on 4 November 1920.

A brief period was spent at Fossil, Wyoming on the railroad, and then another move back to Soda Springs. They lived in an apartment behind Mabel's father's store where their next two children were born, Loren Gene on 31 March 1923, and a daughter, Ora Mae on 1 February 1925.

He was promoted to Section Foreman (Maintenance of Way) and transferred to Beckwith, Wyoming, an isolated little hamlet seventeen miles south from Cokeville. Mary Lou was born on 8 July 1927 and Herbert Duane was born 14 February 1930. For these births, Mother traveled by train to Soda Springs to be cared for at her parent's home. Dr. Kackley delivered all of their children, and Mother's father, Herbert Horsley, paid the doctor's fees.

Ellis and Loren were in school during these times, and remained with their father to "batch." They were taught by Ace Jarrett.

My parents were gregarious and friendly people. While living at Beckwith, they became friends with the Balls, who owned a cattle ranch at Big Piney, Wyoming outside of Beckwith. They later purchased the Mesa Orchard ranch near Council, Idaho. They went to their ranch house for parties and dances. They played cards in the evenings with other railroad workers and

their wives. Mabel baked bread for the single men.

In April, 1930 they moved to Reverse, Idaho, which is a railroad section ten miles south of Mountain Home, Idaho. Like all sections, it was isolated and consisted mainly of an underground cistern that was filled once or twice a year from a tank car, two section foreman's houses, two bunk houses, an ice house and several other buildings. Locust trees had been planted, with basins dug around them so they could be watered from the hand pump. It was very hot and dry during the summer months. Sometimes dust storms would come up and obscure everything for hours, filling the houses with fine dust, and one time blowing the Maytag washing machine off the back porch and half way around the house. Wet sheets were hung in doorways to provide some comfort for sleeping at night. The children rode a school bus to Mountain Home. During one of these dust storms Dad was outside by the clothes line when a spark jumped from the line to his head. For the rest of his life he had a small red mark near his right temple.

While living at Reverse, Dad received a bonus for service in World War I. They took this money and bought, among other things a piano.

In the spring of 1933 the Union Pacific Railroad decided to close one of the sections at Reverse and Dad was laid off. (It was possible to "bump" another person off a job if you had more seniority.) There was not a section foreman's job available so the family moved to Meridian, Idaho where Dad got a job as a section hand. In the fall of 1933, the section at Novine, Idaho became available. Dad bid on it and was given the job. He went there for a few weeks and left the family in Meridian. They were moved to Novine then and lived there for a few weeks more. Because of the remoteness of Novine from any town or school Dad next bid on the section at Tunnel, Wyoming and was awarded a section foreman's job there. Tunnel was a section about two miles west of Kemmerer, Wyoming. The children took a private car there for their schooling, and it was the shopping center for the area.

Twice during his railroad career he was fired. The first time, we lived at Beckwith, Wyoming. Some how he did not look at his train line-up and had to remove the motor car off of the track just in front of a train. We moved to Ammon and Dad farmed with his brother for a few days. The U.P. railroad then called him back to work and gave him a few brownie points. Then one day while living in Reverse we children came home from school and found Mother crying at Dad's knee. We then moved to Hagerman for a few days when he was called back to work and given a few more brownie points. (You may think of brownie points on the railroad as demerits.)

The family lived at Tunnel in 1935 and as the winters were quite cold there, Dad decided to bid on a job in a warmer climate. The section at Owyhee, Idaho (a railroad section about 15 miles due south of Boise) became available and Dad was awarded that location. They lived at Owyhee until the fall of 1939 when the section at Meridian became available. By this time Dad had accumulated a lot of seniority and had no trouble being awarded the job in Meridian. While living at Owyhee, Dad received a second World War I bonus. This bonus was used to make a down payment on a ten acre farm two and one half miles east of Meridian on Franklin Road.

This purchase occurred about 1936. In order to have someone there, Dad talked his mother and father into moving to Meridian. They lived on the farm until 1939 when they returned to Idaho Falls.

The family moved to this farm in 1939 and lived there until 1942 when they sold the farm to the Lowrys and moved to Meridian. Dad enjoyed gardening, but never liked being a farmer, because it took too much time and work. They purchased a home on East Pine Street. It was the first modern home they had ever owned. It had indoor plumbing and hot and cold running water.

Ellis married Elizabeth (Betty) Anderson 11 January 1940 and the first of their children was gone from home.

World War II had begun, and Dad was called to oversee an "Extra Gang" to reinforce the railroads so they could haul the increased loads that the war effort required. This Extra Gang was removing the existing 90 pound rails and installing new 120 pound rails. At the same time they replaced ties as needed and then installed new ballast (gravel). Loren

received a draft call on 1 January 1943 and was sworn in on 13 January 1943 and was eventually overseas in France. Although Ellis had two sons now, he enlisted in the Navy and saw duty in the Pacific.

Another son, William Richard, (Ricky) was born to Mother and Dad on 6 March 1944, a tiny premature baby. Only Mary, Duane and Richard were home now. Ora worked and lived in Boise. Although Dad was baptized at an early age he hadn't been active in the LDS church and took up the tobacco habit. He enjoyed a good cup of coffee and kept a bottle of spirits around the house for an occasional hot toddy. Home brew was legal and Dad and Mother would make a batch a couple of times a year, usually at the same time a batch of Root Beer would be made and bottled. When Dad, Mom and family moved to Meridian they started to go to church and Dad wanted to give up his tobacco habit. He first tried to quit cold turkey, but was unsuccessful, so he changed from smoking to chewing snuff. Then Mother would take his can of snuff, put it in a cloth bag and boil it to reduce the nicotine. Eventually he was able to kick the habit, although he often said that for years after, the smell of the tobacco would make him desire it.

On 26 June 1945, Dad, Mother and their children Mary, Duane and Richard were sealed together in the Logan, Utah temple. Ellis and Loren had returned safely from the war.

Ora married Alex John Alexander 30 December 1944 in Casper, Wyoming. Mary married Sherman Russell Welker in the Idaho Falls temple 26 November 1946. Orson Booker Calkins died 27 September 1948 in Idaho Falls, Idaho. Loren married Carolyn Durrant in the Idaho Falls temple 15 December 1948. Duane married Joyce Armstrong 30 April 1949.

Following the war in 1946 they sold their East Pine street home and purchased a smaller home on a larger lot on 3rd and Idaho street in Meridian. They lived there for several years.

Dad was nearly fifty five years of age and had worked for the Union Pacific Railroad for thirty years. The mainline section at Meridian was hard work and he looked forward to spending the next ten years at a section less tiresome. In 1953 the section at McCall, Idaho became available and even though some other long time section foremen wanted the job, Dad was the



*Ellis Don, William Orson, Orson Booker
and Michael Don Calkins*



*Picture taken January 1943 Mary, Ellis, Loren, Ora and Duane
Richard (inset - born 6 March 1944 a year later) with Mom and Dad in front*

bidder with the most seniority.

In December 1953 they moved to McCall where Dad was the new section foreman. They lived in a two story section house, quite modern for those types of dwellings. They were active in the small church in McCall with several callings. Thinking they might like to retire in California, they made a trip to Morro Bay and made a down payment on a lot overlooking the ocean.

Dad loved the McCall area. In the summer time he walked into several mountain lakes and caught a lot of trout. From time to time some of his children, especially Loren, would spend the weekend with them and go with him to some of these lakes. Their favorite was Boulder which was about ten miles south and east of McCall. In the winter time Dad would fish in the Payette Lake. Their home was just a block from the lake. The Boise Cascade sawmill was close and it had a heated boat house that he would go to and fish for trout.

On 4 December 1954, while driving to Boise to do some Christmas shopping and visit with their children who were living there, the car went off the narrow, winding and icy road near Ferndale and down a steep embankment into the icy, swift waters of the Payette river. Mother received a bump on the head, the door on her side of the car came open and she was washed into the river and was drowned. Dad was thrown out of the car before it entered the river and received a crushed shoulder and several broken ribs. Richard was in the back seat and managed to crawl over

the seat through the window and onto the roof of the car where he was pulled to the shore by a motorist who saw the accident.

Dad returned to work in McCall after his recovery. He was visited frequently by his daughter, Ora, and her five children to help him through this difficult period of mourning. Richard went to live with Loren and Carolyn.

On 22 June 1955, Ora was staying with him when she received a telephone call from Loren letting them know that Ellis had died of a heart attack that morning. Ora contacted the railroad and when Dad came home had to break the sad news to him.

Then on 20 November 1955, his mother passed away because of cancer. This year was a particularly bad year in that his wife was killed in an automobile accident on 4 December 1954, his oldest son died of a heart attack on 22 June 1955 and his mother then passed away on 20 November 1955.

Dad did not want to live any longer with the memories of Mother in the house at McCall, so when the section at New Plymouth came up for bid, he bid on it and was given that section. He lived in a tiny two room section house there and batched. Richard continued to live with Loren and Carolyn but he spent as much time as possible with his father.

Dad met Helen Hedvig Gunther Schroeder at church in New Plymouth and they were married 6 June 1957 in the Idaho Falls temple. Helen had a small home on an acreage outside of New Plymouth. Richard then came to live with them permanently.

Dad retired from the Union Pacific railroad 1 October 1963. He had worked for the railroad for over forty years. During that time he took only a handful of days off because of illness. He was either very healthy, or worked when he was sick. He was a very responsible man and was serious about his work. His name was known from one end of the line to the other as a good Section Foreman, as a man to emulate, as one who took pride in his work, and did it well. The "Gandy dancer" and others who worked under him respected and trusted his judgment. He had many experiences during his time on the Extra Gangs with these men who came from all parts of the country and from all kinds of back-grounds. He was given fierce loyalties from these men. He especially liked the Mexican workers.

Richard married Sharon Prentice in Paoli, Kansas 25 May 1969. Dad went to the wedding on his first and last airplane ride.

Helen died 2 December 1969. Shortly after this, he received a condolence letter from Beulah Sparks Brandenburg Wilson, who was a widow living in Mountain Home. They had known each other when both families were living at the Owyhee section.



Helen and Bill

Dad married Beulah in Mountain Home 5 September 1970, and lived in her mobile home. He fished the nearby reservoirs and other fishing places. Each day he walked to town, perhaps a mile, bought a candy bar, and returned home.

Dad had suffered a heart attack several years previously and had been in the Veteran's hospital in Boise to recover. He was put on blood thinners at that time to prevent any further complications.

In early December 1972, Dad was rushed to St. Luke's hospital in an ambulance and diagnosed as having a dissecting aortic aneurysm. Loren and Richard were able to give him a priesthood blessing before he was rushed into surgery, a nurse holding his hand tightly against his abdomen to slow down the bleeding. He was not expected to survive the surgery because of the massive blood loss.

He spent several weeks in the ICU at St. Alphonsus hospital, where he had been transferred so that he could be on the dialysis machine as his kidneys and most systems in his body had shut down. He was on a ventilator, with a tracheotomy in his throat.

During the last few weeks of his life, he was conscious but unable to talk because of the tracheotomy. Gradually he was weaned off the respirator, and his kidneys began to have some function again. He was moved to a private room and plans were being made to have him move to Ora's where he could recuperate.

The morning of 5 January 1973, he was having a breathing treatment. Sharon was by his bedside. He pushed away the equipment and quietly expired. He was tired. It had been too much.

Our Father was buried on 11 January at Cloverdale Memorial Cemetery beside Mother and near their son Ellis. Our brother, Herbert Duane, died on 10 December 1993 and was buried beside his brother Ellis.

This history has merely the bare bones of Dad's life, and can hardly tell of the man he really was. He was tall, somewhat over 5' 10", with a lean body, which only in his later years became less than thin. He had long legs and walked with a fast lope. His eyes were a clear green, his hair light brown, his features even and well formed. He could be called a handsome man. His countenance was thoughtful, kind, sometimes smiling, always appealing. His skin, because of more than thirty years working all seasons outside, was tanned to a beautiful bronze. Where his shirt opened on his neck, and above his wrists, the skin was very white by contrast. He had a habit of jutting out his lower lip when engrossed in a task. He hated disagreements and fights, and would withdraw mentally if unable to leave physically.

When we were children, we would be jogged gently on his knee and he would lull us with a rather tuneless whistle between his teeth, low and monotonous and soothing. We always knew our father loved us.

He was a fisherman, and this was his lifetime pursuit. He could sit all night on a river bank, with a smudge made from burning tires (this was before E.P.A.) perfectly content, listening to the myriad night noises, the plop of a frog, the splash of a fish, the whine of mosquitoes. Occasionally he would reel in his line, inspect and replenish his bait, cast out, and settle down again with his thoughts.

He loved the trappings of a fisherman, the rods and reels, the tackle box with all of its accouterments, the talk of fisherman, of the ones that were caught and the ones that got away. But he was not a braggart, and he took real interest in other's fishing yarns, according them the

same respect they meted his.

His trips to San Felipe, Baja, Mexico with Ora and Alex were highlights of his fishing experiences. He never knew what to expect when he cast and then reeled in his line—sting rays, small sharks, etc. He also liked to fish off the pier at Newport Beach while he was visiting his family in Southern California. But his favorite fish of all was the beautiful Idaho steel head.

He enlisted in World War I as a raw-boned kid from a poor family on a dry farm in the West, never having been too far from home. He traveled across the United States, the Atlantic ocean and saw action in France. He brought home with him his dented helmet and his bayonet, which all soldiers were allowed to keep. We played with them as children. He came home from the war with a distrust of the French, an admiration of the Australians, and a liking for the English, except for their combat boots!

He enjoyed the radio, and we had a large one with a very large battery to power it. After work and dinner, he would stretch out on the “daybed” in the living room, his shoes off, his head on a pillow, and the radio on. He liked “Amos and Andy” and laughed at their antics. He never missed hearing Franklin Delano Roosevelt’s “Fireside Chats.” He was a Brown Bomber fan and always listened to the blow by blow account of Lewis’ boxing matches.

Sometime he would fall asleep listening to the radio, snoring gently, and we would turn down the volume, thinking him asleep and unaware. But he would awaken immediately and re-adjust the volume, which he liked loud.

There has to be an ending, though there are volumes more we could write, as could all of his children. Those who didn’t know him are deprived, and those who did will always cherish the memory of their father, grandfather, uncle, brother and friend.

MABEL LUCY HORSLEY

Mabel Lucy Horsley

Mabel Lucy born..... 20 March 1901
 Married 1 March 1920
 To: William Orson Calkins. . . . 25 December 1896
 Children:
 Ellis Don..... 4 November 1920
 Loren Gene..... 31 March 1923
 Ora Mae. 1 February 1925
 Mary Lou. 8 July 1927
 Herbert Duane 4 February 1930
 William Richard..... 6 March 1944

Carolyn Calkins related the following:

Mabel used to tell everyone that she was the youngest of at least twenty one children, but she was an only child. Her father, Herbert Horsley was born 6 September 1845 in Alcester, Warwick, England. "He started school in England, but at a very early age left home for adventures in the West Indies. At the age of seventeen, he joined the Mormon church

and came to the United States. He drove an ox team from Council Bluffs with the Henry W. Miller Company, arriving in Salt Lake City in November, 1862.¹ Herbert married Sarah Edgehill in 1864. They lived for a time in Utah, but in 1871, the Horsley family joined the Brigham Young party sent to establish a community at Soda Springs, Idaho. He and Sarah had fifteen children² before Sarah's death 14 August 1898, following a fall from the train. Herbert had originally built fences, dug ditches and then operated the first sawmill. He was employed by Z.C.M.I. and then later built his own store next to the family home.

Mabel's mother, Lucy Ann Smith, came to America on the ship *American Congress*³ in 1866. Lucy Ann was born 18 August 1857, so she would have been eight years old as they crossed the ocean. Lucy Ann's father, William Smith was a brother to Jane Smith who had married John Skinner in England. The Skinner family preceded the Smiths in their immigration, coming to

¹ *Tosoiba "Sparkling Waters"* DUP Camp Meads, Soda Springs, Idaho

² Family Group Sheet in PAF (see notes)

³ *Providence and Her People* The Providence History Committee 1974 p 177

America in 1856⁴. The Skinner family had stayed in New York and both families traveled to Zion in 1866.

Brigham Heber Skinner (the third son) and Lucy Ann Smith were married in the Endowment House in Salt Lake 17 February 1873, when Lucy was not quite sixteen. They lived in the Providence area and then later moved to Idaho, settling in Nounan. Lucy and Brigham had ten children,⁵ eight of whom lived to adulthood.

Brigham operated a sawmill in Nounan canyon and was killed in an accident there on 26 June 1893, when he was forty years old. He was buried in the Nounan cemetery. Lucy was left a widow at the age of thirty five with eight living children from one to nineteen years of age. She, with the assistance of her children, was trying to maintain a 160 acre farm. Rhoda Amelia, the oldest child, was nineteen when her father was killed. Brigham was sixteen, George twelve, Frank not quite ten, Mary Jane or Jennie was almost eight, Archibald or Arch was five, Charles was three and the baby, Smith, had just had his first birthday. Frank⁶ wrote that they raised hay and had some help from neighbors and friends. He also said that he and Lucy milked twenty one cows. Lucy made butter from the cream and took it to Herbert Horsley's store in Soda Springs for sale.

Herbert had known Lucy from her trips to the store. He visited her in Nounan and they were married 1 January 1899. Lucy probably had four or five of the children still living at home when they were married. Smith would now have been six years old, Charles eight, Archibald ten, Jennie thirteen, and Frank fifteen. Rhoda had married in 1895. Brigham and George may have been working away from home. Herbert's youngest two daughters, Alice and Sophia were seventeen and nineteen. The others were older and probably away from the home by that time. Lucy's son, Brigham Skinner and Herbert's daughter, Alice



Herbert, Mabel Lucy and Lucy Ann Smith Skinner Horsley

⁴ Ship notes *American Congress* 1866.

⁵ Family Group Sheet in PAF

⁶ History of Lucy Ann Smith by Frank Skinner - DUP Museum

Horsley were married 8 July 1900, six months after their parents had married.

Mabel Lucy Horsley was born 20 March 1901 and was the only child born to Herbert and Lucy, but between her parents there were possibly twenty seven other children. I am sure that Mabel didn't have an isolated, lonely childhood. Her father was fifty five years old and her mother was forty three when she was born, but Mabel had as her playmates and friends the children of her half brothers and sisters.

Herbert had served a mission in England in 1896 and served again in 1905 from April to August. In his journal he wrote that he missed his dear wife and daughter Mabel. This was a much easier life for Lucy than the previous years. Herbert had been established in business for years and his children were grown. As Mabel was growing older the Horsley family lived in Salt Lake during the cold winter months and returned to Soda Springs for the more moderate weather of spring and summer. Herbert and Lucy were able to take train trips traveling to New York and to California in their later years.

Mabel kept a diary when she was seventeen and wrote parts of it when they were living in Salt Lake. She wrote about her trips down town, going to the movies, crocheting and sewing with her mother and taking care of the children of her siblings. She wrote about the visits from family members and visiting in Edgewood Hall, the home of Lucy's brother Joseph Smith and his wife Annie. She was writing to Billy at this time while he was serving his country in the army in Europe.

When they were back in Soda Springs, she helped a lot in the store and she mentions often doing the washing, ironing and cooking. She wrote of the talents of her mother in crocheting, knitting, netting and tatting and she often worked at her side. Lucy had never learned to read and write and Mabel often became the scribe when answering letters from Herbert. Lucy loved to have someone read to her while she sat and knitted or crocheted.

Billy was discharged from the army in April of 1919 and Mabel was one of the first to greet him as he got off the train. They were married 1 March 1920 just prior to her nineteenth birthday. Billy had started working for the Union Pacific Railroad as a section hand upon his return from the war and they began their married life in the Humphrey, Idaho area. They returned to Soda Springs in the fall and were staying with Mabel's parents when Ellis Don was born.

As Billy began work on the railroad he had no seniority, so many of his first assignments



Mabel as a teenager

were in out of the way places. They lived in Fossil, Wyoming; Beckwith, Wyoming; Reverse, Idaho; a short stay in Meridian, Idaho; Novine, Idaho; and then to Tunnel, Wyoming and Owyhee, Idaho.

During these years, when a new baby was expected, Mabel returned to the Horsley home in Soda Springs and the babies were delivered by Dr. Ellis Kackley. Ellis Don was born 4 November 1920, Loren Gene was born 31 March 1923, Ora Mae, 1 February 1925, Mary Lou, 8 July 1927 and Herbert Duane 14 February 1930.

Housing was provided by Union Pacific when Billy worked on these sections of the railroad. The children had to be bussed to school and a trip to town was made on payday. Water had to be carried and heated on the stove for laundry and bathing children. Inside plumbing wasn't heard of in those years.

Mabel's mother, Lucy Ann died 5 July 1935 and her beloved father died 1 April 1936. Because of communication problems she was not able to attend her father's funeral and she was heart broken to hear of his passing.

In 1939, Billy was able to bid for the job in Meridian. This was the first opportunity to attend church as a family which fulfilled one of Mabel's dreams. However, Billy was always her top priority and regardless of her church assignments she would always be home in time to have dinner on the table when he returned from work.

Through the early 1930s (the depression era) Billy was able to be continuously employed and Mabel was a good manager. But, most of those early years were spent living in a section house supplied by Union Pacific. They were glad to be able to have their own home in Meridian now that the children were maturing. Ellis (or Don as he was called in later years) and Betty Anderson were married in 1940. The national scene was changing and after the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor on 7 December 1941, Ellis and Loren both went to war. Ellis joined the Navy and Loren had intended to sign up, but his call came from the draft board and he was inducted into the Army. Mary and Duane were still in school.

William Richard Calkins was born on 6 March 1944. He was a preemie and came as a surprise to the family. Dr. Joseph Thomas was the local doctor in Meridian and was a very concerned and compassionate "country style doctor." Ricky, as he was called, was small enough to fit in a shoe box and was kept warm by being placed on the warming oven of the stove. He was lovingly cared for by his parents and sister Mary.

The church in Meridian was a small branch and appreciative of talented and willing helpers. Mabel served in the MIA as a counselor for the young women and also served in the primary. She served as a homemaking leader for years in the Relief Society and was a willing leader anytime her talents were needed. She was an excellent cook and gave cooking demonstrations. She was especially good at making pies. She did beautiful handwork, loved to work on quilts, and crocheted, knitted and tatted beautiful gifts for others. She was always willing to share the skills and talents she had learned from her mother.

Being able to travel to the Logan Temple and be sealed to her husband was one of the

greatest highlights of her life. Mary, Duane and Richard were sealed to their parents on that day, 26 June 1945.

There were many changes during the next ten years. Ellis and Loren returned from their war service. Ellis, Loren, Ora, Mary and Duane were all married and there were eighteen grandchildren under the age of seven. Billy and Mabel enjoyed being grandparents and loved having anyone of them drop in for a Sunday evening snack of grilled cheese sandwiches and hot chocolate. But, as Billy was approaching retirement age, he and Mabel began to consider options for employment in a less stressful area. An opening came for a section foreman in McCall, Idaho. This was an opportunity for a more relaxing time with fishing and hunting near by. This would mean living miles away from the grandchildren, but it would also be a great vacation spot and an inviting place for family to come and visit. Ricky was only nine years old when they made the move and all three of them enjoyed the more relaxing lifestyle. There were many fun times fishing and enjoying the outdoors together. Other family members came for excursions to pick pine cones and feed the squirrels, fish and play at the Lake. The Calkins family was closer now to John and Lenora Piper who were living in Council at the time. Visits with other family members were always a treat. Loren and Aura's families met the grandparents at Lost Lake for fishing which was a fun time for everyone.

Mabel worked with the Relief Society in the McCall Branch of the church, planning bazaars and teaching homemaking skills to others. She kept busy doing handwork in the evening hours and willingly shared her time and talents with anyone who asked.

Unfortunately, the fun times were short lived. Mabel, Bill and Ricky were making a trip to Boise on the 4th of December 1954 to do some shopping and visit with family. The road was winding and icy and the car slid off of the embankment and into the Payette River. Bill and Mabel were both thrown out of the car, but Mabel was in the icy river. Ricky was still in the car and was rescued by a passing motorist. Billy hit the rocks on the bank of the river and he and Ricky were taken to the hospital in Weiser, Idaho. It was totally devastating to the family when they received a telephone call. A group of men, some from the Elder's quorum at the church and others who volunteered, united together to help retrieve Mabel's body. Men went into the icy river and probed with poles as the current ripped around the rocks. Loren felt that it was an answer to his prayer that her body was found just when it had seemed hopelessly futile.

Billy and Ricky were both hospitalized. Funeral arrangements were made and many changes had to be adjusted to. Billy was unable to return to work for a time, and he felt overwhelmed with loneliness and the responsibility of caring for Ricky alone. He could no longer face living in McCall without the love of his life. It was a difficult time for him, and Loren, realizing the challenges his father faced, decided that Ricky should come and live with his and Carolyn's family. Billy traveled for a while as he was recuperating—to California, visiting with family and taking some time to plan for his future. He was able to transfer to a railroad job in the New Plymouth area and slowly his body began to heal.



The Horsley Home in Soda Springs

In a letter 17 November 1954 to her daughter Mary, Mabel had written "I had planned some Christmas sewing today, cut out some things, but now I would like to go to Boise to get some things to finish them. I guess we will go one day before the holidays. It is creeping up on us fast and I am not Christmas minded yet, but now seeing all the snow maybe I will be. I promised my neighbors I would help them cut carpet rags tomorrow so I won't get much done this week. . . Write soon, give the kids

a big love for us, All our love, Dad and Ma."

She had made aprons with crayon pockets for the little children and had knitted several pair of booties for the expected babies, but many of the Christmas presents were never finished. She loved all of her children and grandchildren and the years have been long and empty without a loving Grandma.



Mabel visiting her two sisters in California

ELLIS DON CALKINS

Ellis Don born. 20 November 1920
 Married 11 January 1940
 To: Mable Elizabeth Anderson. . . . 18 May 1923
 Children:
 Michael Don. 31 March 1940
 Vernon Peter (Bud). 6 December 1941
 Gary William. 25 July 1943
 Ellis Don Jr. 17 November 1945
 LaVonna (Bonnie). 2 September 1947
 Deborah Lynn. 9 July 1954

Aura, Loren and Mary have written their memories of their elder brother. Ellis was the oldest child of William Orson Calkins and Mabel Lucy Horsley, born 20 November 1920. Just before his birth his father worked for the Union Pacific railroad at Fossil, Wyoming. (This town is no more, just a few abandoned shacks. A mile or two to the north of Fossil was a cliff which was very rich in prehistoric fish skeletons. Local people made a lot of money there. Today this is a monument and digging for fossils is not allowed. There are trails and displays to see if a person wants to walk a couple of miles.) Probably about the 10th of November 1920, it was decided by William and Mabel that she should take the train to her parent's home in Soda Springs, Idaho and have the baby there. Ellis was born on 20 November 1920 in the home of his mother's parents, Herbert W. Horsley and Lucy Smith Skinner Horsley. Dr. Ellis Kackley was the attending doctor. I have no record of weight or length, but he was a healthy baby. He was named after Dr. Kackley.

About ten days after his birth, Mabel returned to Fossil, Wyoming. Ellis lived there for a few months until his father, "Bill" bid in and received the job of section foreman at Beckwith, Wyoming. Beckwith, Wyoming is fourteen miles southeast of Cokeville, Wyoming.

In Beckwith, the family lived in a four room frame house furnished by the Union Pacific Railroad. Cooking was done on a coal or wood burning stove and heating was from a pot bellied stove in the center of the house. If you wanted some fresh water, it was necessary to grab a water bucket and walk about seventy five feet to the community well. Not too bad in the summer, but rather a cold job in winter. The bathroom was a four foot square building about fifty feet north of the

*Ellis Don*

house. The Union Pacific Railroad furnished six tons of coal for heating and cooking a year. This was not sufficient so it was necessary for Bill to find additional fuel. This was usually old railroad ties that were sawed or chopped up for fuel.

When mother wanted to wash clothes (and she did this once a week), it was necessary for her to build a fire in the kitchen range, put a large copper boiler on the stove and fill it full of water. It was necessary for her to pump and pack the water. After Ellis got to be about six, it was decided that he could haul smaller buckets of water. At first all the clothes were washed in a round laundry tub with a scrubbing board and liberally applied yellow soap. Clothes were then rinsed in clean water, wrung out by hand and then hung on an outside clothes line. I can remember mother doing this in the winter. The clothes would sometimes freeze by the time she had them on the line. After a few hours outside they would be brought inside and finished drying by hanging them on a clothes line in the house. Humidity would get quite high in the house and freeze on the inside of the windows.

Come Saturday night, the boiler was again put on the stove and filled with water. Two chairs would be put in the middle of the kitchen floor and the laundry tub set on them. Hot and cold water would be added along with Ellis and he would get his weekly bath. When it came time for the parent's bath the laundry tub was put on the floor. The tub was big enough for a person's sitting spot and maybe one foot at a time. There was no drain in the house so the water was taken to the back door and thrown out on the ground. This wasn't too bad in the summer time. It kept down the dust, but in the winter it had to be carried a few feet farther so that the ice wouldn't build up.

There was an ice box in the kitchen that would hold about forty pounds of ice. This managed to keep food in good condition. About once a year in November, Mother and Dad would order a lot of fish. This was kept in a screened in front porch. It was usually cold enough to keep it for several weeks. I remember whole salmon, halibut, crabs and other types of fish.

Ellis lived and played there until about 20 March 1923 when his mother packed him up and made a second trip to Soda Springs. On 31 March 1923, I, Loren Gene Calkins, was born. Two more trips were made to Soda Springs when two sisters joined the family. Ora Mae born 2 February 1925 and Mary Lou born 8 July 1927. In February of 1930 another trip was made but this time the four children were left behind. Ellis and Loren stayed in Beckwith with their father. Ora and Mary were left with a family in Kemmerer, Wyoming. Mother returned with another son, Herbert Duane, born 14 February, 1930.

In the fall of 1927, Ellis started school in a little one room school about a half mile east of Beckwith. This school had a wood stove for heat, a path, a community water bucket and living quarters for the teacher. His name was Asa Jarritt. For the first two years of Ellis' school, there were probably six children enrolled. In 1930, I started school. That year the school only had two students, Ellis and I. If one or the other of us were ill, then Mr. Jarritt would have only one child in the school. During that entire year there were just the two students. A print of a famous painting was given to each student for perfect attendance for the month. At the end of the school year I had one more print

than did Ellis. During the next year Ellis was in the fourth grade and the school had again about six students.

Mabel was a loving mother, but she was new in the child rearing field so some of her ways were different. She kept threatening Ellis and I that if we didn't do what we were supposed to do we would be sent to a reform school. She also mentioned a "Boogie Man" that would pick us up at night. This teaching showed up in the following story.

During that time the railroad used what was called a torpedo. It was a device something like a cap for a cap gun, only much larger. It was fastened to a rail and if an engine ran over it there would be a very loud explosion. One of these on the track and the engineer was to stop immediately. Two meant that the train was supposed to slow down and proceed with caution. Ellis knew what these torpedoes were and what they were used for. In the summer of 1930 he found one of these and placed it on a rail. The next train by was the fastest through passenger train on the Union Pacific Railroad. The engineer immediately stopped the train and the crew got out and searched the track for damage or anything else that was a danger. When nothing was found, the train went on its way and the Roadmaster was notified.

The Roadmaster was Bill's boss. He came out to Beckwith to investigate and after talking to Bill, it was decided that Ellis must have been the one to have put the torpedo on the track. The next day Ellis was told that the Roadmaster was coming out to talk to him and that he might get sent to the reform school. Ellis hid under his bed but was found and the Roadmaster talked to him about what was done, what could have happened and not to do it again.

Our light in those days was either a kerosene lantern with a wick or a gasoline lantern with a mantel. One evening Mother and Dad went next door to the neighbors. Ellis was left home to baby sit Ora, Mary and I. It was time to go to bed. This house only had two bedrooms so the four children slept in one room that had two double beds. Against the window was a chest and on the window were cotton curtains. Ellis picked up the gasoline lantern and carried it into the bedroom and placed it on the chest. One of the curtains brushed against the mantel and started on fire. The fire immediately started burning both curtains. Ellis had presence of mind enough to run out to the kitchen, grab a wash bowl of water that had not been emptied, run back into the bedroom and then throw the water on the fire. No damage was done to the structure or the paint but the curtains were gone. I was five years old and had seen a motion picture in Cokeville, Wyoming a few weeks earlier, about a fire in a school. I panicked, ran to the door of the



Ellis as a young boy

house and screamed to the world. Our parents heard the commotion and came home. I received the worst chastisement.

As mentioned earlier, Bill was a section foreman. Job security was by longevity. The winters were cold in Beckwith and although the summers were not sweltering, there were lots of flies and mosquitoes. In 1931, Bill had about ten years of seniority so he ventured out and bid on a job at Reverse, Idaho. This was a small railroad town about ten miles south of Mountain Home, Idaho. (I visited the sight many years ago and only found a few cement foundations.) Ellis went to school with me in Mountain Home, Idaho. We had to ride a school bus every day. While there, the Mountain Home school district decided to serve hot lunches. The first one was a soup made out of beef, potatoes and carrots. The parents of the children involved were asked to donate food. The Bill Calkins family was asked to furnish a 25 pound bag of carrots.

Ellis, being about two and a half years older than I, did not necessarily want me, his younger brother, tagging along. But as there was only one other boy about our age at Reverse, Ellis and I did a lot of things together. We would take long walks in the desert looking for snakes, lizards, tarantulas, etc. We found an old Indian encampment and, from time to time, picked up a few arrow heads. There was no grass at Reverse and only a few locust trees. Kids of that generation provided their own entertainment. At night, in the summer, we often played kick the can. In one game Ellis was "It" and was having a hard time getting every body caught. He purposely set the can over a horseshoe peg in the yard and then went to look for people. He had a few people caught when I saw my chance and ran to kick the can. It was quite a shock to me to give the can a kick and find that it wouldn't move. Result, one sore foot.

Ellis was now twelve years old and I was ten. Ellis did not like to be chewed out and it began to show. One afternoon in the spring of 1932, Ellis and I were on the opposite side of the school plucking a few handfuls of maple seeds from the trees on the school yard. The school bus came. The driver was very impatient and if you were not right there he would drive off. This happened to Ellis and I. The bus drove off as we came around the corner of the school. Ellis said we would have to walk home. Ten miles seemed like a long way but we decided to do it. Evidently other kids had missed the bus from time to time. If the bus driver saw them walking home he would pick them up, take them back to town, put them in his car and take them home. Of course they would receive a good lecture. Ellis and I walked about four miles toward Reverse when he saw the bus coming back empty. He had us both hide in the tall grass at the side of the road. The bus passed without seeing us. We walked another mile or so when some one from Reverse came along in their car, picked us up and eventually we got home.

Probably in the spring of 1933, Bill received a notice from the Union Pacific Railroad that because of the deepening of the depression, the section at Reverse would be eliminated. The family was forced to move. If a person was laid off because of lack he was entitled to "bump" someone else who had the lowest seniority. The family moved to Meridian, Idaho where Bill became a section

hand. They rented a small home in Meridian and made the best of the situation. Ellis finished his sixth year of school in the spring of 1933 in Meridian and started his seventh year that fall.

During that summer, the family planted a large garden and it was up to Ellis and I to keep down the weeds, help pick raspberries and other produce. We sold squash to one of the stores for about a penny a pound. Potatoes were 20 cents a hundred pounds and eggs were two cents a dozen. As mentioned earlier the railroad furnished coal to burn if you lived in a company house, but because the family lived in a rented house in Meridian, they had to supply their own fuel. Railroad ties were the fuel supply. Ellis was thirteen and I was eleven. Bill bought an eight foot cross cut saw, built a saw horse, put Ellis on one end of the saw and me on the other. From that time on for the next eight years, we averaged a tie a day for fuel. We wore out several saws and cut up hundreds of ties. After cutting the tie into seven pieces, it was necessary to split the pieces into small enough chunks to be burned.

In Meridian, Ellis and I had our own friends and did not spent a lot of time together. We slept in the same bed, part of the time, outside under a tree. We both had measles and possibly other problems. After school started in the fall, Bill again bid on a section foreman job and went to Novine, Idaho. This was a little railroad town along the banks of the Bear River near Montpelier, Idaho. Bill went first and the family followed him as soon as possible. Novine was on the banks of the Bear River and Bill and Mabel were concerned about one of the smaller children falling in the river. Also there was not a school available. The family only lived there about two weeks when Bill again bid on a foreman's job at Tunnel, Wyoming. This was another railroad town about three miles west of Kemmerer, Wyoming. It was named because there was a single track railroad tunnel through the mountain.

The children who were old enough went to school in Kemmerer, Wyoming. Transportation was by private car. There were no other children at Tunnel so Ellis and I did a lot of things together. About half way to Kemmerer was a cattle ranch. The family's name was Straight and they had one son named Melbourne. He was about the same age as Ellis and I so he was added to the couple, making a trio of young teen age boys. We did not get into any trouble but did have a lot of good times together. Almost every week in the summer we got together and went for a long walk. East of Tunnel was Kemmerer. South was an abandoned coal mine, North was Ham's Fork river and West was the tunnel and hills similar to the Fossil area. We were not supposed to go through the tunnel, but if a young, teenage boy is told not to do something, you can bet he'll do it. In the walls of the tunnel were small alcoves about a foot deep for men to stand in if they were working in the tunnel when a train went by. We three boys even tried them out.

At this time Bill and Mabel decided that children needed an allowance. Ellis and I were given ten cents a week. This does not sound like very much, but a movie was five cents, a large pop was a nickel and a four ounce Babe Ruth or Snicker candy bar was also five cents. Ellis and I went to a movie almost every Saturday. There were cartoons, a serial and a feature. I remember a lot of horse

Westerns.

When the tunnel was drilled through the mountain a spring was found. This ran out of the tunnel and emptied into a small lake about a quarter mile away. Ellis, Melbourne and I, spent a lot of time playing there. One of the first things we did was to take the railroad wheelbarrow and haul old ties to make a raft. The old ties were not that good so we also hauled off a couple of good ties. Ellis being the strongest and the oldest held the handles while Melbourne and I tied a rope onto the front of the wheelbarrow and acted as horses. We had a raft about six by eight foot which easily held three boys. None of us knew how to swim but we managed to survive.

This was one of the highest spots on the Union Pacific Railroad. It was cold in the winter so again Bill decided to take a chance by bidding on a section in western Idaho. In the spring of 1936 he was awarded a section foreman's job at Owyhee, Idaho. This was another railroad town sixteen miles south of Boise and about fourteen miles east of Kuna. There was no school at Owyhee and as this was in the Kuna school district the children had to be bussed to Mora (a small rural school ten miles from Owyhee) or to Kuna.

This was probably one of the low points in Ellis' life. He was in the eighth grade at Kemmerer. The family moved to Owyhee a couple of weeks before graduation time. Ellis did not graduate so it was decided that he would have to take the eighth grade over. Instead of being a freshman at Kuna he was an eighth grader in Mora. I was now in the seventh grade. Ellis went to school in Mora for that school year. Once a year the different schools in the Kuna district had intermural games. The Mora school loved to have Ellis in their school. Being one year older than the average eighth grader he helped the Mora school win it's share of the contests.

At Owyhee Ellis and I sawed up, split and carried one tie a day into the house. In the summer we went fishing almost on a weekly basis to Swan Falls. We played together, hunted together and slept together. And that brings up an interesting story about how close Ellis and I came to being wiped out by a derailed freight train.

Owyhee was on the south side of a gentle curve of the railroad. Just across from the foreman's house and about ten feet from the main line was a small two room building that had been used as a depot. This was at the time before the passenger trains went into Boise. This building was clean and as there were now five children in the one bedroom it was decided that the bed for Ellis and I would be moved into the depot. Even though the bedroom was only about ten feet or less from the track, Ellis and I slept through the night as trains went by. One summer night in 1938 a west bound freight train broke something on an undercarriage about a quarter mile east of Owyhee and the back end of one car and the front end of another came off of the track. As the train was going at a high rate of speed and the track was on a curve the inside wheels were dragging against the north rail. The other wheels were digging a furrow about eighteen inches deep in the dirt. As the train went by the depot where Ellis and I were sleeping the two boxcars missed the depot by inches. The train traveled on down the track another quarter of a mile or so before coming to a stop. After the situation

was observed, Ellis and I were moved back to the house—this time on a screened in front porch.

In the summer of 1939 the family again moved. This time back to the Meridian area. Bill had received a bonus for being in World War I and used it for a down payment on a 10 acre farm about two and one quarter miles East of Meridian on Franklin Road.

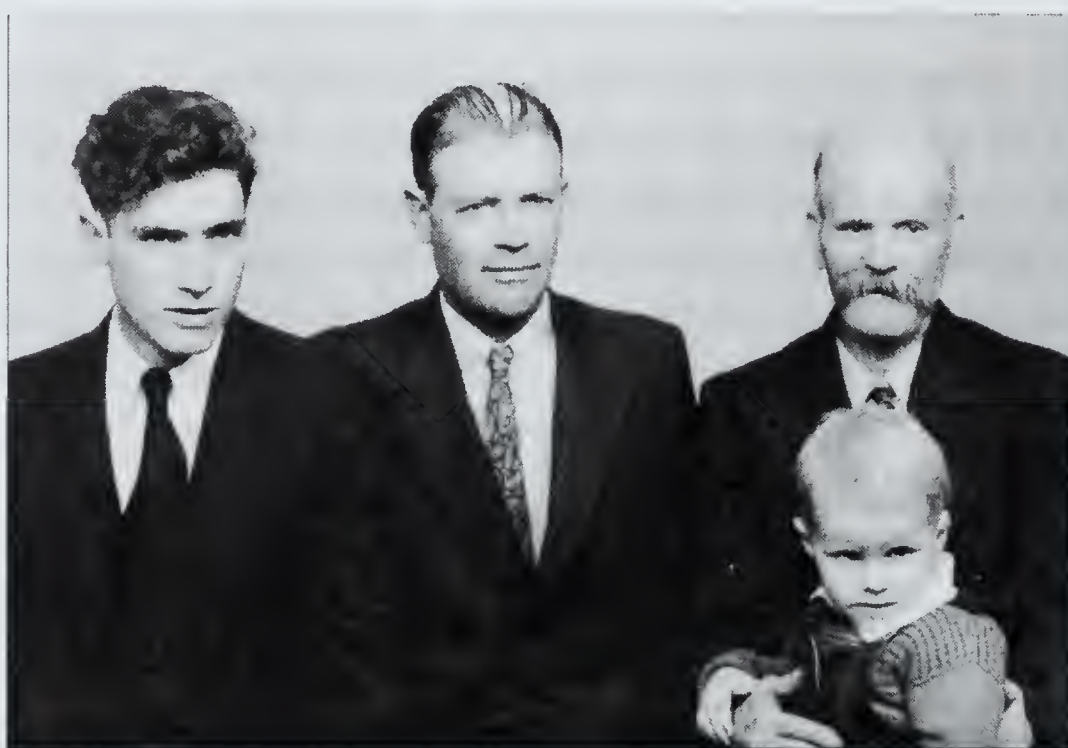
Ellis and I shared the same bedroom but I do not remember if Ellis went to school in Meridian.

He was married to Betty Anderson on 11 Jan 1940. Ellis was of legal age, but Betty was only seventeen so they eloped to Elko, Nevada. Their first child, Michael, was born on 31 March 1940. They moved into a small house in Boise. I can remember it being covered with tar paper. In looking back through my diaries that I started in August of 1940, I find references many times to Ellis. He and Betty came out to our house about once a week. The latter part of August 1940, he, Betty and I spent one day canning sweet corn for them. At other times I find references to me helping him install new brakes on his car. Quite often when they came out for a visit, I find references in my diary that we sawed wood together.

Work was hard to find. The depression, while weakening, was not as yet over. Ellis' first job was probably with the WPA. In September of 1940 he was hired to work as a section hand in the railroad town of Orchard which was about twenty miles south of Boise. Before the section hand job, he worked at Orchard helping unload coal cars. The Union Pacific Railroad was running mostly coal fired steam engines and Orchard was a coal stop. The cars had a bottom dump but there were always a few hundred pounds of coal that didn't clean. It was his job to crawl into the car and finish unloading the coal.

Now a few years had gone by. The family visited almost every week and Ellis would sometimes go fishing with his father and brothers. I now had a 1929 Model A Ford, and from time to time, I would drive into Boise and take Ellis hunting.

In January of 1943, I was drafted into the Army and left home on the thirteenth. I came home on two furloughs in the next year and saw Ellis and his family for a few minutes. Rationing of



*Four Generations:
Dad Ellis, Grandpa Bill, Great-Grandpa Orson and Michael*

gasoline, tires etc. was on, so trips to Boise had to be curtailed.

Aura's memories

It is about 40 years since my brother Ellis Don died, but I still dream about him. I am now in my seventies and he is still the young handsome and dramatic youth, and will always be that in my thoughts and dreams.

He had thick, dark, curly hair, a legacy from our mother, and he didn't like it. He would try to slick it back with hair cream, I suppose to look more like Valentino, but it wouldn't slick back. The curl would pop out again.

He was so interested when he sprouted a few dark hairs on his chest and rubbed Vaseline into them hoping they would grow. But another legacy from his father, not much chest hair.

He had dark blue eyes with thick black lashes. (A girl would die for them.) But he did not seem to know the effect they had on members of the opposite sex. He really was quite shy and backward. But that was no wonder. We always lived away from town when he was growing up. Usually in quite remote areas, as our father was a section foreman on the Union Pacific Railroad. These sections were often located in the middle of nowhere.

Ellis liked to read science fiction and popular mechanics. He told me one time that it was possible for one body, such as ours, to pass through another body, such as a wall, if the atoms were all aligned correctly. At that time, this science was still in it's infancy and Ellis was fascinated by probabilities. He had a brilliant mind with not enough stimulus for his imagination or reasoning except through reading.

He left home one day when he was starting school in Kuna. He left a note for our parents that he was going to Hagerman and find work. We were all shocked and frightened and felt our world tilt. Daddy and mother were very upset and worried until they heard from him.

He met Betty when he was very young and was instantly smitten. She seemed so sophisticated and worldly and on a different plane from the one he was used to. They were married. I am sure that there was never another woman for Ellis. He joined the navy in March of 1944, even though he was married and had two children. He was sent to Farragut Naval Training station in Farragut, Idaho where he took his basic training. On 15 June 1944 he was sent to school in Gulfport, Mississippi. He was there until September, learning about diesel motors. He made fireman first class. He was then sent to New York and he spent ten days there, where he said he was able to see all the sights worth seeing.

Next he was sent to Norfolk, Virginia to await his ship. He was there a month and then assigned to a patrol craft and went overseas to the Pacific Theater of Operation.

He saw a lot of action in the South Pacific, but his letters did not give any specifics. His first letters were heavily censored, and I think he soon learned what he could write. He did say that since it was a small ship that everyone had to learn to do everything. Loren perhaps will have more information his service record.

He did come to see me when he was on leave before going overseas. I was working at Boise Cascade and we spent a while together. I helped him out with some much needed money, as his pay was very slow in catching up with him.

He was a handsome sailor—looked great in his “whites”, with his dark tanned face and blue eyes. In the fall of 1945, he was at Subic Bay on Luzon island in the Philippines, sitting in the middle of a jungle, he said. Hot, primitive, poor food, etc. but he didn't care as he was on his way home.

Before the war he had worked for the WPA to support his family. When he returned home, he went to work for a company that Loren will know more about. Metal Fabrication, I think. He quickly was recognized for his superior ability and was promoted. I understand that he made some innovative changes. But being a young married woman with little children, I didn't grasp all of what he was doing.

I did sit up with him all one night, not too many months before he died. He was suffering with severe head aches. The doctor did not recognize the symptoms that he had. Since he seemed too young to have atherosclerosis and arteriosclerosis, he was treated for “ulcers” and put on a high fat diet. Now he would have been treated differently, of course, and perhaps his life extended.

He loved his family and was proud of his children. When his daughter, Bonnie, was born, he phoned to tell me the news and was simply ecstatic that he had a daughter. Then later, Debbie came along and I think he felt his cup was full.

In one of his letters to his mother, he was reflecting on his naval experience. He said it did make him more grateful for simple things and family and also hoped it would help after the war to support his family. He did want the very best for them.

Back to Loren:

When we were both in the service we did write to each other quite often. I wrote to him in the Pacific. He wrote to me in Europe. It has been too many years and I can not remember just what class of a ship he was on. It was small. Ellis, by reason of his diesel training was the head engineer. During combat he was a gunner.

I didn't see him with it, but Ellis did tell me that he grew a large handlebar mustache. It was long enough that he had to use wax to keep it in shape.

On 5 March 1944, Mabel didn't feel well and Bill took her into the hospital in Boise. She came home a few days later with a sixth child and a fourth son. He was named William Richard Calkins. Ellis saw his baby brother before he joined the Navy but Richard was twenty one months old before I saw him.

When Ellis returned from the service he secured a job with a Murray Burn's Company (Idaho Sprocket) that made motorized head pulleys for conveyors. I don't know that he had any training, but it seems to me he took a night school course at Boise Junior College. He was soon a lathe operator and he became pretty good at what he was doing. He and Betty had moved. They bought a small home on Harvey Street in Boise. To have more room, Ellis secured a conveyor belt

and hand excavated a basement under the house. He poured a cement floor and probably cement walls. Ellis was only about five feet eight inches tall and the basement had only six feet clearance. He bought and then installed a metal working lathe in the basement.. One time he showed me a spinning reel that he had made out of an aluminum casting.

He and I went deer hunting several times together in the years that followed. I had gotten my deer one year, and went with Ellis to help him get one. We were at Barber Flats. We had hunted most of the day without any luck. Finally on the way back to camp I spotted two deer several hundred yards away. I pointed them out to him and said, "Go ahead and get one." He said that they were too far away and wouldn't shoot. I said I would try and "Lo and behold" one of them died. He helped pack it back to camp and he and his family had some much needed meat.

One day in early June of 1946, a friend and I drove to the upper end of Canyon Creek to do a little fishing. We arrived quite late and noticed a camp fifty or so yards away. They were undoubtedly asleep so we didn't introduce ourselves. The next morning, about daybreak, a rifle started going off. It startled me and trying to get out of my sleeping bag, I thought I was still in Europe, and tore the zipper apart. When I got up, I looked toward the other camp where the firing was coming from and it was Ellis and a friend.

Sometime in the late forties, Murray Burns started a Plumbing and Heating Company. He had salesmen out selling sprockets, belts, head pulleys, saws, etc. and his salesmen would report that this business or that business needed a fire sprinkler system, but did not want to go to Intermountain Company. About 1954, Murray decided to start a Fire Sprinkler Co. Ellis, being on the inside, heard about this. He went to Murray and said that his brother Loren worked for Intermountain Company as a fire sprinkler fitter and would make a good engineer. Mr. Burns told Ellis to invite me in for an interview. I did have the interview and was hired for the job. We built a new building at the complex on the east end of Warm Springs Avenue so for a few years Ellis worked in one building and I in another.

As time went on, Ellis and Betty had five more children after Michael. They began to prosper and were able to slowly own some of the things that families desired. After our time in the service we saw each other quite a bit. I loved his children and visited them often. They visited us at our home in Boise quite often.

Then our world fell in. On 4 December 1954 our mother, Mabel was killed in a car accident near Ferncroft, Idaho. Father, Mother and Richard at this time were living in McCall. They were driving to Boise on this Saturday morning to buy Christmas gifts. The road was icy and slick. Dad lost control of the car and it went over about a fifty foot embankment into the Payette River. Dad was thrown out of the car and badly bruised. Richard was in the back seat and was still in the car when it stopped. Mother was thrown out into the river. The details are a little vague but I believe that Ellis came to my house before we made a trip to the hospital in Emmett, Idaho. I was trying to call Dad's sisters, but was very emotional. Ellis took the phone and made most of the calls.

We then went to the hospital in Emmett and saw Dad and Richard. We then drove up to Ferncroft to the accident site. A wrecker was pulling the car out of the river and up the bank. Mother's body was in the river somewhere. After looking around we decided to have a full scale assault on the river the following morning. Ellis called some of the people at Murray Burns and also some of the local railroad men. I called on some of the railroad men and the Elders Quorum in our ward. The next morning we had over a hundred searchers scattered along several miles of the Payette River looking for mother's body.

I was familiar with some of the local sawmills, so Ellis and I took my pickup and drove north to the sawmill at Cascade, Idaho. There we borrowed a half dozen pike poles. (These are long aluminum poles with both a point and a hook on one end. These were used to push logs around in a mill pond). We gave these pike poles to several of the men and they started to use them to see if her body was wedged under water among the rocks. I drove down stream several miles to see if anyone had found Mother. On the way back I stopped the car and offered a prayer to the Lord that He would have to help us. I noticed the time, 11 :55 a.m. I then drove back up to the point of the accident. One of my friends, John Hadfield, was about two hundred yards below the accident, wading in the river and using the pike pole to feel around large boulders. He felt something on the hook of the pike pole and on lifting it up Mother's arm came out of the water. Ellis was there and helped get her body out of the river, wrap it in a blanket and load it into the back of a station wagon. I mention this to show that he was the stronger of the two of us. I rode with the station wagon to the mortuary, but would probably have had a bad time helping with her body. I asked someone what time they had found Mother's body. They told me it was 11:56 a.m. I knew that my prayer had been answered.

In the spring of 1955, Ellis began to have severe pain in his chest cavity. As Aura said, the doctor thought that he was too young to have heart problems so he was treating him for ulcers. Idaho Sprocket was sympathetic also. It is sometimes necessary while running a lathe to crank the lathe tool in and out. There are also other things that are heavy work. His employer knew that he had a problem so they hired a grunt to stand by Ellis and do all the heavy labor necessary to run the lathe. As we worked in two adjoining buildings, I knew of his problem but thought that it would be corrected with medication.

About 5:30 in the morning of 22 June 1955, I received a telephone call from Betty that Ellis was having a heart attack. I dressed, jumped into my car and was at their home a few minutes later. Ellis was laying on the bed. He was breathing great deep breaths but I could not find a heart beat. This was before the days of CPR. I asked if someone had called the doctor and was told yes. I then asked about an ambulance and was told no. I immediately called an ambulance. Then I called a friend of mine to come over so that we could give Ellis a Priesthood Blessing. By the time he got there Ellis was not breathing.

I arranged for the funeral service. Several years before Mother and Dad had bought four

cemetery plots at Cloverdale Cemetery. Mother was buried in one of them. I received permission from Dad to have Ellis buried in one of the others.

After the funeral I asked the doctor who performed the autopsy on his body as to the cause of death. He told me that they did not find any heart blockage or any other thing significant. His heart was of normal size but the walls were less than one quarter as thick as a normal heart. His diagnosis was that his heart just got tired and quit.

Somewhere I might have a copy of the funeral service but all I can remember now is the sermon. Ellis was a baptized member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. He was inactive but he was assigned to a ward and had a Bishop. I asked the bishop to talk at the funeral. He compared this life and death as an airplane. When a person dies his spirit leaves this existence and as an airplane does, it disappears. However those on the other side can see the plane coming and his spirit is with the group that has passed on.

Ellis was my brother and I loved him as I did all of my other siblings. I believe in a hereafter and I believe that Ellis is with our Father and Mother and that we will be a Celestial family.

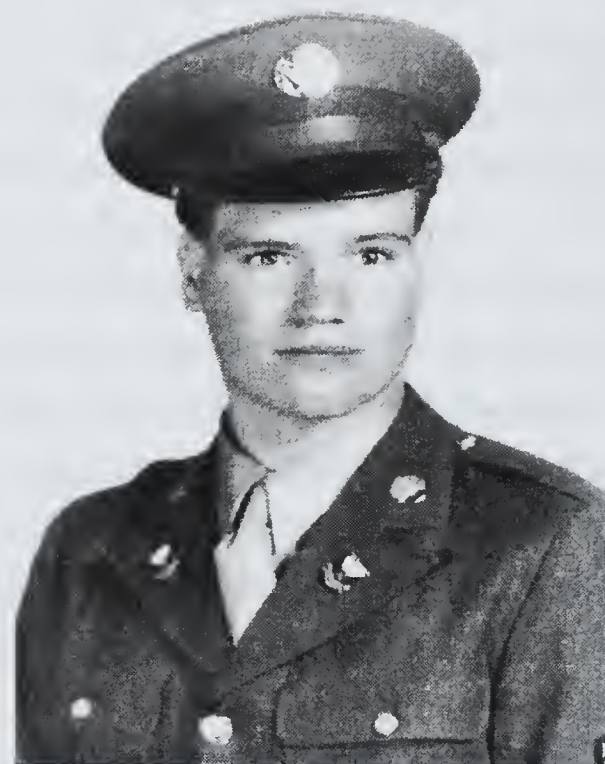
Mary wrote:

After mother died, Sherman and I had to make a trip to Idaho from Prineville, Oregon. We stopped at Sherman's parents home and I called him to apologize that we would not be able to visit with him and Betty, but that we would see him on our next visit. He said, "No. You won't." It was a prophecy because the next time I saw him was at his funeral.

LOREN GENE CALKINS

Compiled by Carolyn Calkins

Loren Gene..... 31 March 1923
 Married..... 15 December 1948
 To: Carolyn Durrant..... 10 December 1930
 Children:
 Sylvia Gene..... 4 March 1951
 Clarence Lee..... 24 October 1953
 Melinda Gayle..... 5 March 1955
 Brian Joel..... 16 July 1958
 Edwin Dale..... 21 November 1961
 Gordon Jay..... 5 November 1963
 Mary Lucy..... 20 September 1967

*Loren 1944*

Loren was the second child born to William Orson and Mabel Lucy Horsley Calkins on the 31 March 1923 in Soda Springs, Idaho. Loren and his siblings always felt a special bond with their Grandfather Horsley, as the first five of them were born at Grandfather's home in Soda Springs. Their father, William, or Billy as he was called, worked as a section foreman on the railroad and the work required that they live in a section house on the railroad in many out of the way places. Loren recalled that the greater part of the first eight years of his life was spent in Beckwith, Wyoming. He attended school in Beckwith and Kemmerer, Wyoming; Mountain Home, Mora and Meridian, Idaho, graduating from Meridian in 1941. He worked for the railroad after graduating. He had intended to go on to college, but with the bombing of Pearl Harbor on 7 December 1941, he knew military service would be required. He received the call on 1 January 1943 and his service began on 13 January 1943. After basic training in Camp Kearns, Utah he was sent to Fitzsimmons General Hospital in Denver, Colorado for training as an x-ray technician. He was then assigned to Kansas State College in Manhattan Kansas for training for ten months in the Army Specialized Training Program. In June of 1944, another change in the plan sent him to Europe as a heavy ordnance driver. He spent another year and a half, until the end of the war, in France, Germany and England.

Upon his discharge on 26 December 1945, he was employed with Intermountain Plumbing Company in Boise. He began work as a shop man, moving up to be an apprentice and then as job foreman installing automatic fire protection sprinklers.

My family moved to Meridian in 1947 and I met Loren sometime in the fall of that year. We were married 15 December 1948 in the Idaho Falls Temple. Our first home was in Twin Falls, Idaho

where Loren was working on the C. C. Anderson department store. For the next five years Loren's work took him to every major city in Montana, and parts of Idaho installing fire sprinkler systems in saw mills, bakeries, nursing homes and shopping malls.

In January 1954, we, with two children moved into our first home in Boise. We had both felt that living in a trailer, as we had the last five years, and moving every few weeks, was too difficult with a family and when a call came from Murray Burns Plumbing Company in Boise, inviting Loren to manage a new sprinkler company, he was eager for the opportunity. Murray later opened a gas company putting in natural gas lines in Boise and Loren managed the gas company as well. When a minor recession hit in 1957, the company decided to cut back and suggested that they would provide the financial backing if Loren wanted to continue with the sprinkler company on his own. This he did for the next year, but in July of 1958 he was invited to fly to Portland, Oregon and was immediately hired to be the manager of a new company to be organized, the Idaho Branch of Viking Automatic Sprinkler Company. He was well acquainted with all the major contractors in Montana and Idaho and had made many friends in the business. He was well known and respected for his integrity. He managed the Viking Company in Meridian for the next 23 years.

In 1958 we built a home in West Boise and lived there for three years. Then in 1961 we moved to the Kuna Meridian area to the "old wireless ranch" a home built in 1914, adjoining the Big D Ranch owned and operated by my mother Evelyn Durrant and my brothers. Loren spent many years remodeling the home and with the four acres of ground this was a good place for raising our family.

With seven children in the Kuna schools, and realizing the need for improvements in the school district, Loren ran for the position of school board member in 1967. It was a surprise to the community to have an "outsider" elected to the board and some of the "old timers" were very resistant to change. There were some who favored a consolidation of the school districts, and felt that what was good enough for "grandpa and grandma" was good enough for the next generation. Recognizing the anticipated growth, the need for better teachers and more buildings in the area, Loren worked with



*1969 Back Clarence, Melinda, Brian,
Front Sylvia, Gordon, Loren, Mary, Carolyn and Ed*

other board members to build three new schools during his years of service. He retired in 1979, having served for twelve years, the last three of which as chairman of the board.

In 1978, Loren had quadruple bypass surgery, following a major heart attack. He continued working in the sprinkler industry, but in 1980, (another recession year), one of the owners of Viking in Portland was retiring and wanted his nephew to take over the Idaho Branch. This was not a good time to start a business, but after considering the options, Loren opened his own company, CASCO (Calkins Automatic Sprinkler Company.) The business climate was not good. Interest rates were high and several of the contractors Loren was doing business with went bankrupt. The company (CASCO) installed automatic fire sprinklers in the Dallas Temple as well as jobs in Idaho, Montana and Alaska, but it was a struggle to keep ahead of bills and avoid following the course of bankruptcy.

In June of 1985, Loren was hospitalized and had angioplasty for the continuing heart problems. The surgery was successful but with diabetes and complications, he wasn't able to fully regain his strength. During this time the doctors discovered that Loren had hepatitis, having received contaminated blood in the surgery of 1978. The surgery was a mixed bag—without it he couldn't have survived, but the hepatitis continued to wreak havoc on his body. With his ill health and the still floundering economy, Loren took early retirement in 1985. He continued doing engineering and consultations for years, as his health permitted.

I had begun working at Beehive Clothing in Boise in 1980 and in 1987 an opportunity came to apply for the position working for the church as manager of the Los Angeles Beehive Clothing Center. I was hired for the job and we moved to the LA area in May of 1987. By this time all of our children were gone and this opened up new opportunities for both of us.

Loren had served in many capacities in the church during his life time, Ward Clerk, Stake Missionary, Sunday School Teacher, Sunday School Superintendent, Young Men's President, Elder's Quorum

President, High Councilman, and then in L.A. he worked in the Family History Library for three years. He and I also served as Ordinance Workers in the Los Angeles Temple.

Doctors began giving Loren some experimental medication in hopes of forestalling surgery, but in December of 1989, he entered the Wadsworth Veteran's hospital in Los Angeles where they performed five bypasses on his heart. The complications of hepatitis had caused liver and kidney problems and he had a severe problem with fluid retention. Doctors redid the surgery just days later



December 1988 Our Fortieth Anniversary

and had to drain fluids from his lungs for days. He ended up being in the hospital for a period of 45 days with complications. Loren really felt that priesthood blessings kept his body functioning.

In 1988, Gordon, Ed and Sylvia had all moved to Utah. This seemed like a good place to be, so when there was an opening at the Provo Beehive Clothing Center in August of 1990, Loren and I returned to Utah, buying a home in Pleasant Grove. I worked at the Center in Provo and then Orem until 1994. At that time, my supervisors asked me to be a training manager. With a new temple nearing completion in Orlando Florida, it necessitated opening a new center and hiring employees. We purchased a Chevy pickup and a fifth wheel trailer and packed up and left Utah in August of 1994. I managed the center there for the next six months and we had opportunities to enjoy some traveling and sight seeing. Loren made good use of his time writing his history as well as polishing his skills in making bread and goodies for the employees at the center.

During the next year and a half, my responsibilities as a training manager required being in Mesa, Arizona; Bellevue, Washington; Chicago, Illinois as well as Boise, Burley and Idaho Falls in Idaho and Delta, Nephi, Manti and Salt Lake in Utah. And also during that time, Loren was in hospitals in Tampa, Florida; Phoenix, Arizona; Chicago, Illinois and Utah. He had a pacemaker inserted, had more angioplasty with stents, eye surgery and radiation therapy for prostate cancer. With all of the health problems Loren had always kept himself physically fit and looked quite healthy. The doctors had told him that he was good for another ten years.

However, the hepatitis that had never been completely dormant, flared up again and Loren was hospitalized in August of 1998. Specialists in every field of expertise were called in and as they counseled together, the consensus was that there was nothing they could do. All of his organs were shutting down and they asked him if he wanted to go home for his last days.

This was a painful time as we gathered together at home. We had known that our time was short and yet, everyone kept believing that a miracle would happen again and we would have more time. Through those years of ill health, multiple surgeries and procedures, Loren and I both had come to appreciate the little things in life—eliminating the trivia and focusing on building relationships with those we love.

All of our children were able to come to be at home the last week. Our sons and daughters and all but one of our grandchildren were there for his final days. (Our oldest grandson was serving a mission in Arizona.) Loren died 20 September 1998.

Home and family were always top priorities in Loren's life. He taught our sons, and daughters also, how to repair and build things, how to operate equipment, how to garden, how to take care of an automobile, fix a flat or change spark plugs and he was good in the kitchen as well. In the years after his retirement, he enjoyed puttering in the garage and made many boxes, toys or wooden chests for children. Loren was a leader in canning and preserving the harvest in the years that I was employed. He loved all of our grandchildren and never hesitated to hold a fussy baby on his lap as he ate dinner. But most of all, our children remarked how they enjoyed working together with each

other and being with their dad. I see them following his example in their relationships with their own families.

Loren had sent a copy of his testimony to each of his children and I quote from a few of his words: “. . . I have lived an exciting life. I have a beautiful companion that I love very much, seven wonderful children that are the joy of my life, many grandchildren that are even as much fun as having our own children, five brothers and sisters that I want to be with in eternity and hundreds of cousins, aunts, uncles and parents who have already gone ahead and friends innumerable. I believe that there is a life hereafter, that we can all be together and that we will continue to increase in knowledge. I know that the gospel has been restored and that following its teachings will ensure our being together as a family in the celestial kingdom. I give this testimony to you with love and affection.” Loren Calkins

An update on our children: Sylvia is married to Greg Kent and they have four children. Clarence (now deceased) married Sue Ann Ward. They have six children and five grandchildren. Melinda is married to Dan O Bray. She has four children and seven grandchildren. Brian is married to Pauline Carroll. They have three sons and one granddaughter. Edwin is married to Julie Wright. They have six children and one granddaughter. Gordon is married to Dixie Ann Harker and they have six children. Mary is married to Barry Malone and they have six children.



*Brian, Mary, Sylvia, Melinda and Ed
Gordon, Carolyn, Loren and Clarence December 1988*

AURA (ORA) MAE CALKINS



Aura Mae

Aura (Ora) Mae born..... 1 February 1925
Married..... 30 December 1944
To: Alex John Alexander..... (Div)
Children:
Diane Louise..... 10 May 1946
John William..... 6 November 1948
Nathan Alex..... 15 November 1949
Alan George..... 28 February 1951
Mark Melvin..... 9 April 1953
Daniel Loren..... 18 March 1955

Married..... 3 January 1998
To: Stephen Ovid Jeppson

I was born in Soda Springs, Idaho on 1 February 1925, the third child and first daughter of William Orson Calkins and Mabel Lucy Horsley. Five of the children were born at Mother’s parents’ home in Soda Springs. My father worked for the Union Pacific Railroad, in mostly isolated stations,

so Mother would go to Soda Springs on the train. Her father, Herbert Horsley, Sr., would pay for the services of the doctor. Ellis Don and Loren Gene were my two older brothers, and after me, came Mary Lou and Herbert Duane. William Richard, the youngest, was born on 6 March 1944.

Because of the usually, lonely and isolated railroad sections where we lived, we were not able to go to church often, so our religious experiences were spotty. My mother worked very hard; doing the washing in a galvanized wash tub, using a wash board, and homemade soap. The water was pumped, and then heated in a copper wash boiler on top of the cook stove. She made bread several times a week, and sold some of it to the other section workers, many who “batched” in the bunk house.

My sister and I wore a white apron over our dresses, which were turned over the next day, so we presented a clean front. Bed linens were changed once a week, the top sheet going to the bottom, so one sheet from each bed would be scrubbed by hand and hung out on the line to dry. Whites were often “boiled” with strong lye soap in the boiler.

We moved every year or two while I was growing up. My father bid on other sections to improve his job and position with the Union Pacific Railroad, Maintenance of Way Division.

When I graduated from the eighth grade, I had attended six different schools. I taught myself to read when I was four years old, by studying the names (abbreviated) of the days of the week on

the calendar, and road signs and billboards on the highway when we traveled to town. I sounded words out phonetically, and soon made the leap to understanding the written word. This was not a big deal in my family, as we were all readers. Our family gathered around the round dining table, lighted by a gas lamp, and read in the evenings. We enjoyed radio shows, but reading was our principle recreation.

There was a female telegrapher who lived at our section in Reverse, outside of Mountain Home, Idaho, who had a library, and she loaned books to me. I read *Anderson's Fairy Tales*, and *Grimm's Fairy Tales*, *Robison Crusoe*, Zane Grey's western novels, and *Tarzan of The Apes*.

I met my first husband, Alex John Alexander at a USO dance in Boise, Idaho during World War II. He was an Aerial Gunnery Instructor in the Army Air Corp, stationed at Gowen Field (Boise). He was good looking, enjoyable to be around and he made me laugh.

Alex was from New York City, and had come to this country with his mother, father and older sister from Bucharest, Romania through Ellis Island when he was nine years old. We had a whirlwind courtship, and when he was transferred to Casper, Wyoming, I soon joined him.

He asked me to marry him and on 30 December 1944 we were married in Casper, Wyoming by a Justice of the Peace. He was later assigned to Oklahoma, where we lived a short time.

After the war, we moved to Portland, Maine where our first child, Diane Louise was born, on 10 May 1946. We then moved to Long Island, New York. Alex was an artist and moved into the commercial advertising business, which he performed most of his life.

After approximately two years, in the spring of 1948, we moved to Meridian Idaho, where Alex worked as advertising manager at several stores in Boise. Here we were able to buy our first home in a housing development located at the end of Warm Springs Avenue on Bacon Drive. Our first son, John William was born 6 November 1948 in Saint Alphonsus Hospital. He was the first baby born on that day in that hospital's history so we won some gifts. Twelve months later, 15 November 1949, Nathan Alex was born in the same hospital. We then bought an older home on 200 South Walnut Street, where we had Alan George, born on 28 February 1951, Mark Melvin, born 9 April 1953, and Daniel Loren, born 18 March 1955. I remember our first telephone number there was 22164.

On 9 October 1954, Alex and Diane were both baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints.

On 4 December 1954, my mother, Mable Lucy Horsley (Calkins), then living in McCall, Idaho was killed in an automobile accident on Highway 55 near Smiths Ferry. While on their way to Boise, their car (with my father and my youngest brother Richard), struck ice and left the road, falling into the Payette River. It wasn't but six months later that my eldest brother Ellis died from a heart attack.

I helped with the family income needs working for a company called Boise Payette Lumber Company. My office was located in an old service station in the industrial part of Boise. This company later merged with the Cascade Lumber Corporation (currently known as Boise, for which

my youngest son Daniel contracts hauls.)

In 1958 Alex left Boise for Southern California where he found work in San Bernardino, California as an advertising manager for the Harris Company on the corner of Third Street and E Street. The family moved a month later by Union Pacific Railroad from the Boise Union Pacific Station to San Bernardino Station.

We rented a home on the outskirts of Crestline, California, located in the mountains overlooking the San Bernardino (Inland Empire) where we lived approximately six months. We attended church in a very small building on Rim of the World Drive beyond Arrowhead toward Big Bear which was approximately 20 miles one way. The commute for Alex was too long and dangerous, especially during the foggy or wintery months driving up and down the mountains, so we found and purchased a home in an unincorporated area called Muscoy which is located northeast of San Bernardino, near the Lytle Creek wash. The older boys were just getting into Cub Scouts and here was some room for them to run and play in some open areas around the home.

Here the surrounding neighborhood and housing was quickly deteriorating around us, along with the school system falling into sub standards, so in 1960, after approximately a year and a half, we moved to a small (seven acre) acreage located approximately seven and a half miles from the mouth of Reche Canyon Road, off Barton Road. This was in the foothills north of unincorporated Sunnymead area of the current Moreno Valley.

The schools were in Colton, California, and the bus made its turn-a-round on our property. Here the boys had wide open spaces to roam the hills and canyons around the home, along with chores to perform. Diane was able to have her first horse, "Ginger," and the boys became quite active in Scouting along with related projects of raising pigs, rabbits, chickens and pigeons. Our ward was the Colton 1st Ward located on 250 West Laurel Street, approximately eleven miles from our home. While we lived here Alex, I and the children were sealed in the Los Angeles Temple 14 October 1960. We were accompanied by my father.

I found work as a secretary with Sears Roebuck & Co Service Center/Warehouse in San



*Leaving for California- Diane, Bill, Mom with
Danny, Mark Alan and Nathan.*

Bernardino, California in 1959, where I worked for three years. While here, Diane first met James Chris Sullivan on the school bus. He lived near the mouth of Canyon Road.

Alex left the Harris Company and looked for work toward Los Angeles and landed a job as an advertising manager for a discount membership store called UDISCO located on the corner of Imperial and Bellflower Boulevard in Downey, California. We found and purchased a home a few blocks away on 13005 Rutgers Avenue (in the city of Downey) where we lived for approximately seven years.

We attended a Bellflower, California ward. Alex also worked for several publications, writing articles and photographing interesting sites. I was thirty nine when Diane graduated from high school and we both attended a Licensed Vocational Nursing class provided at Cerritos College, located on the corner of Alondra Boulevard and Studebaker Road in the City of Norwalk. I graduated with top honors in this first graduating class in 1965.



*Bill, Aura, Alex, Nathan
Diane, Danny, Mark and Alan*

Diane and Jim Sullivan's relationship developed into dating and marriage in the Los Angeles Temple 18 June 1966. They later had one son, James William Sullivan born 6 February 1969 making Alex and I grandparents and the boys, uncles.

After graduating, I worked as a nurse at Kaiser Permanente Hospital. I later worked at San Bernardino County Hospital, Loma Linda University Hospital in Redlands, California, and later at Saint Alphonsus Hospital and the Veteran's Hospital in Boise, Idaho. I also worked for many years in Nursing and Rehabilitation centers in Idaho and Oregon.

During the summer months my eldest son, Bill, worked for the Forest Service, stationed out of Oak Grove Ranger Station as a "Hot Shot," fighting forest fires throughout the west. He was due to be inducted (drafted), so on 27 February 1968 he joined the U.S.M.C. and served thirteen months in Vietnam.

This was a very difficult period in my life and I included in my prayers his care and safety. I wrote him weekly. I discovered that he had many direct inspiration and interventions that kept him from harm's way. It would have been horrible for me to have one of my children perish before me.

In 1969, we moved from Downey (the home was soon to be destroyed for the newly constructed Interstate-105 "Century" freeway) and rented a home in Grand Terrace, California waiting for the lease on the Reche Canyon home to expire. Here and back in Reche Canyon, I worked as a nurse for the San Bernardino County Hospital, and Loma Linda Medical Center.

In the summer of 1970, Alex and I separated, and I moved to Meridian, Idaho in a mobile home located on my brother's property on Lake Hazel Road, taking my sons Alan, Mark and Daniel with me. During this period Nathan was out on his own and living with friends. In all, we lived in Southern California for twenty years.

On 4 April 1978, while on an outing hiking with the "Sierra Club," Alex suffered from a fatal coronary occlusion. The nearest hospital was in Banning, California, where they airlifted him. His funeral services were held in the same town. He was interred in Grand Terrace, California, at Montecito Cemetery.

While in Boise I worked at Saint Alphonsus Hospital in ICU and CCU for two years. Working in this hospital, I witnessed my dear father, Orson William Calkins' life slowly dwindle away in the ICU unit, and eventually pass on from a ruptured aortic aneurism on 8 January 1973. He was buried in Cloverdale Cemetery in Boise next to my Mother and brother Ellis, who preceded him.

I was also grateful to be on duty when my son Daniel came in ICU with a terrible shattered right leg, arm and minor head injuries from a most terrible car accident. Soon after this I went to work and spent a year at the Veteran's Administration Hospital in Boise.

While visiting my best friend and cousin, Wanda of Hagerman, Idaho, I was introduced to William James Mac also of Hagerman. We were married 14 February 1973 in Wanda's home. We lived in his Hagerman home for a short time while we remodeled it. Later we sold it and bought Spring Creek Ranch in Hagerman valley and remodeled this home. We reintroduced the fish hatchery and I kept very busy maintaining a large garden. While here, I worked at Magic Valley Manor, 210 North Idaho Street, Wendell, Idaho as an LPN. Here I met a wonderful lady named Helen Francis (Franky) Stickley, who would later come to live with us under my care.

After several years, we sold Spring Creek Ranch and moved to a home in Medford, Oregon, which had a few rental properties. We also purchased property in Jacksonville, Oregon, with a mobile home, living there as well. While here, my dear friend "Franky" died. I transported her remains back to Gooding, Idaho in my car.

After being married ten years we divorced and I moved to Creswell, Oregon, to assist my son Nathan and his children. I found work in a care center and lived in a nice little apartment in Cottage Grove, Oregon. While here I met Edmund William Lower, while caring for his father. We fell in love and were married 9 July 1984.

We lived in the home he grew up in outside of Creswell, Oregon. For several years we

remodeled and fixed it up. After five years of our total twelve years together, he developed Alzheimer's and Parkinson disease. In December 1990, feeling increasingly isolated, Edmund and I sold the farm, moved to Crescent City, California to be with my daughter Diane who worked at Pelican Bay State Prison as a nurse. She had separated from her second husband and moved from San Luis Obispo with her two small boys Evan and Andy Aanerud, and I was able to assist in taking care of children while she worked. I had a "mother-in-law" unit constructed onto her home.

The insidious diseases on Edmund took nearly seven years of terrible trials and tribulations. He spent the last five years of his life in the care center in Crescent City, California. On 8 January 1997 the foundations of our two lives finally ended. He was buried in the beautiful Lower Pioneer Cemetery in Creswell, Oregon.

I then met a single High Priest, Stephen Ovid Jeppson, at a senior's single activity in the Crescent City First Ward, who had recently moved to the area. We were attracted to each other, and attended some community and church activities. We were married at my home in Crescent City by our Bishop, Mike Voss on 3 January 1998.

The following year, right after the New Year in 1999, we moved to Saint George, Utah, where we bought a mobile home in the Grandview Mobile Home Park. The first of January 2000, I became the manager of the park. There were fifty-eight spaces that were rented, but owner occupied. I read the electric meters and prepared the statements, collected and deposited the payments. Also, I saw that each tenant complied with the rules and regulations. It was a challenge but had many rewards. We were members of the 16th Ward of the Saint George Seventh Stake. I was a Visiting Teacher and also helped with compassionate service in our ward. Stephen was in the High Priests Group Leadership.



Stephen Jeppson

This job kept me very busy and became very stressful, mentally and physically, to the point where we moved to Mt. Pleasant, Utah. Here it was beautiful, calm and peaceful, tucked away in the northern end of the Sanpete (Manti) Valley.

My activities and callings in the Church have been many and varied. I was Relief Society President twice, Education Counselor twice, Assistant Compassionate Service Leader, Teacher and Homemaking Counselor in Relief Society. I taught several classes in Primary and was a counselor in the Primary Presidency. I've taught the 16-17 year old young men and women in Sunday School. I served as YWMIA President, and also was a Laurel Advisor. I have also been a Visiting Teacher most of my life.

In the fall of September 2000, I was called to be the Secretary/Treasurer of the Virgin River

Camp of Washington Company, Daughters of Utah Pioneers. In September 2001 I became the Washington Company Historian.

My younger adult years were extremely busy caring for my children and husband. We enjoyed many and varied family outings, including camping, picnics, the beach and trips to Ensenada and San Felipe, Mexico. We enjoyed outings to Disneyland, San Diego Zoo, Tijuana, Exposition Park (Museums of Natural History), Joshua Tree National Monument, and the Salton Sea.

I have always enjoyed fine clothing and shoes, probably because the clothing I had as a youth, was made from "sack cloth," which my mother hand crafted from empty flour and sugar sacks.

I have always enjoyed reading good novels. Alex and I had even taken night classes in comprehensive writing. I have written poems and short stories. I also enjoy watching good movies and have always been known as a great cook and a homemaker.



Aura

In all the homes I have lived in, I have cherished the ability to beautify them, either in the yards or remodeling inside and out. I have always loved planting flowers; putting in gardens, and watching things grow is most enjoyable to me.

Since my nurse's training beginning at thirty-nine, I have always been interested in serving people who need help and comfort and worked in many hospital and nursing facilities located in Idaho, California and Oregon. Most of the time it was of necessity, but I realized it was also therapeutic, getting out of myself and giving service to others. I am grateful that during my career as a nurse, I was able to assist at my Father's side, until his journey had ended and he passed from this life. I have also loved volunteering for senior citizen activities, assisting them with games and outings.

The most memorable family reunion with my family was in Brogan, Oregon, the 13th to the 15th of June, 2003, where all my children were able to come and spend several days together.

Aura Jeppson passed away 17 January 2007 in Nephi, Juab, Utah from age related causes. She was buried near her family, closest to her brother, Loren Gene Calkins 22 January 2007 in Terrace Lawn Cemetery, Boise, Ada, Idaho.

At the time of this writing (18 May 2009), all in her family but her sister Mary and brother Richard have preceded her. She is survived by 6 children, 13 grandchildren and 11 great grandchildren. In her words, "Heavenly Father has blessed me with a long and interesting life, of which I have always been thankful."

MARY LOU CALKINS

Mary Lou born 8 July 1927
Married 26 November 1946
To: Sherman Russell Welker 2 May 1925
Children:
David Eugene 3 September 1948
Steven Russell 16 June 1951
Karen Marie. 27 November 1953
Ronald Jay 30 January 1958
Gerald (Jerry) Lee 24 May 1959
Lisa Gayle. 20 April 1965



Mary’s Memories:

I am the second daughter and fourth child born to Bill and Mabel Calkins. I was born in Soda Springs at the home of my Grandfather Horsley. He owned a store next to their home where he sold groceries and other household supplies and he also had a lumber yard. My oldest brothers, Ellis Don and Loren Gene were both born there, as was my older sister, Ora Mae and my younger brother Herbert Duane. William Richard, who was born 31 March 1944, was born in a Boise hospital.

My father was working as a section foreman on the railroad and our family lived in far out of the way places so Mother would take the train to Soda Springs for the birth of each child. Grandpa Horsley was a good friend of Doctor Kackley who delivered the babies, and he paid the doctor the \$25 due for each birth.

During my early years we lived in Beckwith, Wyoming; Novine, Idaho; Meridian, Idaho; Tunnel, Wyoming; and then four years in Owyhee, Idaho. Owyhee was a section between Kuna and Mountain Home so the school children were bused to the Mora Grade school in the Kuna School district. It was a two room school and Mr. and Mrs. Vrugdenhill were our teachers. During the years in Mora I enjoyed having sleep overs with some of my grade school friends.

In 1936, Daddy received a bonus because of his service in World War I, and was able to purchase a ten acre farm in Meridian. In October of that year, Grandpa and Grandma Calkins moved to Meridian, bringing their cattle with them. They lived in the home and farmed the ground. In the summer of 1939, Daddy was able to bid on the section in Meridian so our family moved to the farm. My father and brothers had been able to remodel the garage on the property and moved our grandparents in to the garage. We raised cows and grew wheat and hay. Grandpa helped run the farm until Grandma had surgery and was hospitalized for a time. Having concern for her health

condition, they decided to return to Idaho Falls.

While living in Meridian I attended Cloverdale Grade School and graduated from the eighth grade. By this time Ellis was married and Loren and Ora were in high school.

I have fond memories of Ellis. He was always so good to me. He was my "big brother protector". One Christmas we received a bicycle and Ellis made sure that I learned to ride it. I had felt that Loren and Ora were the smart ones and they were good buddies. Loren aced high school—he got straight As, except in history because he didn't like it. Ora quit high school to get married. Later in her life she got her GED and then her LPN nursing degree. She loved nursing. That was one of my goals but in my later years I enjoyed working in the Pharmacy and learning about the drugs and how our bodies react to illnesses.

The ranch was too much work for my parents after Daddy's long hours of work on the railroad. They sold the ranch and bought a house on Pine Street in Meridian. It was comfortable, large in my memory, and the first home we had with indoor plumbing.

The town of Meridian was growing and this was our first opportunity to attend regular meetings in an organized branch of the church. There were few members and the first meetings were in a rented hall. However, farm families, recognizing the longer growing season for crops and fertile soil, were moving in to the Boise valley. Some of those from my growing up years were the Loveland, Law, Roylance, Anderson, Hardy and Cheney families.

My best friend was Lenora Loveland. Her parents, Howe and Nancy Loveland had thirteen children. Lenora could play the piano beautifully by ear. We hung out together all the time. They lived a few blocks away and they had a player piano. I loved going to their house and I would pump the pedals and pretend that I was playing the piano.

I had a wonderful group of Latter Day Saint friends growing up. They were a great influence on me. I remember on Sundays we would go to church in the morning for Sunday School, have Sunday dinner, then go a friend's house to play Pit, Rook, Old Maid or other card games. Then we would go back to church in the evening for Sacrament meeting. I always went to church. I loved going and loved my friends. Sometimes I would go to a friend's house for Sunday dinner and listen to them bear their testimonies with experiences that happened to them, which helped their testimony to grow. I thought a lot about this and wondered when I would know the church is true and have a big spiritual experience like my friends. I wondered what will happen to me? Then one day it hit me like a bolt of lightning. I knew the church was true no matter what. My salvation was my testimony and the church. I don't know where I would have been without the gospel. I made a goal to be married in the temple and always knew that I would meet that goal. I kept myself worthy so I could go to the temple some day.

The church in Meridian had been a branch for some years, meeting first in a funeral home and then in a dance hall. As the membership grew everyone looked forward to having a building of our own. On 12 April 1939, the Meridian Branch was made into the Meridian Ward in the Boise Stake. Ground was broken for a new building on 13 October 1939 on the southeast corner of East

Second Street and Carlton Avenue in Meridian. The building was completed and dedicated in June 1941.

The building was small, with classrooms in the basement. The hall served as a chapel and a gymnasium, with a kitchen and a stage adjoining. This necessitated putting the chairs up for Sunday services and taking them down for games and dances. Ward members made up the best orchestra which performed for weekly youth dances, wedding receptions or other occasions. The orchestra consisted of Sister Melva Law playing the saxophone, Bishop Roylance playing the violin, Sister Lowry on the piano and her husband Brother Lowry on percussion, with a drum set that had cymbals and an assortment of instruments, played by his foot as well as both hands.

On the 26th of June 1945, my parents were able to fulfill a lifelong dream of being sealed together in the temple. Brother and Sister Tilley traveled to Logan with us, my parents and two younger brothers, Duane and Richard. Ellen Tilley, who was my age, came with her parents. After being sealed in the Logan Temple, we drove to Salt Lake City. My parents and the Tilleys wanted to go to the Salt Lake Temple so Ellen and I wandered around visiting Temple Square. We went to the Hotel Utah and rode the elevator for fun. We were playing around with the elevator buttons and decided to push the down button. The door opened and President George Albert Smith and two other brethren entered the elevator. Ellen and I rode the elevator down. We were both giggley girls, but I could feel the spirit of the Prophet. He had a long white beard and I remember the humbling experience of being that close to the Prophet. After getting off the elevator I was in awe to think that I was able to see a Prophet of God in person.

In September of 1945, two of my friends and I were able to go to Idaho Falls to the dedication of the temple. We stayed with Grandmother, Mary Elizabeth Calkins. The three of us slept in her feather bed together. I still remember we were rolling into each other all night long. We had tickets for the dedication but had to sit in the basement of the temple on folding chairs. We could see the pipes on the ceiling, but I still remember the voice of the Prophet as he dedicated the Temple.

Lenora Loveland and I were still best friends in high school. We had a part time job cleaning the church house and received \$10 a month. I always paid my tithing so \$1 of my hard earned money would go toward tithing. Lenora and I were called to be primary teachers and we taught the three to four year olds. I could set up the folding chairs for primary better than anyone else because I knew exactly how to arrange them. The Primary Penny Parade began many years earlier to benefit the crippled children in the Primary Hospital in Salt Lake. I still remember the children participating in the Penny Parade in primary. The children would march around the room and drop their pennies into a jar while singing:

Five pennies make a nickel, two nickels make a dime.

Ten dimes will make a dollar. How we'll make it shine.

It's for the crippled children who cannot walk or run,

Who have to lie in bed all day and cannot join our fun.

So let us be unselfish and bring our pennies here
to help the crippled children become stronger year by year.
Let's march along and sing our song and pray that they may be
a little better every day because of you and me.

by Mrs. Irene Christopherson

Lenora met a young man who was not a member of the church. I used to double date with Lenora and her new boyfriend. She quit high school to get married and moved to Boise. I learned later that Lenora's husband joined the church. He became a Stake President. (Years later when Lenora passed away he called me and told me about her passing.). Lenora and I kept in touch and sent Christmas cards to each other faithfully for years. I would see her occasionally and we often called each other.

I attended Meridian High School and after graduating in 1945 I started working at C.C. Anderson's department store in Boise. I worked in the stationery department on the engraving machine. My friend Marie Hardy had gone to college so I decided to also go, but my parents had no money to send me. I saved my money from my job and enrolled at Brigham Young University in Provo, Utah for the winter semester. I stayed in college for two semesters and majored in home economics, in between dating lots of college boys.

World War II had just ended when I arrived at college. Before that there were hardly any young men, but, when I got there, there were a lot of returned servicemen—a lot of nice young men to date. One young man walked me home from classes everyday. He had been a pilot in the army. I lived in a house and then moved and rented an apartment right down below the hill from the school. I remember walking on the ice and fell down and broke a chip out of my elbow. I took a typing class and struggled to keep up with the rest of the class, but then I started typing school assignments for lots of boys. I got plenty of practice and become one of the fastest typists in my class. One day a group of college students (about six of us) decided to walk up to the Y on the hill above the college for a picnic. It was a beautiful day. The foliage was quite barren and made it easy to hike. We had a wonderful time.

There was a young man from Boise (his father was a dentist) who knew me from my home church stake in Meridian. He had a motorcycle and loved to ride it fast. One day he picked me up for a ride up Provo Canyon. I hung onto him and put my face in his coat so I wouldn't fall off. It scared me so much I never wanted to ride another motorcycle again.

I attended church in my school ward in the old Joseph Smith Center and was able to hear quite a few general authorities speak which was inspiring to me. I worked in the school cafeteria for extra money and had the opportunity to serve a lot of the general authorities who came to speak at BYU devotionals. Banquet dinners were served once a week for them. One day my girl friend Marie dropped a plate on the floor in front of one of the general authorities. He took her hand and told her, "Don't you worry about this for one minute."

After college, back home in Meridian I worked at Montgomery Wards in the credit

department. It was then I started dating a young man by the name of Sherman Russell Welker. When we were in high school I ran around with an active church going group. Sherman ran around with the popular hotshot group that didn't go to church. I didn't care for his group of friends. Sherm played basketball and was on the Meridian High School basketball team. He also worked at a grocery store. One day a friend and I went into the grocery store to get groceries for her mother. Sherman bagged groceries. He said to us, "You girls look like coal miner's daughters." When I asked him why he said that, he answered, "Because you both have slack in your pants."

I attended BYU the same time Sherm was in the Navy. While I was at school my mother wrote me a letter and told me that Sherman Welker had arrived home from the Navy. World War II had just ended and Sherm was asked to speak in Stake Conference. He spoke about his naval experiences. One such experience was the attack on the USS Indianapolis and the spiritual experience he had picking up the survivors. Mother had heard his talk and was impressed with his testimony. When I read the letter from mother about Sherm, my first thought was, "Sherm Welker, the high school smart aleck."

The summer I came home from BYU I dropped off my film at the local drug store to get my pictures developed. They were pictures I had taken with my camera while I was at school in Provo. Quite a few of the photos were with boys I had dated or associated with. When I went to pick them up, Sherm was working in the drug store and waited on me. I said, "I came to pick up my photos." Sherm retrieved the envelope with my order and instead of handing me the envelope he opened it up and took out the photos. He handed them to me one at a time with a teasing remark about each picture. One particular photo showed a boy from BYU carrying me across a mud puddle. Sherman had a lot to say about that one.

At church there was a group of young adults. They would get together for parties, church dances and just hanging out. Sherm started to associate with the group. At one such event Sherm asked if he could drive me to a dance. Thus started the beginning of our romance. We started dating and attended church functions together. It wasn't long before Sherm bought me an engagement ring.

Sherm and I were married 26 November 1946 in the Idaho Falls Temple. My mother, Sherm and I rode a train from Boise to Idaho Falls. We stayed the night at Aunt Clarice's house. The next morning we went to the temple to be married and sealed for time and all eternity. Mother and Grandmother Mary attended the sealing. I remember kneeling at the altar and hearing the instructions and inspiration from the temple officiator. I was so grateful that I had kept myself worthy to enter



Mary and Sherm

the temple and be sealed to a wonderful man who held the priesthood. It was exciting to begin our life together.

It was a wonderful day. The temple was beautiful and there was snow on the ground. Sherm and I with mother walked around Idaho Falls together. After the temple ceremony Mother traveled back to Meridian by train. Sherm and I had a nice dinner that night and stayed in a motel in downtown Idaho Falls. The next day we traded our train tickets for bus tickets and traveled by bus back home to Meridian.

We had a wonderful wedding reception. Mother took care of everything and had it all ready when we returned from our honeymoon. Mother had a good friend who owned a bakery in Meridian. She did a beautiful favor for the wedding couple. She baked a strawberry wedding cake and it was served with ice cream. There were a lot of people who came to our reception and many beautiful wedding gifts.

We lived, for a short time, next door to Sherm's parents in a home that his father had remodeled. Sherman had quit school a few years earlier to join the Navy and serve his country during World War II, so he went back to high school to get his diploma. I was still working at Montgomery Wards when we got married. Sherman decided to attend college at Idaho State University to get his degree in pharmacy. My manager at Montgomery Wards got me a transfer to the store in Pocatello. I worked hard at Montgomery Wards to help Sherman through college. We lived in a low rent student housing. There was no cook stove, no refrigerator and no electric lights in the ceiling. I purchased a hot plate, refrigerator and air conditioner at Montgomery wards.

David Eugene, our first child was born in Pocatello 3 September 1948 while Sherman was in school. We used the hot plate to cook on and warm up David's bottles.

Sherman graduated from Idaho State University with a degree in pharmacy and then was called back into the Navy. We moved to Bremerton, Washington and lived on the naval base. Steven Russell, our second child was born 16 June 1951 while we were living there. After his tour of duty in the Navy, Sherm worked in Redmond, and then Prineville, Oregon. We were living in prineville when Karen was born 27 November 1953 and Ron joined our family 30 January 1958.

We moved to Boise, Idaho and Sherm worked in the Ustick pharmacy there for a few years. During this time Jerry was born. However, an opportunity came for better employment in Prineville, so we returned to Oregon. Sherm's friend Doctor Denton Thomas invited to operate a pharmacy in conjunction with the new clinic they were opening. I enjoyed helping Sherm in the pharmacy business. I loved the bookkeeping and would help out organizing the invoices and paying the bills.

Our first home there was on Second Street. We were close to town and our kids had many friends and enjoyed being able to run to the corner grocery store. Our daughter Lisa was born on 20 April 1965. We were overjoyed to have a new little girl to join our family. Karen was now twelve years old and loved having a baby sister, even though her room was often targeted.

For years Sherm and I had planned to build our dream home. We purchased twenty acres in Barnes Butte and did much of the planning, designing and pounding nails to complete our home.

It was so fun for all of our kids when we moved there, riding motorcycles and horses, raising cows, dogs, learning new chores—feeding animals and changing sprinkler pipes. This was the perfect place for growing things, especially teenagers.

Sherm loved hunting, fishing, golfing and photography and often took the family camping and fishing. I have always enjoyed working in my flower garden, reading sewing and crafts. However, one thing we really enjoyed doing together was bowling in the community. Sherm bragged about my standing in the women's league.

Sherm and I were both active in church in the Prineville area. Sherm served as bishop of the Prineville ward in the Bend Stake for years and later served as the Stake Patriarch. I served as a counselor in Primary, President of Relief Society and President of the Young Women's organization as well as teaching classes when called upon and being a visiting teacher. The young missionaries often dropped by our home and we could always make room for two more at the table. They called me their District Mission Mother.

While shopping in other areas, I recognized a need for a consignment boutique. I opened the first one in Prineville, the second one in Central Oregon. We had a large clientele and it was very successful. Later, I became interested in working with *Christmas Around the World*. I had sales people working under me, and I was able to make many trips as a result of our sales volume. Sherm and I enjoyed a trip to Mexico and later Ora and I took a cruise to the Carribean. Lisa, Karen and I traveled to Egypt and Israel. This was especially inspiring as we were able to visit sites of biblical interest. Lisa and I were also able to travel to Thailand.

I enjoyed, really loved, being a mother, although at times I felt overwhelmed with a house full of kids. We sometimes had other children who were in need. A young girl named Julie (who was Karen's age) was going through a hard time. She came to live with us for a few months. I remember she sent a beautiful note of thanks that she mounted on a board as a gift to me. That was a cheery note. And Ora's son Danny, also came to stay with our family for a while. He was a joy to have around.



*Sherm holding Lisa, Mary and Karen
David Steve, Ron and Jerry*

Sherm's health began to fail in the 90s and he was diagnosed with Parkinsons which made his last years difficult. He took early retirement, but his interest and love for his family continued. He always enjoyed his grandchildren who were living nearby and he made sure that he brought his camera along. His interest in photography inspired our daughter Karen to continue on and she turned her hobby into a successful business.

Sherm passed away in February 1999 and is buried in Prineville, Oregon.

Karen recalls:

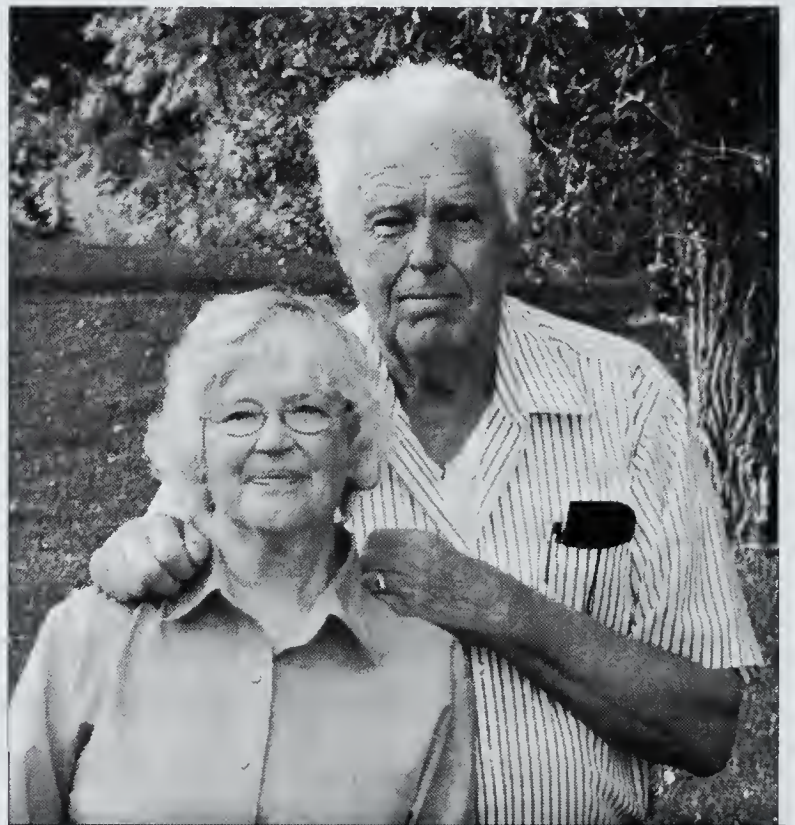
Mom always said she didn't like to cook much, but when she did it was the best meal you ever tasted. She made homemade strawberry and raspberry jam every year just for Dad. Mom enjoyed the homeier things—she loved to read, sew, make crafts, and work in her flower beds. Her flowers always were so beautiful.

When Dad's health began to decline Mom spent hours taking care of him. It was a full time job—very stressful and she did it with the most love and care. Dad took early retirement and they finally sold their home and moved into a Mobile Home Park. It was important for them to visit with all of their children and grandchildren who were scattered from Prineville and Portland in Oregon to Utah and Idaho. Mom loved Relief Society and enjoying the women in her ward and socializing on RS workdays and I always remember her helping so many people in the ward with dinners and service.

After Dad's death, Hugh Dragich, who was the manager of the mobile home park, began coming around to assist Mom. He began taking her on drives to enjoy the scenery, and he shared his love of fossil hunting and hiking. After a few months of dating, he proposed and they were married in October of 1999 in the LDS church by Mom's bishop.

The first few years of their marriage, Mom had good health so they traveled to Idaho, Utah, Arizona and Nevada and they visited almost every National Park in those states. They tried to plan a trip about once a year. Mom began having some health problems so they haven't been able to travel as much in the last few years. They are staying home more and they enjoy each other's company.

Hugh has been a wonderful companion and provider. Mom spends her time now reading, resting and relaxing, and they occasionally travel to Bend to go out to dinner. Mom also loves to plant flowers in her flower pots every spring and looks forward to beautiful summer flowers.



Mary and Hugh

HERBERT DUANE CALKINS

Herbert Duane born. 14 February 1930
Married.. . . . 30 April 1949
To: Joyce Lucille Armstrong. . 27 September 1933
Children:
Lawrence Duane.. . . . 5 November 1951
Randall Gene. 26 November 1952
Kenneth Lynn.. . . . 29 December 1954
Donna Marie. 4 November 1965

Duane was the third son born to Billy and Mabel Calkins. His brothers were Ellis Don and Loren Gene and he had two older sisters, Ora Mae and Mary Lou. He was the last of the children to be born in Soda Springs at the home of his Grandfather, Herbert Horsley and he received his Grandpa's name. His youngest brother, William Richard, arrived fourteen years later when the family lived in Meridian.

During Duane's early childhood, the family made many moves as Billy worked as a section foreman on small sections of the railroad in Wyoming and Idaho. He attended grade schools in Cloverdale (in rural Boise), and Meridian for grade school and high school.



Duane as a youth

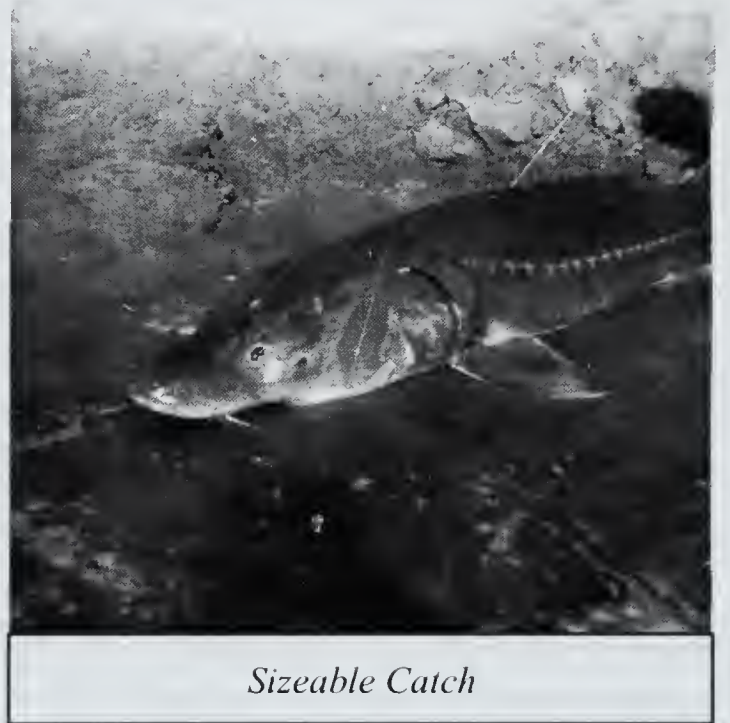


Duane

Duane's father was an avid fisherman and took all of his boys fishing at every opportunity. They all loved to fish, but perhaps Duane had the most passion for the sport. Loren related many incidents of his eagerness to get a line in the water even from his youth. He wrote, "Our family had visited Dad's sister in Council and on the way back to Meridian we decided to stop at a small stream a few miles south of Council. Duane was about twelve years old. He, as usual, was the first one out of the car with his fishing pole and bait. He started fishing up the creek from the road. Sometime later, I caught up to him. I had had a few strikes but didn't have a fish. I asked Duane how he was doing and he said, "I have eight trout." He didn't have a creel, so I looked around on the ground for a willow stringer. There was not one visible so I asked where the trout were. He then reached into his right

rear pants pocket and pulled out eight trout from four to six inches long.

Many years later he had progressed to the point where size was more important. He and his friend, Red, drove up above Hammett, Idaho to spend the night fishing for sturgeon. Sometime in the wee hours of the morning, Duane got a tremendous strike and about an hour later pulled a giant sturgeon out on to the river bank. Red took one look at the fish and said that he had to turn it loose. The legal keeping limit was six feet maximum, and it was over the limit in length. Duane was over six feet tall so he laid down on the bank next to the sturgeon. Sure enough the fish was several inches longer than he was. Duane told Red that he was not going to turn it loose because no one would believe that he caught it. They wrapped it up in wet sacks, put it into the back of the station wagon and took it to his home on Shamrock Lane in Boise. The next morning I got a telephone call to come over to his house and see this giant fish. There was a small



Sizeable Catch



The fisherman

irrigation ditch in front of Duane's home and in that ditch was a large sturgeon that nearly filled the ditch. A couple of days later he again wrapped it in wet sacks and took it to Swan Falls where he backed his station wagon to the water's edge and slid it into the river. He told me later that another fisherman was there and when he saw Duane turn loose a six foot fish, then he pulled in his line and left.¹

In 1947, Duane lost his right eye, but it didn't slow him down. He was a hard worker and always tried to improve his situation. He worked for a short time with his father on the railroad and then later with his brother, Ellis, at Idaho Sprocket Company in Boise. He also worked with Loren as a Sprinkler fitter and Loren said that he was one of the best.

In 1959, as Duane, Loren and friends were preparing for a hunting trip, Duane was severely injured when a horse fell on him. He had two broken bones in his left leg, and spent many months in a cast. "During his convalescence, Duane decided to learn all he could about the plumbing business, so he had people bring him codes, etc. When he was able to again walk without a cast or crutches he took the plumbers examination and passed. I

¹ From Loren's address at Duane's funeral 12 December 1993.

think that his first job was with Howard Vandergrift, then he bought Union Plumbing from Walley Varner. A few years later he started Cloverdale Plumbing which, as most of you know, is a success story².” Duane had great skills as a business man and customers appreciated his honesty and integrity.

In 1980 Duane had a massive heart attack and about fifteen years later he developed lung cancer. The disease took his physical strength and after months of treatments, he died 10 December 1993.

Duane and Joyce were married in 1949 and had four children. Larry, the oldest of the three boys, went in to the field of pharmacy and Duane put his sons, Randy and Kenny, to work with him. They learned the business from the ground up. They have both been hard workers and took over the business after Duane’s death.

Randy is married to Tanya Fulfer and they have three children and four grandchildren. Kenny has one son and a baby daughter who died at the age of three months. Donna has three children and is now studying to be a pharmacist’s assistant.



*Randy, Kenny and Larry
Joyce, Donna and Duane*

² Ibid.

WILLIAM RICHARD CALKINS*Ricky*

William Richard (Ricky) born. 6 March 1944

Married. 25 May 1969

To: Sharon Louise Prentiss. (Div)

Children:

Amy Louise. 23 October 1971

Michael. 17 November 1975

Married. 30 March 2000

To: Beth Ann Freeman. 23 February 1950

Richard was the only one of the children of Mabel Lucy Horsley and William Orson Calkins who was born in a hospital. With the special care given to him by Doctor Joseph Thomas he survived an early birth and was tenderly cared for at home by his mother and sister Mary Lou who adored him. He was a surprise baby and arrived when his two oldest brothers were serving

in the military during World War II. His father had served in the first world war and both he and Mabel were anxiously awaiting their sons' safe return. Mary and Duane were the only ones at home as Ora was working away from home.

Richard attended grade school in Meridian until 1953 when Bill, planning his future retirement from the railroad, decided to bid on a railroad section requiring less strenuous labor. He was able to get the job in McCall and he, Mabel and Ricky (as he was lovingly called) made the move in 1953.

Ricky took swimming lessons in the lake in the summer time. This was an idyllic life—living there on the bank of the lake with forest surrounding. The fishing was good and there were many opportunities to go picnicking, berry picking and hunting for mushrooms.

Ellis, Loren, Ora, Mary and Duane were all married with children by this time, and the move provided an opportunity for holiday visits to enjoy the lake and mountains with Grandpa and Grandma. The little children enjoyed going to McCall for fishing in the lake, a trip to Burgdorf, enjoying the mountains and watching the squirrels and chipmunks.

The last special outing the family was able to have was in the fall of 1954 when Loren, Ora, Mary, and Duane with their families met Grandpa, Grandma and Uncle Ricky at Horseshoe Bend for an afternoon picnic. It was a day to be remembered and one last special time together before



Richard as a missionary

lives were torn apart with sorrow.

On 4 December 1954 Billy, Mabel and Ricky were on their way to Boise when the car slipped out of control on the icy roads and landed in the Payette River. Mabel’s life was taken prematurely and the lives of father and son had an abrupt change. Billy was overcome with grief and when he was finally able to return to work, he felt it best for Ricky to stay with Loren’s family. This was a difficult adjustment but Billy made trips often to visit.

Billy married Helen Gunther Schroeder 6 June 1957. Ricky then went to live with them in New Plymouth. He was excited to once again be back with his Dad. He completed his high school years in New Plymouth and then lived with Loren’s family for a while as he was working with a neighboring farmer. He was involved in an accident at the home of Floyd Edwards as he was operating a Farnall Super M

tractor in the barnyard. There was no safety shield on the take off shaft and his pant leg got caught in the mechanism. His leg was badly broken and twisted and his recovery took seven long weeks in the hospital followed by many more long weeks in a body cast. However, the doctor was amazed at the miraculous healing and remarked that he couldn’t tell which leg had been injured.

In May of 1963 Richard left to serve an LDS mission in England, and upon returning he enlisted in the Army and served with the military police.

He met Sharon Prentiss while serving in Kansas and they married in May of 1969. During a tour of duty in Japan their first child, Amy Louise was born. Grandpa had requested that he receive a souvenir from Japan and when they flew home Amy had a “Made in Japan” label on her bottom.



Amy, Sharon, Richard and Michael

Richard served with the Special Forces in Operation Safeside and did two tours of duty in Viet Nam. He served in the military for over seven years and came home to Idaho in 1973. Their son Michael was born in 1974 and both children graduated from the Nampa schools.



*Scott and Amy with
Danielle and Kaitlan*

The morning after her graduation, 31 May 1990, Amy left for the Air Force Basic Training at Lackland Air Force Base in San Antonio, Texas. Once Basic Training was completed she went to Kessler Air Force Base in Biloxi, Mississippi. While attending tech school to become an Aircraft Avionics Mechanic she met her husband Scott Riley. They were married in Altus, Oklahoma 27 April 1991. They have two daughters, Danielle Elisse and Kaitlan Kush. Amy served in the Air Force for seven years and then attended the University of Oklahoma, graduating in 2006. She is currently employed as an Industrial Engineer on the E-3 AWACS. She and Scott live in Norman, Oklahoma.

Sharon and Richard were later divorced.

Michael and his family live in Orofino, Idaho and he is employed with the logging industry. He enjoys the outdoor life and his family.

Richard worked in the fire protection business for many years. He also served in the sheriff's department in Caldwell, Idaho, as a security guard at the Orofino, Idaho Prison and also at Lewis and Clark State College in Clarkston, Washington.



Beth and Richard



*Kandice and Michael with their three
daughters, Aunna, Krissy and Amy Shay*

While working for Grinnell Fire Protection company in Spokane, Richard met Beth Ann Freeman and they were married 30 March 2000. Richard is now retired and he and Beth live in Clarkston, Washington. Richard enjoys working in the yard and growing a beautiful garden. He and Beth love having visits from their children and grandchildren and have never been happier.

ALBERT HORATIO CALKINS

Albert Horatio born. 5 October 1898
 Married.. . . . 7 January 1919
 To: Hannah Crossley. 28 September 1901
 Children:
 Evelyn Doris. 18 March 1920
 James Albert (Buddy). 19 January 1922
 Wanda Mary.. . . . 19 April 1924
 Faye Lucille. 19 April 1926
 Iris Ann. 1 March 1929

Evelyn Calkins Nieffenegger has written the following in memory of her father.

This story is but a short sketch of the full, rich life of Albert Horatio Calkins. Stories told and memories recalled from first hand experience, or stories I've heard related over the years are from my own personal experiences as I grew up in our family. The events recorded are as I saw, or experienced them. Yours may be different. We all perceive things differently. I've recorded these thoughts from my heart and dedicate it to Dad.

References in this account will be as follows: Dad - Albert Horatio Calkins; Mom - Hannah Crossley Calkins; Grandpa - Orson Booker Calkins; Grandma - Mary Elizabeth Owen Calkins; Great-Grandpa Owen - William Franklin Owen, referred to as Dad's Grandpa; My siblings - by their given names or nicknames. James Albert or Buddy, Wanda, (sometimes called Red,) Faye, Iris Ann, Joseph Orson and six others who were unnamed at their premature births and myself - Evelyn. Dad's family of one brother and nine sisters: Uncle Bill, Aunt Edna, Aunt Pearl, Aunt Rose, Aunt Lizzie, Aunt Clara, Aunt Clarice (twins), Aunt Grace, Aunt Lenora and Aunt Minnie.

Albert Horatio Calkins was born 5 October, 1898 at Ammon, Idaho to Orson Booker Calkins and Mary Elizabeth Owen. He was the second of eleven children. His only brother William Orson, "Uncle Bill", as we always knew him, was born in 1896. Grandpa rented the land which he farmed at Ammon, Idaho about 4 miles from Idaho Falls.

In 1905 Grandpa moved his family to Grace, Idaho, where he had purchased a farm. This was



Hannah and Albert

their home for about eight years, with the exception of one year at Gray's Lake. The winter Dad was ten, he developed rheumatic fever which necessitated his spending several months in bed. He was carried to the table for his meals, then back to bed. As a result, his heart was damaged and became enlarged. This condition didn't bother him until much later in life. He enlisted in the army during World War I, but was sent home in three weeks because of his rheumatic heart. Dad was always thin, not carrying any extra weight. This condition was perhaps the reason heart trouble didn't develop until he was older.

In 1908 Dad received his patriarchal blessing from W. W. Sterrett at Grace, Idaho. A copy of the original from the archives in Salt Lake City, Utah follows his history.

Grandma must have wanted a girl when Dad was born because she let his hair grow long so she could make beautiful ringlets. He was dressed in dresses, but it came time for him to start school, so Grandpa had to take him to the barber and have his beautiful ringlets cut off. From then on he was a boy and wore pants and shirts.

Dad attended school to the eighth grade. He loved to read, was very interested in politics and the workings of the government. He was a very conservative Republican. The Democratic reign, the New Deal, WPA, and all that went with it was a thorn to him. His philosophy was you earned what you received in this life; no handouts or welfare.

Grandpa moved his family to a newly opened farming community nine miles north of Soda Springs. Meadowville was the name chosen for this community by those who settled there. The Calkins family played a big role in the development of a school and helped man and serve in the LDS Church organizations. This was dry farm country. The family lived here until most of the children married or moved away.

Dad learned to trap fur bearing animals early in life. I'm sure snow shoe rabbits were the beginning.

Dad's first sister, Aunt Edna, was born at Ammon, Idaho when he was eighteen months old. About two and a half years later Aunt Pearl was born during the short time they lived at Gray's Lake. Aunt Rose was born at Ammon, Idaho. Two years later, Aunt Lizzie was born, twins Clara and Clarice came along less than a year later. Clara was never very strong. She died at age one. Aunt Grace came into the family ten months later. Aunt Lenora was born fourteen months after Aunt Grace. All of these children were born at Grace, Idaho. Aunt Minnie was born at Meadowville. I relate these births in detail because later on my parents experienced the birth of twins and some of their children were born close together.

Hard work was their way of life. Dad did his share of it as he grew up. Mom tells of how she met Dad. He was working on a header machine drawn by horses. It gathered up the bundles of grain and carried them to the stationary threshing machine.

On the same farm, Mom was working for the woman of the house. She sent Mom with a pail of water out to the header crew. They had stopped working so they saw her coming. One of the fellows bet Dad 25 cents, or two bits as they called it, that he couldn't go to meet her and carry the pail for her. Dad hopped down; the bet was on. He went up to Mom, asked if he could help her. She handed Dad the pail, so he won the bet. That was the beginning of their courtship in 1918.

Dad courted Mom on a Harley-Davidson motorcycle with a side car. One time they went for a ride. Dad was clipping right along when he came up over a hill and ran into a big puddle of water. Of course, Mom got all wet. That was the end of the motorcycle as far as she was concerned.



Albert with his team

Albert Horatio Calkins and Hannah Crossley were married at Pocatello, Idaho on 7 January 1919. The first six months of their married life was spent living with Grandpa and Grandma on the dry farm at Meadowville. Uncle Bill and another fellow talked Dad into homesteading at Humphrey, Idaho. They

moved in the summer of 1919. They built a log cabin and made it into a home where they lived until 1923.

I, Evelyn, (the first child,) was born at Spencer, Idaho 18 March 1920, where Mom and Dad lived while they built their log cabin. Spencer is a short distance from Humphrey which was a train station for the Union Pacific railroad. Dad worked for the Union Pacific railroad on a section crew for a while. He also trapped coyotes for the bounty paid on their hides. One of my earliest recollections was awakening and seeing those hides hanging from the ceiling. They frightened me so.

Dad had a faithful dog called Shep. He had been his companion for years. He was very jealous of me. I would crawl toward him and he would growl at me. Dad would speak to him so he would crawl back behind the stove where I couldn't get to him. He never did accept me as part of his existence.

James Albert (Buddy) was born at Humphrey, Idaho 19 January 1922. That night it was forty degrees below zero. Dad delivered the baby because the doctor didn't get there in time. He came

later.

Dad worked for Woods' Cattle Company for a while. This was cattle country, not farm land. The season was too short to raise crops.

One day when Buddy was eighteen months old, Mom took us for a walk down to the train station at Humphrey. There were several children near, as several of the women had gathered to visit. We children went out on the back porch to play in a makeshift tent. Buddy followed us, so Mom thought that was where he was.

The freight train came and went, not stopping at the station. It shook the house and rattled the windows, because the section houses were so close to the tracks. Not long after, a knock came at the door. There stood a Mexican woman holding Buddy in her arms asking, "Does this baby belong to one of you?"

What Buddy had done was pick up a bottle on his way out of the house. He went past us out to the railroad tracks and sat down between them, putting rocks into the bottle (which they later found between the tracks).

He must have been sitting there when the freight train came. He was wearing a cap and from the mark on his head they figured the cow catcher had hit him, knocking him unconscious and putting his right foot on the track. The wheels ran over his foot, forcing his shoe off and mangling his foot all but his arch and heel. Buddy's survival and subsequent trouble is another story that I hope someday he will write for us.

In 1923-24 the folks moved to Kimball, Idaho where Dad farmed. They raised chickens, hogs, cattle and turkeys. It was here that Wanda Mary joined our family. She was born 19 April 1924.

Dad's Grandpa, William Franklin Owen, owned a ranch sixteen miles east of Idaho Falls, on Henry's Creek. He was in poor health, unable to farm it, so he made a deal with Dad to buy it. His word was as good as his bond, so there wasn't any legal contract signed.

and the move was undertaken in the fall of 1925. Again they had moved into an area where the

growing season was short. Dad raised potatoes. I remember corn in the garden; Mom always raised



Evelyn, Bud, Wanda, Faye and Iris with Dad and Mom

a garden. Hogs were one of the crops. Dad ground the grain, put it into fifty gallon drums with the tops cut off. The drums were then filled with water, milk and scraps which was used to "slop" the hogs.

We children always stood in awe of Dad's Grandpa Owen. He would come to the ranch sometimes to spend time there. Whenever we sat down to a meal, Dad would always keep offering Grandpa more food. He would always say, "Albert, I've had enough. I'm feeding this threshing machine", and that would be it. He wouldn't eat anymore.

Faye Lucille was born 19 April, 1926 two years to the day on Wanda's second birthday. Dad took Mom to Idaho Falls to have this baby. Aunt Edna and Uncle Jim stayed at the ranch and cared for us children. Mom had always kept Wanda's head covered with a sun bonnet because being a redhead she had the fair white skin. Aunt Edna let her run and play with the others outside, uncovered. All of the freckles came into full bloom. When Dad brought Mom and the new baby home, we all ran out to greet them. Mom looked at all of us and exclaimed "Whose kid is that?" She didn't know 'Red' with all her freckles.

Prohibition was upon the country. Many moon-shiners were making all kinds of liquor to drink. Some was called "bathtub gin." Well, Dad figured out how he could make a still and produce 180 proof whiskey. He started by building a large chicken coop in the side of the hill back of the house. Behind the coop in the hill he built his still. To enter, you went into the "chicken coop", walked to the back wall and opened a door which was made with the studs on hinges that could be seen only from inside the still. Actually a section of the wall swung out into the coop. Closed, it could not be detected.

One day, Uncle Bill and Aunt Mabel came to visit. Dad had to go tend his still so after a while he disappeared without saying anything. Soon, Uncle Bill followed. He saw Dad heading for the chicken coop and go inside, so he followed him. By the time Uncle Bill got to the coop, Dad was nowhere in sight. He was so puzzled he came back to the house and told Mom about it. I don't know how she explained it or if they ever told Uncle Bill about the still. Dad didn't ever get caught, but he learned that ill gotten gains got him nowhere.

Great Grandpa Owen died in 1927 at age seventy three. Since there wasn't a signed contract for the ranch, Great Grandma Owen succeeded in taking it back for one of her sons in the late fall of 1928.

In the early winter of 1928 Dad moved his little band of sheep and his family to Firth, Idaho. We lived in a basement house. The snow was deep and it was very cold. All went well until the spring thaw began. The night Iris Ann was born, the roof was leaking like a sieve. There were pans and buckets everywhere. Iris weighed in at 4 pounds and the will to survive.

It was my job to herd the sheep. I was nine years old at the time. Mom would pack me a

lunch and then I'd go out to keep the sheep out of the neighbor's hay field. It was quite a distance from home. Sometimes I wasn't successful. I remember the days being very long.

I tell this story about this time in Dad's life when he was quite young. He never was proud of what he did during that time. I don't remember him speaking of it later in his life. He was a very honest man and taught we children to be the same. He also lost his little band of sheep that summer.

When they made their move to Pocatello they had nothing left except a little car, their belongings and five young children. I never knew my dad to ever engage in another dishonest deal. I'm sure he would want all of his posterity to learn from his experience

The Fourth of July celebration that summer was a big affair. Dad wanted to make it better by swimming the Snake River at Firth, Idaho where it is almost a quarter mile wide. There were several of the young men who started out, but quit. Dad was the only one who finished. He was exhausted as he climbed out of the river. Mom was furious. Dad said, "Well, I made it," but Mom replied, "Yes, but just barely! You could have left me to raise these kids by myself."

In late 1929-30 the move to Pocatello was made. The depression was upon the country, with little work available. A Negro family owned a city block of houses, one of which Dad was able to rent for \$10.00 a month. The landlord was a foreman at the railroad yards and gave Dad some work there. It was a lean, hard winter. All of the children came down with the measles. Mom was pregnant. For a short time she sold a line of Raleigh products. The women she sold to would buy, but when Mom delivered, they never had money to pay. She would leave the orders with their promise to pay, but they never did.

In the spring Dad decided to go on to Oregon and Washington where he heard there was work. All of their belongings and five children were packed into a little Whippet car with a small trailer pulled behind. The only thing they could find to rent was a one room cabin at Walla Walla, Washington. He found work in the truck gardens for \$1.00 a day and packed his own lunch. They did let the workers take home all of the spinach they wanted. A German lady in one of the cabins showed Mom how to make navy bean soup which was a great treat for us.

Without a sewing machine Mom had to sew the clothes for her family by hand. She made very tiny stitches so they would hold together. Early in the summer they moved into a house in Walla Walla, Washington. The first night we were all bedded down on the floor. The kids kept calling out, keeping the folks awake. Finally Dad, in disgust, turned on the light. The first thing he saw was bed bugs scampering for cover. Needless to say that house and all of our belongings underwent fumigation.

Jobs were hard to find so early in 1930 we moved to Union, Oregon where we spent the summer in a big two story house that had some furniture, and a pump organ which Mom would play sometimes.

In the fall of 1930 they moved to Mount Glen, Oregon where Dad had a job working for Bishop Whiting. Here their twin sons were stillborn. They spent the winter and the next summer in Mount Glen. The folks took us children to church. One Sunday Dad blessed the Sacrament.

I was ten, and Buddy, eight, when we were baptized at La Grande in a real baptismal font on 2 November 1930. Christmas was a happy time as all the neighbors came with boxes of food for us. The school house was close by. I attended fourth grade and Buddy second grade at the school there.

In March 1931, Dad left the family to go find employment and a place to live. He sent a penny post card to Mom from Boise, Idaho. He didn't find anything, so returned to Oregon.

In September of 1931 the folks packed up again and headed for Nounan, Idaho where Mother's parents lived. On the way, before we reached McCammon, Idaho, labor pains began. We made it to Mom's brother, Uncle Heber's home, where Joseph Orson was born. He lived eleven hours. He was buried in the Nounan Cemetery. The folks left me, Buddy and Wanda, (who was ready to start school), with her parents, Joseph Ephraim and Rhoda Crossley, for the winter while they went looking for a place to locate permanently. They came back at Christmas time with new overshoes, mittens and caps which were very welcome as Nounan was snow country.

The folks traveled to several places in Southern Idaho during that winter, finally settling at Hagerman, Idaho, where they rented another big two story house. Dad found some work on a lambing crew and was able to buy a cow. When they got settled they came back to Nounan on the 18th of March 1932, took their three children out of school and back to Hagerman.

Dad found an acreage between Bliss and Hagerman and moved his family there in the early fall of 1933 after which time mother gave birth to a stillborn daughter. In March of 1934 Mother gave birth to another stillborn daughter at the hospital in Wendell, Idaho.

Dad went on the sheep shearing circuit in spring of 1933. He was a good shearer, handling an average of one hundred seventy five sheep a day. His highest for one day was two hundred. It took him away from home from February to the first of July. He purchased a stationary threshing machine and spent the late summer, early fall doing custom work from Hagerman to Bliss to Gooding. Bud helped doing this work.

Dad was an avid fisherman. He used a long cane pole, waders, and a lot of courage as he waded out into the Snake River and stood on the big rocks to fish. He would bring home a bag of fish that would fill the big blue roaster with heads and tails sticking out both ends. Mother would can the excess for winter use. Dad spent many hours setting his lines for the elusive sturgeon which at that time could be fished for legally, but he never caught one. He was able to accumulate a herd of milk cows which had to be cared for by the family when he was on the shearing circuit, which he traveled every spring for the next several years.

One spring they hired Vera Froscher to stay with us. The next year they left me and Bud home to milk the cows and keep the garden weeded.

Early spring of 1936 they moved back to Hagerman up the street two houses from where they lived before. In April Mom gave birth to another stillborn daughter. This was the first year they took the whole family on the shearing circuit—the first and last time. Iris always went because she was the youngest.

The year we all went shearing with the folks was a fun time. We were in a hail storm with hail as large as eggs. They came through the cloth roof of the car and hit us on our heads. We experienced being bit by huge mosquitoes and saw millions of army worms going across country eating everything in their path.

On the way home we visited Yellowstone Park and watched Old Faithful, viewed the mud pots, and saw our first bear.

In 1937 the folks moved east of town on an eighty acre farm owned by Ralph and Annie Kennicott. These people became part of our family. We all loved them very much.

Mom stayed home that spring and Dad went shearing alone. Faye went to stay with Uncle Bill's family and came home with the small pox. Mom came down with the disease and not knowing what was wrong, she kept milking cows and irrigating the farm. She became very ill. The next year they hired a man and wife to care for the kids and farm. I was working at a local grocery store and going to school.

The last year that Dad, Mom and Iris went on the shearing circuit was in 1939. They were on the Crow Indian Reservation shearing for a Mr. Court who owned 20,000 head of sheep. This was a good year for Dad as he averaged 200 head a day. Mom always kept Dad's clothes very clean. At night they would be dirty and filled with grease.

Mom always made Dad chicken soup for added energy, taking it to him about two o'clock in the afternoon. This was the year they paid the shearers 25 cents per head which at that time was a good price. To begin with the price per head was about 5 cents. I always felt that Dad's back was hinged in just the right place. He worked so gracefully, taking off the sheep's wool.

After Dad quit shearing to care for the farm, Mom took elderly men, (county patients,) to care for at \$40.00 each per month. They were roomed in the large living room in the front of the house. At one time she had three there.

I graduated from high school in 1939 and was married two weeks prior to graduation to Dan Nieffenegger. Wanda married Ivan Akers in December 1941. Faye married Robert Tupper in February 1942. Bud married Lois Slane in January 1946. Iris graduated from high school at Hagerman in 1946. She married Neil Slane in January 1947. Each of the five living children of Hannah and Albert have their own life stories to tell.

After accumulating enough money Mom and Dad purchased the Green farm of one hundred sixty acres on the corner east of Hagerman. Dad had to quit shearing after that as there was too much farming to do.

Mother gave birth to her last child 8 September 1941. A girl lived two hours and was buried at Hagerman. She was born six weeks before their first grandchild. Dad and Mom became grandparents when Dad was age forty four and Mom was forty one. On 22 October 1941 Alan Nieffenegger was born.

Pearl Harbor was bombed on 7 December 1941. War broke out and Dad kept farming, but Mother became interested in the jobs offered in Vancouver, Washington shipyards. Dan and I, (Evelyn) moved into the Kennicott house and took care of the cows and farmed. Dad and Mother went to work in the Kaiser Shipyards in Vancouver, Washington. They earned enough money to build a home on the Green place they had purchased, so they came back to Hagerman in 1943. Dad was always an independent person. He never liked to work for someone else. The shipyard job was not to his liking.

Dad never knew a stranger. People were just friends he hadn't met yet. He would quite often bring home someone he'd met who was down on his luck. We always put another plate on the table. We listened to some interesting stories over the years.

Dad was a big tease. He loved to play pranks on us. One of his favorite tricks when we had a loose tooth was to tie a string around it and then tie that to a door knob. He would tell us that he was going to stick us with a pin so we wouldn't feel the tooth coming out, but before he did that he would slam the door. Out came the tooth every time. In those days we did not know about the "Tooth Fairy".

Dad was a very talented artist. He could draw bucking horses that looked very real. He didn't use any artists' supplies. He used pieces of white or brown wrapping paper that came off of items purchased in the grocery store and a soft leaded pencil. Mom kept the sketches for years rolled up and tucked away in the dresser drawer.

All of the grand kids loved Grandpa. The girls wanted to sit on his lap and the older boys liked to test out their strength by scuffling with him on the floor. As they got older his heart would bother him so they would win the match. He was easy going, always willing to help others. He would give you the shirt off his back.

Mom and Dad's fortieth Anniversary party was held at Dan and Evelyn's home in 1959 with all available family members present. Dad's favorite cake was white with chocolate icing.

Dad continued to farm until his heart began to give him problems in the early 1960s. In 1964 the folks bought a pick up with a camper on it. They spent that winter at Yuma, Arizona where several friends camped



Faye, Iris, Evelyn, Wanda, with Hannah, Albert and Bud

out in the river bottom. It was quite warm. They could eat their meals in the shade of the Cottonwood trees. Two of Mom's sisters, Aunt Camilla and Aunt Lucy spent the winter with them.

When spring came, Dad was anxious to get home, so they started out. The weather was bad, but cleared up when they got into Utah. They decided to go by way of Logan, Utah where their oldest granddaughter, Nancy was going to college. They had just arrived when Dad had a heart attack. They rushed him to the hospital which was filled to overflowing. Patients were in the halls and every other available space. Dad was one of those in the hall. A room became available, so the nurse moved him into it. She unhooked and removed his oxygen when she moved him. He panicked when he couldn't get any air, had another attack and was gone. He was brought home to Hagerman where his funeral was held and he was laid to rest beside his last born daughter in the Hagerman cemetery. He died 24 March 1965 at age 66.

Dad was survived by 24 living grandchildren. Richard Albert Nieffenegger had preceded him in death in 1946 at age one year.

Those surviving were: J. Alan Nieffenegger, Nancy Louise Nieffenegger, Randy Nieffenegger, Nick Nieffenegger, Vendla Mary Nieffenegger, Jim Calkins, Dana W. Calkins, Julie D. Calkins, Russell Akers, Wallace Akers, Hanna Akers, Orval Akers, Micci Akers, Anita Akers, Elwyn Tupper, Mike Tupper, Jeff Tupper, Becky Tupper, David Tupper, Kenneth Slane, Marie Slane, Patti Slane, Colleen Slane, and Connie Slane.

I loved my Dad. In all my life, he never gave me reason to feel otherwise. He has left a great posterity.

I was visiting with one of his sisters, Aunt Pearl, before the funeral. She told me what a kind, loving person our Dad was. She said he was always kind to all of his sisters, even though he was older. She also told me what a good dancer he was. I had to agree with her as he had danced with me at a little country school house dance in Montana the year they took all of us on the shearing circuit.

My Dad By James “Bud” Calkins

Most of the history about my Dad has already been told so I'll just contribute a story or two. My Dad was an avid hunter and one of the most memorable hunting trips we had was with another group of guys—I can't remember exactly who they were. We went to Rocky Bar and did really well. When we were ready to come home we put all the game in my pickup. We had elk, deer and a bear. A big load, but someone lost count and we ended up with one deer too many! We put the extra deer underneath a “squad” tent that was folded up in the back of Dad's pickup. (We just couldn't waste that meat!). When we pulled into the checking station, Dad was in the lead. The checker walked around Dad's pickup and said, “Did you get anything?” He reached over and laid his hand on the tent and said, “Yes, I believe you did!” Dad hurried around to him and slapped him on the back, saying, “No, that's just a hard tent. The meat is in the other pickup.” I really thought we had been caught, but Dad saved the day! The checker saw so much meat in my truck, he threw up his hands and said, “Just bring your licenses and come in the checking tent!.”

My Dad owned a combine and did custom work for other people. One time when we were combining below Hagerman, we had stopped for noon. Ellis (Uncle Bill's son) and I had laid down on a creek bank to get a drink of water. Dad got a big rock, walked up on the opposite bank and threw the rock in front of us. It splashed water all over us and we both came up sputtering, nearly drowned! Dad really got a kick out of that. We went on up to the house for dinner. Right close to the house was a canal with a board across it for a bridge. Dad squatted down on the bridge to wash his hands and face. Ellis got on one side of the canal and I on the other. We ran in from both sides, grabbed Dad and tipped him over backwards into the canal. Dad was a good sport and if he got mad at us, he never showed it.

Our Dad by Faye Tupper

The first recollection I have of my Dad was when we lived in Oregon. I guess my parents had gone to Oregon to pick fruit. I remember going to the trash pile and retrieving tin cans for Mom to can the fruit in. It must have been cherry picking time.

I don't really know why my folks came to Hagerman, but I remember my Dad leaving for work. Iris and I stayed at home, which was a cabin at the Motor Inn. We were the only kids with Mom and Dad when we first came to Hagerman. Evelyn, Bud and Wanda were staying with Grandma and Grandpa Crossley.

Later we moved into the big, two story "Glore house." It was such a big house. I can recall hiding on the stairs to watch them dance at an Anniversary party given for them by the neighbors. On the east side of the house was a large porch. This was the perfect height for us kids to sit on while Dad cut our hair. I can still hear the bawling that went on because he always started out good, but we all ended up with our ears showing. Tears, tears, tears!

One especially bad winter found our Dad working for the Abbott Sheep Co. We remember him having to walk to work through 12 inches of snow because they didn't plow out the roads. I think one of the loves of our Dad was to be around the sheep. Each spring they would start the circuit in Oregon, moving east to Salmon, Idaho and then on into Montana. They would return home through Yellowstone Park. Dad always enjoyed the reputation of being a top notch shearer. He practically always ended up with the high tally for the day. It was always fun to watch him shear the sheep as he truly enjoyed that back breaking work. The part that wasn't fun was the scrubbing of his shearing pants. You would have thought he needed them to wear to town, they had to be snow white. First of all, the fire had to be started and kept going with whatever wood scraps we could find to heat the water. When he came home, the pants went to the creek to be scrubbed with the scrubbing brush to remove all the manure, dirt and grease from the sheep. After that they went into the boiling water to be transformed from stinky pants to those nice clean ones he started each day with. We were always camped in a meadow by a creek for water and there were lots of trees for firewood. We always had a camp fire. It took lots of elbow grease to get them clean, but they were white!

Wanda tells me that she especially remembers the July 4th when we went to White Arrow for a picnic. This is the only time we could remember Dad taking us swimming. We never missed the July 24th celebration in Hagerman. Mom would fix a fried chicken dinner and we would go to the park. After riding on the swings and ferris wheel, we would eat on the grass in the shade of the big Lombardy Poplars that lined the park on three sides. Dad loved these times to visit with people, whether he knew them or not. Another love of our Dad was to go fishing. When we lived at Bliss, he would go down over the hill with his long cane pole over his shoulder to the Snake River. He never came home empty. He always had a bag full of big fish that would fill the blue granite roaster that Mom had. The heads and tails would hang over both ends. Quite often he would return from fishing with a total stranger. They were always invited to enjoy a meal with us. It seemed the normal thing to do. Dad really loved to visit with people and never seemed to meet a stranger.

Of course, along with the fun times there was always the work that had to be done. Wanda tells that one of her jobs was to drive the derrick horse and help load the bundles of grain while they were binding it. Dad had a threshing machine and after doing our grain and clover seed, he did custom work for others. I believe he owned a combine also.

Each fall, the work went as fast as the weather would allow to thrash Dad's strawberry

clover. This had to be done first before we could go hunting for deer and elk. This truly was a love of his. I remember one year we all went up above Rocky Bar to hunt. Mom, Dad, Uncle Wally, Aunt Mildred, Ruby and Ray Barfus, Dale and Wynarda Slane and my own family. I'm sure there were some others, but I can't recall just who they were. Two of us would stay in camp and have a good hot meal ready for the hunters when they returned in the evening. Our hot breakfast was OATMEAL. It would get us going for the day—then a sack lunch and off we would go. I remember staying out all night on a hillside so we would be there at the break of dawn to be where the elk were. Dad couldn't have been very young, but even with his rheumatic heart, it never stopped him and he never babied himself! He would always go out and kill a small deer for "camp meat." He called his ole rifle "meat in the pot." Those truly were the good old days! I also remember how he loved to relate these hunting trips to my father-in-law, W.G. Tupper. W.G. would get very excited just listening as Dad would tell about them.

In the last few years of his life, he spent the winter trapping muskrat and beaver in Billingsley Creek near their home. Wanda remembers helping to "flesh" the pelts after he had stretched them. Later, they would take them to the west coast to sell direct to the buyer if he didn't like the prices offered to him here. He always loved the outdoors.

We never visited a lot with Dad's family, except his brother and wife, Uncle Bill and Aunt Mable. Aunt Pearl and Aunt Rose and husbands would come to pheasant hunt in Hagerman. In those days there was an abundance of pheasants to kill. Not so today. I can only remember visiting several times to Grandma and Grandpa Calkins. But, it was always such fun to have our cousins come. Uncle Bill's kids were the only cousins on Dad's side of the family that we really knew.

We have talked often of the "shortcut" Dad took us on after Grandpa's funeral. We left the main highway at Blackfoot and went out through the desert. It was getting dark and we drove for miles and miles. We were all getting hungry and couldn't find a place to eat. I believe we finally ended up at American Falls. It was so late that all we could find was pie and coffee. Oh, Mom didn't let him forget that for a long time.

One time after they got their pickup and camper, Dad decided to take his three oldest Grandsons on a fishing trip. Alan, Elwyn and Mike were the lucky kids! Dad was a big tease and he really enjoyed his Grand kids. The kids tell about him loading his pipe while he was driving and having the kid next to him guide the pickup for him. Needless to say, the boy became frightened and turned the pickup into the ditch, where they came to rest against a culvert. It bent the tie rod, but they got it fixed and he swore those boys to secrecy, where Mom was concerned.

Wanda recalls when we lived in Bliss, Dad would drill her on the times tables. "He loved to listen to the radio to Amos and Andy, and Ma Perkins. I can remember how he would catch me between his legs and put his arms in front so I couldn't get away and sing to me '*Come away with*

me Lucille, in my merry Oldsmobile.' He loved us very much, but he was also a stern task master. We knew that the razor strap was always handy when we misbehaved."

In his later years he had to give up the hunting, fishing and trapping. He became interested in the political scene. Dad would watch the Republican and Democratic Conventions on T.V. and get very irate over the things that were going on. I can especially remember him reading in Life magazine about the elder Joseph Kennedy making his fortune running rum between Florida and Massachusetts. He didn't have much use for them at all. He would become almost radical where politics were concerned.

I remember one time Dad came by himself to our house to visit. I had bought me a new pair of red slacks and was wearing them. When he saw me with those on he said, "Sister, please don't wear those red pants anymore." I had never heard him say anything about color of any kind before. When I related the incident to Mom, she said, "Dad was always taught that it was only 'fast' women who wore red." Needless to say, I never wore those red pants around him again!

Our Dad was a kind and loving man. He certainly enjoyed his life to the fullest. As I write this, I realize that I am already a year older than he was when he died. I continue to work part time as a nurse. Dad's ill health made a profound difference to his lifestyle for several years before his death. He really died too young!

Thoughts of Minnie Fowler, (Dad's youngest sister. She is now the last of the girls living.)

Albert was 16 years old when I was born so I don't know anything about his younger years. Pearl told me he was always so good to his sisters. He would take them to dances and other activities and see they had a good time and got home safely.

He was a hard worker. I guess he and Bill left home early to find work. There wasn't anything where we lived, only dry farms. He would come home occasionally and spend the night or maybe a few days. I remember how he liked his feet scratched. He would lie face down on the couch and tell us to scratch his feet or he would throw us down the well. We scratched! I never knew until many years later what a kind, loving person he was. When dad died they came up for the funeral. One day Albert took three of us girls downtown. (I believe Pearl, Clarice and I) We shopped in the Woolworth store. We each picked out a gift and he bought it for us. I picked out some salad tongs. I still have them. That was a special time. He also bought our lunch, teased and laughed with us. I can still hear that deep sweet voice. Oh, how I wish I knew more about him.

Mother said when our country got into the first world war Albert tried to enlist, but because of a serious heart ailment they turned him down. Later on they tried to draft him but Mother and Dad stopped it. They thought one son was enough to sacrifice. Bill was in the thick of it.

Grace, Idaho

April 25, 1908

A blessing by W.W. Sterret, Patriarch, upon the head of Albert Horatio Calkins, son of Orson B. and Mary Elizabeth Calkins, born Oct. 5, 1898 at Amnion, Idaho.

My dear brother Albert Horatio Calkins, by the authority of the holy Melchisedek Priesthood, which I bear, I place my hand upon your head and in the name of Jesus of Nazareth, seal upon you a Father's blessing, which is Patriarchal. Thou art of Israel, through Ephriam, a rightful heir to the blessing of the new and everlasting covenant and now my son I say unto you be diligent in your studies at school. For thou has been sent here to do a great work and thou must prepare thyself for that work.

Be obedient to thy parents, always seek the truth and always attend your Sunday School and if you do this, the Lord has a great work for you to do, and you will become wise in counsel.

You will yet be called to preside over your brethren. You will preach this gospel, yea even on the islands of the sea, and thousands will yet rejoice that they have seen thy face and heard thy voice. You will be a great blessing to your parents and an ornament in society. You will become mighty in speaking and teaching and have great power through the Holy Priesthood. You will yet stand before Kings and Rulers, and you will always have plenty of comfort of life around you, thy name is recorded in the lamb's book of life, never to be blotted out. Your posterity will become very numerous. When the Lord stood before the Intelligences he had made and saw that they were good, He said these will I make my Rulers, and as he said unto Abraham so say I unto you; these art one of them, and you will live to a great age and not seem to grow old.

I seal you up unto Eternal life, with power to come forth in the morning of resurrection, and receive a full and complete salvation.

With thrones principalities and power, in the name of Jesus of Nazareth, Amen.

Recorded in Book F. Pages 212-213-214. No. of blessing-841.

HANNAH CROSSLEY

Hannah Crossley born..... 28 September 1901
 Married..... 7 January 1919
 To: Albert Horatio Calkins. 5 October 1898
 Children:
 Evelyn Doris. 18 March 1920
 James Albert..... 19 January 1922
 Wanda Mary..... 19 April 1924
 Faye Lucille..... 19 April 1926
 Iris Ann 1 March 1929

My History as told by Hannah to her granddaughter Connie (Slane) Kelly on 31 December 1992. Hannah was 91 years old.

I, Hannah, was born on 28 September 1901 in my parents' log home in Nounan, Bear Lake, Idaho. My mother Rhoda Amelia Skinner was born in Providence, Cache Valley, Utah on November 20, 1873 and was the oldest child of Lucy Ann Smith and Brigham Heber Skinner. She grew up in Nounan Valley, Idaho. She came from a family of farmers who immigrated from England. She had five brothers and two sisters. The men were farmers and skilled carpenters. The women did a lot of fancy work like quilting, crocheting, tatting and embroidery work. The whole family worked very hard. They were very friendly and liked to have fun. They made their own entertainment and especially loved to sing. They had a great deal of faith, went to church and read the scriptures together as a family. Every evening before dinner they would turn their chairs around at the table and have family prayer and ask a blessing on the food

While my mother was growing up in Nounan Valley she attended school in Nounan and had the same school teacher throughout all of



Albert and Hannah



Hannah

her school years. She worked at home and also at a dairy farm before she was married to my father. My Father, Joseph Ephraim Crossley, was born on 20 August 1872 in South Cottonwood, Utah. His family also farmed. They were good people and liked to help others. They later moved to Bear Lake, Idaho, where he grew up. He attended the same school each year. He enjoyed dancing, riding horses and fishing. While he was growing up he worked bailing hay for other farmers. He enjoyed music, but unlike my mother's family he couldn't sing.

On 19 June 1885 my parents were married in the Logan Temple. They continued to live in Nounan Valley, where they worked farming and milking cows. My mother made cheese and butter to sell, but she never worked outside of the home. They had five sons: Ernest, Wally, Truman, Ephraim and Heber, and six daughters: Camilla, Lucy, Vivian, Rhoda, Jenny and myself, Hannah. I was the fourth child born to them.

We all grew up in the same house that my parents lived in all of their married lives. It was a one story log home, with no telephone and we used kerosene lamps in place of electricity. We put a block of ice in the ice box to keep our food cold, and there was a pan underneath to catch the melted water. Cooking was done on a wood stove and a 'Home Comfort' range. When I was very young we pumped water from a well, and later we piped water to the house from a spring. The walls of our home were papered and there were two bedrooms. We slept three family members to a bed, with two or three beds in each room. The couch in the living room could also be made into a bed. It was always pretty cozy when we had company.

While I was a little child I spent most of my time at home playing with my brothers and sisters. During the winters I enjoyed playing on the sleighs and with ice skates, and all of my toys were homemade. My favorite foods were choke cherry jelly and apples. I had no favorite songs or stories, I enjoyed them all. I enjoyed reading books, especially church books.

I had a happy childhood and I tried hard to be obedient. I was bashful and shy, but I was as popular as everyone else, because everyone just knew each other. When I was very little I had the chore of feeding the chickens and as I started getting older, my chores expanded to also feeding the lambs and packing wood into the house.

I learned to make bread when I was seven or eight. I had to stand on a stool to reach the table where I made the bread. My hands were very little and the dough would stick to my fingers, until my mother taught me to put flour on them. Our family made eight loaves of bread every other day and it was such a treat to help make the bread. One time our comb came up missing, so my mother told us that the first person to find the comb could make the bread. I sat and watched as everyone searched all over, then I went to the one place no one had looked. I found the comb and I got to help make the bread.

Our family enjoyed spending time together. We spent all of our holidays with extended

family, singing songs and playing games. My most memorable holiday was one Fourth of July when the entire ward went on a picnic and played games. After the picnic was over our family went to Montpelier to have our picture taken together.

At the age of eight I learned to crochet and knit. I made knit stockings on a knitting machine which belonged to my mother's father. The machine was later donated to the historical society. It wasn't until I was ten that I started learning how to make quilts.

It was during that same time period that I came down with rheumatic fever and I also broke my arm. I had been laying across the log on a saw horse, when Truman came and grabbed my feet and flipped me over. I broke my arm while I was reaching down to brace myself. My father was working in Yellowstone Park at the time, and it was three weeks before he came home to take me to the hospital. By that time my arm started to heal crooked and it had to be re-set. The doctor was very proud of me because I never cried, I only had tears come to my eyes.

It was also at the age of eight that I started the first grade. Grades one through eight were held in a one room school house. This is where I went to school for the first, second and third grades. Then a new school was built that held four grades per room and I attended there from the fourth through the eighth grades.

During school we sat at desks and used paper and pencils rather than slates and chalk. The teacher sat at a desk in the front of the class. The school was equipped with a chalkboard for the teacher and a central wood stove that heated the room. I had the same teacher in the sixth grade that my mother had had when she was going to school. I had to walk one and a half miles to and from school each day. In the winter we rode on team driven sleighs through three to four feet of snow, just to get to school.

I was very excited to start school, because I thought I was moving up in the world. In school I studied arithmetic, reading, writing, history, English and geography. History was my favorite subject and most subjects came easy for me. However, I always felt I was a poor speller.

Ivy Bacon was my best friend throughout all my school years. I really didn't have many other close friends. I just tried to be friends with everyone. During recess Ivy and I played baseball with all of the other children, including the boys but I never had any special boy friends. Baseball was one of my favorite forms of recreation, and the school ground we played on was very rocky, with no grass or trees like most schools of today.

After the eighth grade I traveled thirty miles from home to Paris, Idaho where I attended the Fielding Academy, which was owned and operated by the Mormon Church. In order to get to school I had to find a ride with other families who had daughters attending also. During the school week I would board with a family, and then travel home on weekends to see my family. It was very hard to be away from my family during this time.

The Fielding Academy was a two or three story building, and each grade met in individual classrooms. I was only able to attend the academy for one and a half years, because it burned down and

was closed. I was never able to graduate from high school and finish my education, and this also ended one of my dreams for the future of becoming a nurse.

During those years that I went away to school I was not able to work at a job during the school year. It was during the summers that I would go and stay with families who had newborn babies. I earned \$2.50 per week babysitting, cooking and cleaning house for them.

Although I had to work hard compared to most teenagers of today, I feel life was much better for us during that time. We had less trouble to get into and we were much more dependable. As I had grown into a young adult, our way of life and living hadn't changed much for our family. My parents still got around with a horse and buggy; they didn't own their own car until after I was grown and had left home. Later on they also owned a washing machine powered by a gasoline engine.

As my brothers and sister became older, Ernest and Wally became carpenters. Truman, Ephraim and Camilla's husband Joe worked as farmers. Heber, and Lucy and Vivian's husbands all worked for the railroad. Rhoda's husband Tom was a common laborer, and Jenny's husband Irvin was a laborer in the mines.

I continued to do work on a part-time basis whenever someone had a baby. I still earned \$2.50 per week for my work, and I feel I must have done a good job because they always asked me to come back and work for them. I would usually work for one or two months with each job. One time I was hired to do washing, cooking and housework for nine men hired to do grain thrashing. On top of all the responsibilities the farmer had asked me to do, he asked if I would also milk the cow. I told him he could go to heck.

When I was seventeen years old I left home. I didn't feel much different being out on my own. This just seemed a common ordinary life for me. I was already used to staying with and working for other families. It was at this time that I met my first and only sweetheart Albert Horatio Calkins. Albert was from Soda Springs, Idaho. At the time we met I was living with my Uncle Arch and Aunt Ethel.

One day I was sent to fetch water at the neighbors for the thrasher men. Albert was up on the granary building a roof, when he saw me walking. He must have said something to the other thrashers, because they bet him that I would never let him carry the water back for me. He came down off the granary, and walked into the neighbor's house. The men lost their bet and Albert carried the water for me.

Our courting days consisted of horse and buggy rides, church and school dances. We also enjoyed hunting and fishing together. After about four months of courting, Albert started talking about marriage. There was no formal proposal. I just agreed with him.

We were engaged for four months when the two of us went by train to Pocatello, Idaho where we were married on 7 January 1919. I wore a lavender wedding dress that was made by a family friend. When we returned home we had a reception at my parents' home, as well as two other bridal showers.

We lived with Albert's parents for six months when we were first married to help them with

planting on their dry farm. On 7 July 1919 we moved to our own homestead in Humphrey, Idaho where we lived for six years working to improve it.

Albert built a two room log cabin, a kitchen table and some stools. I decorated with crocheted pillow cases, doilies and I also made our own quilts. We had no phone or electricity. Albert earned three dollars per day working for other farmers. We lived on what we earned and made do with what we had by raising cows, chickens and planting our own garden.

We adjusted to married life simply by getting along and we didn't quarrel much. If we did get into an argument we simply resolved it by quitting the argument. We had no special formula for marriage, except to give and take. It was as important to take at times as it was to give.

I have special memories of those first years of marriage, of working together to clear the land of sagebrush, planting and harvesting grain, and hunting and fishing. We read the scriptures and prayed together, for at that time we had no church to go to until we moved to Kimball, Idaho. One of our favorite forms of recreation was to ski off the hill behind our house. We also enjoyed going to the rodeo, and later on to western movies.

The many years of babysitting and caring for other families helped to prepare me when I started having children of my own. We never set a limit on how many children we would have. We just had them as they came.

When I found out I was expecting for the first time, I told Albert and he was very happy. We needed to be preparing for this child, so I was a little upset with Albert when he went to town to do some shopping. He came home with a string of rings for the harness, not considering we had no clothes or diapers for the baby we were expecting. As he worked and earned more money he went and bought me the supplies I needed. I made all of the clothes for my children like knit shirts, flannel diapers, nightgowns and belly bands to cover their navels.

I did not receive any kind of medical care while I was expecting. When I was ready to deliver we sent for the doctor, who came by train. I had a difficult time carrying my children and I had many complications with them.

Our first child was born 18 March 1920 at Spencer, Idaho. She weighed eight pounds and we named her Evelyn Doris Calkins. My next three children were about two to three weeks early. James Albert Calkins (Bud) was born on 19 January 1922 at Humphrey, Idaho. He weighed seven and a half pounds. He was delivered by Albert. Wanda Mary Calkins was born at home in Kimball, Idaho on 19 April 1924 and she weighed six pounds. Faye Lucille Calkins was the only child I had in the hospital in Idaho Falls, Idaho. She was born on Wanda's second birthday, 19 April 1926 and she weighed five pounds. Her hospital bill was \$89.00. Iris Ann Calkins was my smallest. She was born on 1 March 1929 at home in Firth, Idaho. She was six weeks early and only weighed four pounds. We placed her in a shoe box near the oven to keep her warm, like an incubator.

I was pregnant six more times, but due to complications, I was not able to carry any of them full term and they all died. After Iris I had a set of twin boys who were still-born. Joseph Orson was born 5 September 1931 and only lived for twelve hours. The doctor said it was because he never

cried, so his heart valve didn't open to close his lungs. After Joseph I had a stillborn daughter, and then three more daughters who all died shortly after birth, none of which were given names.

The last of these three daughters lived only long enough to take one breath before she died. We put her in warm and cold bathes to try and get her to cry so her heart valve would open. Albert built a casket for her, then we lined it. I crocheted her a sweater, bonnet, some booties, and some white roses to go on a white dress I had sewn for her.

For the most part my children were very healthy. I never called on a doctor. I did all of the nursing for them, except when Bud was seriously injured in an accident with a train. He was only 18 months old and the accident left him with an injury to his right foot, where the skin was completely taken off. Bud and I were taken on an engine to Monida. From there we went to Pocatello to the hospital. Dr. Kackley took care of Bud and eventually healed him. Unfortunately he lost the lower part of his right foot. I had a hard time during this incident. I was very worried and concerned for him.

We raised our children farming. Albert worked on the farm and at times I worked in cafes. We were concerned that we would have enough to raise and provide for our family. We made do without a doctor, because I made my own mustard plasters to place on their chests, or I would rub Vick's when they had bad colds or sore throats. We also used aspirins to reduce fevers.

My children attended larger schools than I had, with a different classroom and teacher for each grade level. During the summer vacations we traveled as a family to where ever Albert had a job shearing sheep. We spent time in Oregon, Challis and Salmon, Idaho, and Montana camping out while Albert worked. Whenever he worked in Montana we would make a trip through Yellowstone National Park on our return trip home.

My favorite holidays with my children were Thanksgiving and Christmas. We also enjoyed Watermelon Day, when everyone took a picnic to the park in Hagerman, Idaho. We liked to go to the rodeo, and we made it a tradition to go on the last day of the Filer Fair, because we liked to treat ourselves to a hamburger.

We spent a lot of time together as a family, and we never used babysitters. This was important to us, because we wanted them to be raised under our supervision, so we could teach them good values. We wanted them to be truthful and honest, dependable and independent. I taught my daughters to cook, sew and clean house. They will all agree that I expected them to do it right or they did it over again.

We found the best way to discipline our children was to stick with whatever it was they were asked to do, and to make sure they were able to accomplish it. I couldn't allow myself to worry too much about their futures, or I would have probably worried myself sick. We worked hard to keep them clothed and fed. We wanted to make sure they had everything they needed, hopefully better than I had had it when I was a child.

When the depression came along it was much harder on Albert to provide for us. He worked for \$ 1.00 per day on other farms around Hagerman and Bliss. He continued to shear sheep in the spring time. During this time he only earned five cents a head shearing 200 sheep per day. In the

1930s he earned ten cents a head, and by the 1940s he made 25 cents per sheep. That was considered good money back then. He did other odd jobs like custom thrashing and in the winter he trapped beaver, muskrat and red fox. The depression taught us to live within our means. After it was over I began to fulfill part of my dream of being a nurse, although I never had a formal education. We took care of elderly men for Gooding County for forty dollars per month. There were no nursing homes during those times, and these men had no families to take care of them.

Each of my children left home when they got married, except for Faye. She left home when she was 15 to work for the Tupper family. She later married their son Robert (Bob). Evelyn was married at 19, Bud married at 24, and Wanda and Iris were both 17. I was relieved as each child left home, to know that I had raised them well. I wasn't happy to see them go, I was only happy for them.

I feel the best way to raise children is to make them mind when they are little. They need to understand you mean business when you say no. If you let children watch TV they won't learn to mind. They must learn to mind first before watching TV.

There were times when I had to leave home to work. In fact I spent about 25 years cooking in restaurants. I worked at the Y-Inn and Circle Bar in Bliss. We owned our own restaurants on three different occasions. They were the Daisy Dell, Gem Café and Hagerman Café all in Hagerman. I only broke even with the Hagerman Café, but we never went into debt. Other Cafés I worked in included: the Ox-Bow and Rim View in Bliss, the Stop and the Hotel and Restaurant in Gooding. As well as Shaddel's Alcoholic Center in Wendell. I earned about \$1.25 per hour.

When I wasn't busy in the cafés I also did remodeling work, like painting and carpentry. In fact I did all of the carpentry work on the ranch in Hagerman except for the framing and the windows. I built the hard wood floors and plastered and wall papered.

All of my experience in carpentry really helped when I went to work for the ship yards as a welder. I interviewed with a man in Buhl, Idaho, and I had to leave the next day for Chehalis, Washington where I was trained to weld. I was then sent to the Kaiser Ship Yard in Vancouver, Washington, where I welded on the Enterprise and Casablanca air craft carriers from 1940-1943. I had gone there first, and then Albert came later to work as a pipe welder.



One of the ships I worked on at the Kaiser Ship Yard

From 1955-1958 we took care of Wanda's children. She was going through a difficult time following her divorce and I couldn't bear to see the children separated in different homes. I wanted to keep them together. Albert passed away on March 24, 1965 in Logan, Utah. He had complications from the flu that resulted in heart failure and he wasn't able to breath.

I would later go to the Idaho Falls Temple in April 1966 to receive my own endowments. On October 22, 1966 Albert's temple work was done for him and we were sealed together. At that same time we were sealed to Wanda and Joseph Orson. On October 28, 1976 we were sealed to Iris and to the three little daughters who had died at their births, and then on December 11, 1976 we were sealed to Evelyn.

I once again began to take care of the elderly. I stayed with Mrs. Vader and another time with Mrs. Ravenscroft. I cooked, cleaned, did laundry and ran errands. I earned approximately \$300.00 per month. In one of my other jobs I cooked for the Basque sheep herders in Hagerman. My boss was Mr. Hensley. I worked for two months at a time for three consecutive years. I earned \$300.00 per month at this job, also. Not too many years ago I worked at the Senior Care Center as a companion. My job was to take people on errands to doctors, stores and etc. I had to volunteer so many hours, and when I had earned those hours, I was then paid \$200.

I came by most jobs by word of mouth. They just came and got me. I liked my jobs. That's why I stayed, because I could be my own boss. I usually only quit working one job if I had something else come up, or as each job ended I would just move on to the next one. I was a jack of all trades and a master of none.

I am not one to boast about the accomplishments in my life. I am proud of just a few. I made a lot of quilts, and for each one that I was able to enter into a fair, it always won a blue ribbon. I am currently working on three or four quilts. If

there is one thing I would like accomplish in my life it would be to finish them, but I don't think I ever will. I also feel I never worked anywhere that I couldn't go back to that job if they needed me. And lastly I was always able to live on what I made.

It seems now that times have changed. People don't work as hard as they used to. It seems that the more they are paid the less they want to work. I learned in any job that the employee has to do



*Faye, Iris, Evelyn, Wanda
Hannah, Albert and Bud*

things the employer's way. I feel any job you do should be something that you know how to do, but most important something that you like to do.

I never thought about retirement. I figured I would work as long as I could. When I was young I don't remember retirement being a part of peoples' lives. If they didn't work I guess they just didn't have anything to do. The best way to prepare for retirement is to save a little each month.

I took care of myself all of my life. I always had good health until now. I have congestive heart failure, and I wear a pacemaker. Now I take it easy and I take medication, and occasionally when I really want to relax, I take a nap. The secret to my health is to eat healthy foods and not to overeat. We should not take anything into our bodies that can destroy them like alcohol, tobacco and drugs. I never dreamed I would live to be 91 years old.

If there is anything I can pass onto my posterity it would be these few things. Ever since I was a young person, the most important things to me have been my family, friends, Heavenly Father and Jesus Christ. I loved to go to church, read the scriptures, participate in family prayer, and I have always had a testimony. I was happiest when I could do things I liked to do. I want my family to stay healthy and do what they want to do. I would like to never see our country go to war again, and I want to see the world find peace. Always try to do everything the best you can. The key to happiness is to help



*Evelyn, Bud, Iris, Wanda
Hannah and Faye*

other people. I am most proud of my family. They are the greatest influence in my life. I wouldn't change anything about my life. I just might do a few things differently. I lived a pretty good life.

Hannah Crossley Calkins passed away on 11 August 1994 in Wendell, Idaho. She was buried on 14 August 1994 in the Hagerman Cemetery in Hagerman, Idaho.

Obituary

Hannah Crossley Calkins

HAGERMAN - Hannah Crossley Calkins, 92, a Hagerman resident, died Thursday, Aug. 11, 1994, at the Magic Valley Manor in Wendell.

Hannah was born on September 28, 1901, in Nounan, Idaho, the daughter of Joseph E. and Rhoda Amelia Skinner Crossley. She was raised in Nounan where she attended school through the eighth grade. She later attended Fielding Academy in Paris, Idaho, for two years. Hannah married Albert H. Calkins on January 7, 1919, in Pocatello. They home-steaded and farmed at Humphrey, Idaho, where they lived for four years. They then moved to an area closer to Idaho Falls where they lived until 1930. The family then moved to Oregon where they lived near La Grande for one year before moving to Hagerman. They farmed and also owned and operated a cafe in Hagerman for several years. Hannah later cooked in restaurants and for ranch hands. She enjoyed quilting and sewing and was, in general, a handy person.

Hannah was a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in Hagerman. She is survived by four daughters, Evelyn Nieffenegger, Wanda Duncombe, Faye Tupper and Iris Stone; one son, James "Bud" Calkins; one brother, Truman Crossley; one sister, Vivian Henning; and a total of 223 grandchildren, great-grandchildren and great-great-grandchildren. She was preceded in death by her parents, her husband, Albert in 1965, four brothers, four sisters, four sons-in-law, seven children, four grandchildren and three great-grandchildren.

Funeral services will be conducted at 2 p.m. Monday, August 15 1994, at the Hagerman LDS Church by Bishop Matt Dalton. Burial will be at the Hagerman Cemetery. Friends may call from 4 to 7 p.m. Sunday at Demarays Gooding Chapel and from 1 p.m. until time of the service on Monday at the church.

EVELYN DORIS CALKINS



Evelyn

Evelyn Doris born..... 18 March 1920
Married 7 May 1939
To: Daniel Jones Nieffenegger..... 20 June 1913
Children:
Joseph Alan 22 October 1941
Nancy Louise 25 June 1944
Richard Albert 5 October 1945
Randolph Calkins 19 December 1947
Nicholas Ray 10 September 1951
Vendla Mary 12 December 1956

I was born 18 March 1920 at Spencer, Clark County, Idaho to Albert Horatio Calkins and Hannah Crossley Calkins. They were living there in a small house when I was born. Dad had homesteaded a piece of land at Humphry, Idaho where they built a log cabin. It was there my brother James Albert was born 19 January

1922. It was 40 degrees below that night. The doctor was late, so Dad delivered James. Later the doctor arrived, too late for the birth, but in time to congratulate Dad. Early on James acquired the nickname of “Buddy,” which he was known by until adult hood when he became known as “Bud.”

The winters were hard and the growing season in the summer was too short to raise a good garden, so the folks moved to Kimball, Idaho in 1924. While living there, Wanda Mary was born on 19 April 1924.

Dad’s maternal grandfather, Franklin Owen, owned a ranch on Henry’s Creek east of Idaho Falls. He couldn’t farm it anymore due to his health. He approached Dad and asked him to buy the ranch. No papers were signed as it was done on a handshake. The folks moved there in 1926. The growing season was a little longer. Dad was able to raise corn, potatoes, a garden, also hay and grain.

Faye Lucille was born on 19 April 1926. On 27 May Mother took a picture of the big snow storm. It was very deep.

I was eight years old so Mom had to move into Idaho Falls into an apartment to enroll me in school. Bud was six and was enrolled also, but he beat Mom home every day she took him. In desperation she gave up and let him stay home.

This situation lasted a short time. I got to go to Primary for the first time in my life. The girl who took me and I each got an all day sucker as I was her guest. I loved going every week for as long as we lived in the apartment.

Dad was not happy at the ranch without Mother so they took me to Basalt, Idaho where they had some friends with a girl my age. I lived with them and went to school until our family moved to Firth, Idaho. In January, Great Grandfather Owen died. Great Grandma Owen was not happy that Dad

had the ranch property. She wanted her eldest son, Frank to have it. This necessitated our move to Firth, in the winter of 1928. We moved into a basement house. We were enrolled in the grade school at Firth. I was in the first grade, as was Bud. Since I had attended school at Idaho Falls, and Basalt, Idaho, I could read, write, and color. I was promoted to the second grade.

It was a very cold winter. There was an epidemic of Spinal Meningitis. Several people died, but through Mother's care of packing my neck in ice for several days, I survived. She used the snow, of which there was plenty available.

One afternoon Mother sent me to get the neighbor lady to come help her. The snow was melting and the basement roof began leaking like a sieve. Dad arrived home just in time to have us all gather everything that would hold water to catch all of the drips. Then he hustled all of us off to bed. Later that night Iris Ann was born on 1 March 1929. She weighed in at four pounds.

We moved to Pocatello, Idaho in 1930 in time for Bud and me to enroll in school where I attended the 3rd grade. We spent the winter there. In the spring the folks packed all of their earthly possessions and five children into their little Whippet car and a small trailer and headed for Walla Walla, Washington. Dad found work in the truck gardens that early summer. He heard of a job available in Mt. Glen, Oregon, a little community near LaGrande. We moved there that fall where we attended school. I was in the fourth grade. We lived there that school year.

The next fall we headed for Nounan, Idaho where my maternal grandparents Joseph and Rhoda Crossley lived. On the way Mother went into labor. We made it as far as McCammon Idaho where Uncle Heber, Mother's brother lived. That night Joseph Albert was born. He only lived eleven hours. The first five of we children were all that lived. Mother gave birth to seven others over the next several years, one set of twin boys but none survived due to some health problems Mother had. We were very fortunate as a family of five children. We were able to live for many years, until Wanda died in April 2006 at age 82.

Wanda joined us to start first grade at Nounan. I was in the fifth grade. On my birthday, in March our parents came to get us and took us to the Beautiful Hagerman Valley in Idaho We lived there long enough for me to finish sixth grade. At that time they moved the family to Bliss, Idaho where we lived for four years.

In 1935 they moved back to a farm at Hagerman, Idaho. I finished high school there



Dan and Evelyn

graduating in 1939. I was the first member of our family to complete high school.

Two weeks before graduation I married Daniel Jones Nieffenegger, a brother of one of my classmates, Jessie Nieffenegger. We made our home on the Minnie Miller ranch on an island in the Snake River. This was where our first son, Joseph Alan was born 22 October 1941.

The war came along changing our lives. Dan went to work in the magnesium mines in Luning, Nevada. Before leaving he moved me into my parents home at Hagerman.

Mother and Dad both went to work at a war plant in Bremerton, Washington. I stayed in their home until Dan returned from Nevada to operate Dad's farm and milk the cows. We lived there until the war ended and then moved into the other house on the farm. On 25 June 1944 Nancy Louise joined our family, and fifteen months later Richard Albert arrived on 5 October 1945. He had some health problems that took his life on 14 October 1946.

In November of that year we moved to the Tom O'Neal Ranch south of Wendell, Idaho where we lived for twenty three years. Randolph Calkins joined our family there on 19 December 1947. Four years later we were joined by another son, Nicholas Rayon 10 September 1951. Our family became complete when Vendla Mary joined us on 12 December 1956.

Dan was diagnosed with cancer of the larynx early in 1967. After treatments in Boise, Idaho he couldn't farm any longer. We sold out in 1967. Dan took a job less demanding than farming, at Hallwood, California. We lived there for three years before the cancer returned.

After spending several months and two surgeries in Salt Lake City in 1970 we came back to California where he died on 17 July 1970. He was buried in the Hagerman Valley cemetery in Hagerman Idaho. I remained in California for another year.



*Nancy, Evelyn, Dan and Alan
Vendla, Randy and Nick*



Dan and Evelyn

My family wanted me to move back to Idaho so we could be together. As a result my sister Faye and husband Bob Tupper, came to Marysville and moved me back to Idaho. I worked in my sister Faye's fabric shop in Twin Falls, Idaho until my new home was finished at Wendell Idaho.

An opportunity for employment came at the Farmer's National Bank at Wendell, Idaho. I was hired as a teller. I worked for five years during which time I met and married Lee Davis from Fairfield, Idaho. We were married for twenty years and were divorced in 1993.

I led a 4-H Club for fifteen years at Wendell and two years in California. Over the years I worked as a part time florist. After I moved to Wendell, I opened my own flower shop, built in the basement of my home. I was 58 years old when I opened it for business in May 1978. I was able to operate it for 9 years. I sold it in 1987

In 1994, I was called to serve a Family History Mission in Salt Lake City. I served four missions over the next ten years. One in the Church Office Building, one at Granite Mountain Records Vault, and two in the Joseph Smith Building in Records Processing.

I had some health problems in 2006, at which time I was brought to Hermiston, Oregon where I lived with our eldest daughter, Nancy for six months. My health problems ended me in Sacred Heart Hospital in Spokane Washington, where they did a Triple Abdominal Aorta surgery. Afterwards the doctors told my family that they had grabbed me back from the jaws of death, which would give me many more years of productive life. They did a good job for me. I celebrated my 88th birthday in March 2008.

After the surgery they moved me to Kennewick, Washington, where I live with my youngest daughter Vendla and her husband Kerry, in an apartment they built for me in their new home. My son Alan married Lucy Huffacker (deceased) and he has three children, seven grandchildren and three great-grandchildren. Nancy is married to Dean Iveson and they have four children and nine grandchildren. Randy is married to Janice Nebeker and they have five children and thirteen



*Family Reunion in Idaho - Faye, Evelyn
and Wanda - 1997*

grandchildren. Nick is married to Linda Hooker and they have two children and two grandchildren. Vendla is married to Kerry Karlson and they have three children and five grandchildren. The total is seventeen grandchildren, thirty-eight great grand children, and 2 great-great grandchildren. My health is good. I am feeling very well. I am able to attend my church meetings. I'm a Visiting Teacher, and Coordinator for district 3 and 4 in Visiting Teaching in Relief Society. I belong to a great Family Home Evening Group that meets every week.

The hardest battle I have ever fought has been to accept the fact that I have grown old—that I can't do the many things I have always been able to do.

Evelyn died 18 November 2008 and is buried in the Hagerman cemetery.

JAMES ALBERT CALKINS

James Albert (Bud) . . . 19 January 1922

Married Lois Slane 1946. (Div)

James Albert, Jr . . . 23 December 1946

Married 1960

To: Louise Dickerson Laughlin.

Her children:

Jerry Ray Laughlin.. 20 November 1947

Roger Gene Laughlin.. 8 February 1949

Renie Louise Laughlin.. 12 March 1950

Linda Ann Laughlin. 31 December 1952

Craig Jay Laughlin. . . 8 February 1954

Our Children:

Dana Wayne Calkins . . . 13 April 1961

Julie Dee Calkins 2 June 1962



Louise and Bud

I was born 19 January 1922 to Albert and Hannah (Crossley) Calkins at Humphrey Idaho where my Dad worked for the railroad. The folks started to call me "Buddy" when I was just little and it stuck with me for many years. When I was eighteen months old my mother was caring for a sick woman who lived by the railroad tracks. I crawled out onto the tracks about the time a freight train came along. I was right in the middle of the tracks and the cow catcher on the front of the train hit me on the forehead knocking me out. My right foot was thrown up onto the rail as the train ran over it mangling it badly. The railroad doctor wanted to cut my foot off, but my folks took me to Soda Springs to Dr. Kackley who tried to save it. It lasted until I was 25 years old and then I had to have it amputated. We seemed to move around a lot. I remember living at Coltman, Idaho and then moving to a place on Henry's Creek sixteen miles from Idaho Falls, then to Firth, Idaho where we stayed about a year. The next place I can remember living was Pocatello where dad drove a city bus. I started school there.

The depression was just starting and things were real hard, but Mom and Dad always kept us fed. When we left there, Dad started shearing sheep and we traveled around to where ever there was work. We lived in Oregon and Washington and then back to Nounan, Idaho where Grandma and Grandpa Crossley lived. I attended the third grade there. I remember lots of snow and that we rode to school in a sheep wagon set on a bob sled.

To keep us warm they had a little stove up front in the school bus. We attended the same school our Mother went to when she was young.

In about 1931 we moved to Hagerman where I attended the fourth grade. Dad worked for the Abbott Sheep company that winter. We moved to Bliss where I went to school for four years. Dad owned a threshing machine. I started working with him when I was about 12 years old. We eventually settled in Hagerman where the folks bought a ranch. I attended high school until about 1938 and worked on the ranch. I worked at many odd jobs around.

In 1946 I married Lois Slane. We had one son, Jim. Lois and I divorced in 1954. I went to work driving sheep trucks for Pugmires. In 1956 I started Barber School in Boise. I graduated in 1957 and went to work at a barber shop in Buhl which I eventually bought and I barbered there for seventeen years.

In 1960 I married Louise Dickerson Laughlin. She had five children. Then we had two of our own, Dana and Julie. We lived in Hagerman until 1974 when we moved Fairfield. We bought a house and a barber shop on Main Street. I barbered part time and ran a Sinclair gas delivery service. In 1979 we bought a house and five acres at Corral. We lived there until 1996. I loved hunting, fishing, and camping. My favorite camping spot was Big Smokey where we spent many fun weekends with family and friends. In later years we enjoyed going to Hells Canyon and Little Wood Reservoir where we made many good friends.

I also loved working with wood. I made many gun stocks, and violins. For many years Louise and I played with The Old Time Fiddlers. We played at all of the nursing homes and Senior Citizens Centers, even a few funerals. I also did some metal work helping to make several carousel fire places.



*Back row: Julie Calkins, Craig Laughlin, Dana Calkins, Jim Calkins,
Roger Laughlin,
Front row: Bud, Louise, Renie Parish, Linda Mccammon, Jerry Laughlin*

WANDA MARY CALKINS

Wanda Mary Calkins born 19 April 1924
Married 25 December 1941
To: Ivan Leonard Akers..... (Div)
Children:
James Russell 3 February 1947
Wallace Eugene 10 January 1948
Hanna Louise 6 June 1949
Orval Everett 3 June 1950
Mildred Claudine 30 July 1953
Anita Arlene..... 22 February 1955
Married: Gerald Jesse Duncombe. 15 July 1960

I was born in Napello, Idaho, near Blackfoot, Bingham County on 19 April 1924, the third child of Albert Horatio and Hanna Crossley Calkins. We moved to Hagerman, Idaho in 1933 where I attended grade school and Hagerman High School but did not graduate.

I married Ivan Leonard Akers in Hagerman on 25 December 1941. When World War II started, Ivan enlisted in the army and was sent to Tennessee. Ivan was soon sent overseas and was at several different battles including the Battle of the Twin Cities. While he was overseas, I worked as a telephone operator, then as a “Rosie Riveter” on fixed-wing aircraft.

In 1947, we moved back to Hagerman and bought a sixty acre farm. James Russell (Rusty) was born 3 February 1947, followed by Wallace Eugene 10 January 1948, Hanna Louise 6 June 1949 and Orval Everet 3 June 1950. Mildred Claudine (Micci) was born 30 July 1953 followed by Anita Arlene 22 February 1955.

In December 1950 our house burned down and we lost everything. Another one was built on the same site.

In 1957, Ivan got a job working on the Hell’s Canyon Dam in Halfway, Oregon and we moved there. I took a job in a small café cooking and waitressing. Ivan and I were divorced 28 May 1958. I continued to work at the café in Hell’s Canyon. At that time my children went to live at my parent’s farm in Hagerman. I found work closer to home to the Rimview Café in Bliss, Idaho. I met my



Wanda



Wanda and Ivan

future husband Gerry there, as he had come down from Canada to visit his brother Dave who owned the Rimview.

I married Gerald Jesse Duncombe 15 July 1960 in Elko, Nevada. We were sealed in the Idaho Falls Temple 16 April 1966. We continued to farm and raise livestock for the next ten years. While Gerry and the kids took care of things on the farm, I worked as a bartender at the Y Inn in Bliss and also as a cook for the Brailsford sheep camp in Hagerman and then the Garro sheep camp in Rupert.

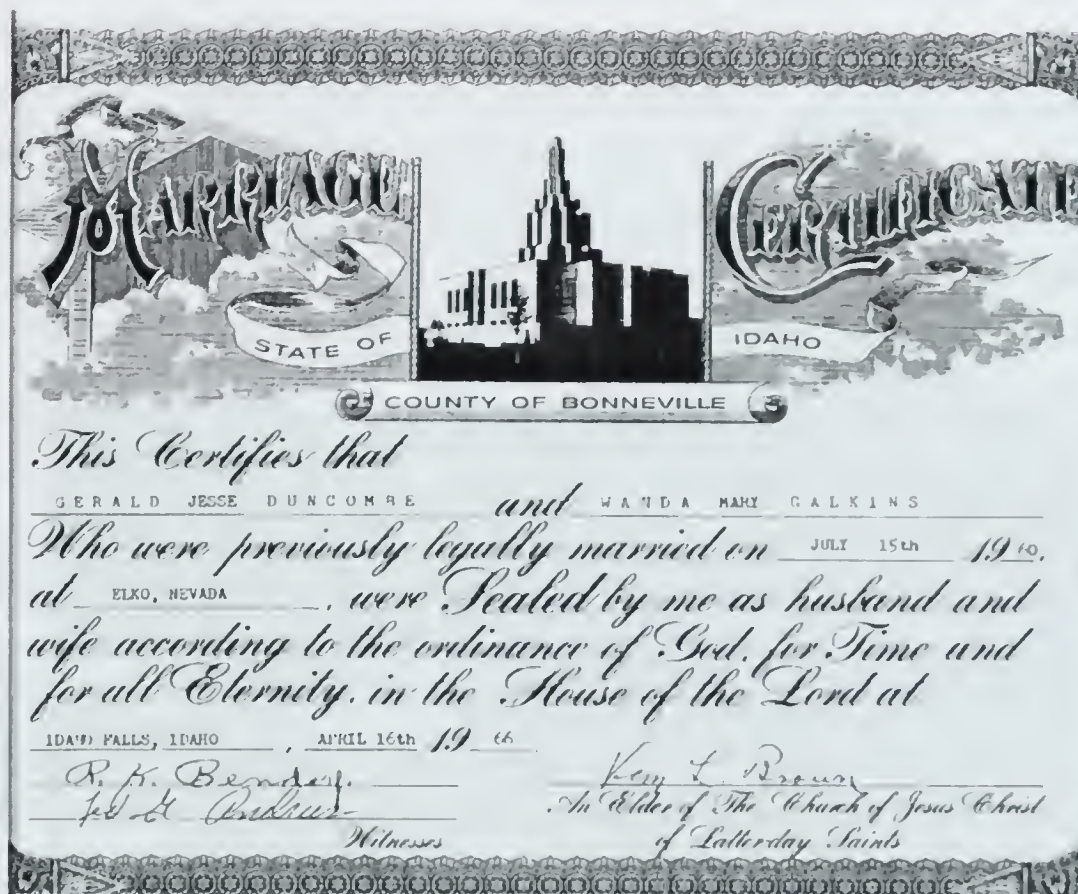
In 1966, Rusty was called on an LDS Church mission to California. I started baking and decorating wedding cakes to help support his efforts. It turned into a business of sorts and I ended up making quite a few wedding cakes for friends and family.



Russell, Wally, Hanna,
Orval, Micci, and Anita

lot of hard work. I was site manager there from 1978 to 1987.

Also in 1978, Gerry's health had declined. He was bedridden until his death 10 January 1980. My friend, Tim Anchustegi, helped immensely with Gerry's care as I wasn't able to lift him. Tim continued to live with me until his death 11 October 1995.



Through the years we sold parcels of the original sixty acre farm and in 1967 we subdivided the remaining nineteen and a half acres.

On 10 August 1975, my second son, Wallace Eugene died in a fatal car accident on the Tupper Grade in Hagerman. It was a devastating loss for me.

In 1978, I started the first Senior Citizen Center in Hagerman. Our first meals were served out of the Grange Hall. We soon had our own building, bought and paid for through craft sales and fairs and a

Around 1990, I went into a partnership with my cousin, Aura Jeppson, making quilts on a quilting machine. I developed macular degeneration and sadly had to stop quilting and sewing.

Through my life, I have been Relief Society president, Primary and Sunday school teacher, 4-H leader, and a member of the Women's Auxiliary of the American Legion. I loved crafting, sewing and cooking.

At this time I have fourteen grandchildren and eleven great-grandchildren.



Iris, Evelyn and Wanda at a Family Reunion in Idaho

Wanda passed away 16 April 2006. She is survived by five children, James Russell Akers, Orval Everet Akers, Hanna Louise (Akers) Vermaas, Mildred Claudine (Akers) Aubrey and Anita Arlene (Akers) Heeling. Also survived by one brother, James Albert Calkins and three sisters, Evelyn Nieffenegger, Faye Lucille Tupper and Iris Ann Stone.

FAYE LUCILLE CALKINS

Faye Lucille Calkins born..... 19 April 1926
Married 24 February 1942
To: Robert (Bob) Tupper. 28 January 1920
Children:
Elwyn Albert 18 March 1943
Michael Robert 28 November 1946
Jeffrey George 2 December 1951
Rebecca Lucille. 22 August 1955
David John 4 June 1959

I was born 19 April 1926 to Hannah and Albert H. Calkins in the hospital at Idaho Falls, Idaho. I was the fourth child and third daughter in the family. We moved to Hagerman, Idaho in 1930 or 1931. I have lived the rest of my life in Hagerman, except for three years that we lived at Bliss, Idaho, about nine miles north of Hagerman. I married Robert Tupper on 24 February 1942 in Burley, Idaho and moved about one mile away to the Tupper home where we have since resided.

We bought the original Tupper home from Bob’s family, where I still reside. We were farmers and Grade A dairymen. We raised all of our family here in the same house. In 2000, due to Bob’s inability to climb stairs, we put a modular home on Billingsley Creek. We had it made all handicap accessible so we could function on our own. Bob passed away on 2 May 2005, due to kidney failure and diabetes inherited from his father’s family.

We sold our home place to our son, David. He has developed the spring water on the place into a business named “Hagerman Valley Spring Water” HVSW for short. He delivers all over the Magic Valley as well as Boise Valley.

I am a Christian and my children are also. I accepted Jesus as my Lord and Savior years ago. I love my Lord and Savior, who gave up His life on the cross so I could be forgiven of my sins and be a member of His family. He really is my



Faye



Faye and Bob

source of peace, strength and comfort. I am very active in our church as a Sunday school teacher to adults and young people. I sing in the choir and play in the bell choir. My life is very full and rewarding. To be a servant for my Lord and Savior is the focus of my life. Bob received the Lord as Savior three months before he passed away. What a total blessing for his family.

Bob, with our family farmed and milked cows for Grade A Dairy. We started in 1949 and sold the dairy in 1972. We purchased the Sew and Save Fabric Shop in Twin Falls, Idaho. We sold it in 1978 due to Bob's ill health.

I had always wanted to be a nurse, so at the age of fifty-four I enrolled in the practical nursing program at the College of Southern Idaho in Twin Falls and became a nurse. I was Student of the year for the State of Idaho in 1980. I worked at the Magic Valley Hospital until 1 January 1991, when I required back surgery. After some recovery time I was employed by a nursing service to go into the home and help with care. I really did Hospice care entirely. It seemed as though my patients always expired on my shift. It always gave me an opportunity to share God's love and mercy to them. In 1996, I started nursing at the Magic Valley Nursing Home. My Mother, Hannah Calkins was a patient there and I thought if I worked there she would be more satisfied. But, I got hooked in the process. I found this was a real place of ministry for me. I worked there for five years and retired to care for my ailing husband.



David, Rebecca, Faye, Jeffrey, Michael, and Elwyn

I have a wonderful, caring family and I enjoy visits with my sister, Evelyn and Iris and my only brother, James Albert (Bud).

We raised five healthy, wonderful children from whom we gained thirteen grandchildren and twenty-three great grandchildren. My children are all within driving distance and I enjoy visits with daughters-in-law, grandchildren and great grandchildren.

Elwyn is married to Rita Koepnick and they have two children and five grandchildren. Michael is married to Frances Clayborn and they have three children and ten grandchildren. Jeffrey is married to Kristy Elliott and they have four children and four grandchildren. Becky has one daughter and two grandchildren. David is married to Becci Morris and they have three children and two grandchildren.

IRIS ANN CALKINS

Iris Ann born. 1 March 1929
Married 19 January 1947
To: Kenneth Neil Slane 29 September 1923
Children:
Kenneth Neil Jr. 13 January 1948
Anna Marie. 25 March 1950
Patricia Kay. 11 August 1955
Anita Colleen. 8 June 1958
Connie Cathleen 19 November 1960
Married. 15 January 1975
To: John Ellis Stone. 29 January 1915



Iris

I was born in Firth, Idaho to Hannah Crossley and Albert Horatio Calkins. I was the fifth child, and the fourth girl. We lived in a basement house and Mom said that it was raining and the roof leaked. I guess the doctor never thought I would make it since I was six weeks early, and only weighed four pounds. He never recorded my birth so I didn't have a birth certificate until a few years ago.

My earliest memories are of living in a large two story house in Hagerman. I remember Uncle Bill and Aunt Mabel visiting with us there. I think it was in the winter. I don't remember moving, but my next memories are of living in a big rock house not too far from Bliss, Idaho. There was a big cherry tree in the front yard and I spent a lot of time playing under it. I know I loved the big black cherries.

I started school in Bliss and I guess I wasn't very happy about going to school, because when they let us out for recess I wouldn't go back in. Instead I would go to the front of the school and stand in front of the basement windows and look at Evelyn in the study hall and cry until they would send her out to take me back to my classroom. I'm sure she would like to have whopped me a good one, but I don't remember her even scolding me. I'm sure it must have been very embarrassing for her.

We moved to Hagerman in the middle of that year and I went to grade school there. I had gotten used to school by them and they didn't have to bring me back in at recess. When I was in the third grade we moved to a farm east of Hagerman where Dad farmed and milked cows. I really liked

it there and have many good memories of family coming to visit, especially when fishing season and hunting season opened. We lived there until Mom and Dad bought the farm next to us.

We moved into the house that was there and Mom as usual went to work cleaning and remodeling. She was a whiz with a hammer and saw. It didn't take long until we had it pretty comfortable. We still had the old outhouse though, and it got pretty cold in the winter. Mom had made a room for a bathroom, but it didn't get finished. The Second World War was going on and Mom went to Chehallis, Washington to learn to be a welder in the shipyard. Dad went later and they both worked in the Kaiser Shipyard in Vancouver, Washington. I really missed them.

After I graduated from the eighth grade Mom took me back to Vancouver with her. I started the ninth grade there in a school where there were twelve hundred students and we went to school in shifts. I was glad I had the morning shift. It was a real experience for some one who had left a class of twenty five students and had only had one teacher at a time. I survived though, and learned to manage. I was glad when Dad came though.

We stayed in Vancouver until January, and Mom said we had enough money saved to build a new house on the ranch. I was really glad to come home and be with my old classmates. It was during my Junior year that I met Neil Slane. He was a brother to Bud's wife Lois. He was home on leave from the Coast Guard and we dated a few times. He was special, but his leave was short. The next time I saw him, he had been discharged from the service. He came down to show me the car he had bought.

We began dating and in the middle of my Senior year we decided to get married. I finished school and graduated with my class in 1947. Neil and his brothers had bought a general store in Bliss, but through mismanagement they lost it. Our son Kenny was born in January of 1948, and when he was three months old we moved to Albion, Idaho where Neil started school on the GI Bill. He completed two and a half years there in education.

In March of 1950 our daughter Marie was born. Neil decided to teach school on a provisional certificate and we moved to Bliss again, where he taught seventh and eighth grades. I drove school bus and stayed home. Neil always said he didn't marry me to put me to work. In 1953 we moved to King Hill where he taught in the junior high school. In the summers he worked in the mountains logging, or for the forest service. Our daughter Patti was born while we were living there.



Iris in a formal made by Mom

Neil worked for the forest service in the summer of 1957 and then we moved to Pocatello, Idaho, where he taught school and completed his BA degree. It was here that our daughter Colleen was born in 1958. Being in love with the mountains and the fishing and hunting that went with it, he took a job teaching in Challis, Idaho. He also worked for the Forest Service in the summer and I kept house. "He Didn't Marry Me to Put Me to Work." While we were living in Challis our last daughter, Connie was born. In 1962 we were on the move again. Neil had accepted a teaching job in Jerome, Idaho.

This is where we bought our first home. I really thought we had settled down at last. Neil was going to school in Bozeman, Montana during the summers to become a reading specialist. He was offered a job in Hagerman to work in the learning center where he developed an individualized reading program for grades K through 12. It was in the fall of 1968 while he was hunting that he was killed in a hunting accident. He had told me that was the last time he was going to school without me and the kids. I asked him what he thought I was going to do while he went to school and he said, "You can go too. You would be a good librarian."

So this was why I ended up in Pocatello, buying a home and enrolling in college. I attended and graduated from Idaho State University, and was working in the school when I met John Stone. We were married in January of 1975, and we combined our families. In 1980 after Connie was going to college we moved to Jerome and lived in the home Neil and I had bought. I was too late to be hired for a teaching job, so I substituted in the Jerome school. Not my favorite thing to do.

I started working in the Tupperware plant in September of 1981 and substituted until January when Connie got married. By then I was vested in profit sharing and had good insurance so instead of taking the Kindergarten job I was offered I stayed with Tupperware for ten years. In 1987 they told us they were going to close our Jerome plant and we could transfer to Virginia or South Carolina. John and I decided on South Carolina, so we packed up and moved.

While we were in the south, John had a stroke. He spent three months in rehab and was able to get around pretty good. We were able to travel around and visit a lot of Civil War places that we



Iris, Marie, Lynda, Mykenna

had only been able to read about, see on TV or the movies. We had a very good ward in Florence, and attended regularly. We were able to go to the Atlanta Temple, and John went several times with the Temple bus when I couldn't go. We made many good friends there and hated to leave them, but Idaho and our families were calling us back.

When we returned home I went to work at C S I in Twin Falls as a Vista Co-ordinator working with the Adult Basic Education setting up classes for people to get their high school diplomas and also tutoring, and setting up classes for English as a second language. I worked for them for five years and quit the year after John passed away.

Since then I have worked as a granny nanny, (a nanny for grannies), served a Family History Mission in Salt Lake, served as an ordinance worker in the Boise Idaho Temple, worked ten years as a Field Interviewer for a national survey on drug use and health, which I am still doing, and am currently serving in the Twin Falls Temple as an ordinance worker. Guess that about sums up my life.

At this time I have thirteen grandchildren and ten great grand children. Not bad for some one who is 29 years old. It's a great age.



*Marie, Kenneth, Colleen,
Patti, Iris and Connie*

EDNA MAY CALKINS



Edna May Calkins

Edna May born. 12 April 1900
Married. 2 December 1916
To: James McMurtrie Stagner..... 21 April 1887
Children:
Mary May. 18 December 1918
Vera Rose. 8 November 1920
James Ray..... 1 December 1923
William Orson..... 1 April 1926
Anna Clarice..... 16 December 1928

Memories of My Mother by Anna Clarice Stagner

My mother was the third child and the first of nine girls born in a family of eleven children to Orson Booker and Mary Elizabeth Owen Calkins. She was born in Ammon, Idaho in her great grandparent’s home. Her great grandfather Owen built this home out of sandstone that he cut and moved to the site, himself. Shortly after Edna was

born, they moved to Gray’s Lake, Idaho where her father worked with his father, Horatio Palmer Calkins raising sheep. After Horatio passed away, they moved back to Ammon and then to Grace, Idaho where they lived until 1913. This information is according to the memory of my oldest sister Mary May Stagner Street.

I have very few memories of my early childhood, but let’s go down *Memory Lane*. My Mother and Father were such wonderful, kind, caring, loving, people—always helping everyone. My parents would drop everything to help a neighbor or anyone in need. My Mother brought many babies into this world and helped the mother until she could manage on her own. They were very respected and loved in our community; they were hard working people, who never had a lot, but shared everything they had.

I only knew love. I never heard



Vera Rose, Anna Clarice, Mary May,
Edna, James Ray and Jim

my parents argue or yell. If they did, it was never in front of us children. I grew up thinking all families were like ours.

I loved my Mother's touch! We were taught to never interrupt during conversation. When we had company I would quietly stand by my Mother and she would put her arm around me. Sometimes she'd pat my leg or run her hand down my leg. I can still feel her touch. My precious, gentle parents! I called my Daddy "Gentle Ben", because he was. My sweet, warm, cuddly Mother could "fix" everything. We may have been poor, but we were truly rich.

Mother was a wonderful cook and a beautiful seamstress. She made all of my clothes until junior high level (usually from "hand me downs.") I was dressed as well as, or better than, any of the girls in town. She made dance costumes for a local tap dance studio and she'd let me do hand stitching on the decorations of many of the costumes. There I found my love for sewing and embroidery work. She was talented in crocheting and knitting and also tatting. Those talents I did not pursue, much to my sorrow.

I do have memories of riding on a train twice, once as a very small child and later as an adult. My Grandma and Grandpa Calkins lived in Soda Springs, Idaho and later in the Meridian area. My Grandma had major surgery and my Mother went to take care of her, so, as the "baby" I went along. Mother bought me a tiny celluloid doll (4-6 inches long) to take on the train ride. I remember that train ride and the doll clearly. Uncle Bill's family lived in the big farm house and Grandma and Grandpa lived in the "converted" garage. It was winter and very cold and icy and my Mother fell down, VERY HARD, on the ice. Years later, she was diagnosed with Multiple Sclerosis. My husband and I took her to UCLA Hospital and the doctors told us that fall could have triggered the M.S. that eventually took her life in 1966.

My next clear memory was about the time Daddy developed our property and built our home on West 16th Street. My sisters, Mary and Vera were married so my Brother Ray and I were the only ones left at home. I was in grade school at this time. Daddy had purchased five lots and developed three lots for us and later built a new house for my grandparents on the other two lots and moved them to Idaho Falls. I loved having them live by us!

Daddy bought a HUGE garage, that housed four large trucks. He had this structure and a small building moved to our property. The small building became my "play house." The small building had stored dynamite so it was very sturdy. We lived in this two story structure the first winter. The snow blew in through the cracks. It was so cold! Our only door was a huge sliding door at the rear of the building.

That winter, Daddy's sister Mary Hyde chose to come for a visit. She lived in Toledo, Ohio. That was the first time we met. Our heat consisted of a coal burning, "Hot Blast" pot belly stove. During this time our laundry had to be dried indoors. One line was near the stove and Aunt Mary's "bloomers" fell on the stove! Thanks to Mother's quick reflexes, she retrieved them in time, but "Hot Blast" was singed into the fabric. I really thought that was funny! (Auntie DID NOT!)

By summer my parents decided not to continue building the two story house, since our family was small and heating would have been a major expense. Daddy planned on lowering the

roof, which he did, and that very day there was a “cloud burst.” There was two feet of water running through the building with furniture standing in all that water. The last weather like that had been over twenty years before. Our wonderful friends and neighbors came with brooms and help and swept water out over and over again.

This same time, my parents had allowed me to have my girl friend from Shelley come to spend a week with me. Of course, this was a great adventure for us. The only dry place was my play house. At night we girls slept down in the basement (cellar) with tarpaulins over, in case it rained again. We looked up at a million stars through the open roof. It was beautiful! I can’t even imagine what my dear parents were going through at that time.

In time, Daddy made a lovely home for us. Hard work and no money during depression times. But we loved our home. I didn’t know we were poor. We had full tummies and clean, warm beds and lots of love. In reality, we were rich!

Later that same year, our school class had planned an ice skating party after school and we passed within a block of our home. I ran on home, left my school work, picked up my skates and rejoined them, just in time to hear the lawyer’s daughter say, “See that big green barn. That’s Anna’s house.” That was the first time I felt I was different—not wealthy like her. Ironically, she grew up and married my husband’s nephew.

I loved having my grandparents nearby. Grandpa called me “Punkin seed” and “Doodle bug.” My Daddy called me “Sweetheart” and he was never harsh with me. Mother would give me “the look.” That’s all it took.

Daddy was building Mother new kitchen cabinets and my Grandpa was helping. I was told **NOT** to run through the kitchen. You guessed it. I ran, slipped on the saw dust and fell, landing on a board with a nail sticking up and ran the nail through my hand. Grandpa and Daddy pulled the board and nail off my hand. Mother treated the wound and as always, she made it all better. I should have been spanked because I did not pay attention.

After the new cabinets, Daddy built a new flour bin “built in.” So the big old flour bin was moved out to the back porch and immediately it became a new place to play. With blankets inside, Daddy would lift me up and put me inside with my favorite wooden mouse and my “holly hock” dolls. Many happy hours were spent in that old flour bin. With my brother being five years older than me, I played mostly by myself, using my imagination. Mother showed me how to make holly hock dolls out of the flowers. The full flower and the stem was the big skirt. The bud made the head (which fit on the stem.) A bud, partly open became the hat. They were beautiful and I would



Orson, Edna and Mary

play for hours with them. They would wilt and so the next day I made all new ones. Such fun!

Behind our house, at the lower end of the property, a creek ran year-round. It was called Crow Creek. Frozen, we ice skated on it all winter and it was great fun to play in during the summer. Daddy would always build us a fire near the creek and let us cook potatoes on the coals. They were yummy (gritty coals and all!)

The neighbors called me "Queen Ann of Crow Creek." I danced and sang for them whenever they asked. One year they broke my heart! It was Christmas time and they told me there was no Santa and said to watch my parents and I would see them put the gifts under the tree. I went home crying and Mother comforted me. Christmas was never the same. I never danced or sang for them again. When similar things happened to my children and they asked me, I'd ask them what they believed. I told them Santa was the "spirit" of Christmas, but the true meaning of Christmas was the birth of Jesus and the act of "giving" not "receiving." It worked for us.

During these years I received my first pair of "shoe" ice skates. They were figure skates, white leather, lined with pink fur inside. They were beautiful and I was in heaven! You would have thought I was Sonja Henie! I learned to figure skate and loved it! I skated all winter and had to walk miles to do this. We never owned a car while I was at home. I would walk many blocks to and then through the cemetery, and then on to Tautphaus Park., then through the park to a huge log building that was flooded and frozen for ice skating. There was a HUGE stone fire place in the rink, large enough for several of us to stand inside, to warm up. I never got tired. I could have skated forever. I would skate until I HAD to go home. Then I'd run home, scared to death to go through the cemetery. I was told to be home before dark and I would squeeze every bit of daylight I could and make it home just in time, because Mom meant what she said. I finally gave my skates away when our two youngest were in junior high school. Ironically, my husband first saw me skating and told his friend, "That is the girl I'm going to marry." Mother made my only two skating costumes. They were lovely. During the summer Ray and I rode bikes and roller skated, also. I received my only bicycle which was new and I was so proud of that bike and took very good care of it. My brother worked hard to earn money to pay for his used bike, so I felt I was a very lucky girl!

Daddy also made me a wooden swing in our tree and I certainly "flew" miles and miles in the air in that swing. Things were so simple then and so appreciated. During my childhood, I never came home to an empty house. My Mother was always there, interested in how my day had been at school and always had homemade goodies to eat. Happy Days !

I was twenty years old when Jack and I were married. He was my only love. Mother and Jack were really good friends. We were honored when my parents allowed us to be married on their 32nd anniversary. Daddy had given Mother a pink sapphire solitaire for her engagement ring in 1916. It had long ago worn through and the stone was out of the mounting. Since we were young, starting out and without money, we didn't want to go in debt for a ring. So we had an idea—get a ring with a similar stone like Mother's. Then we would have her ring re-mounted in the same mounting like mine and present it to her on their anniversary and our wedding day. It was a good idea and they

were surprised and thrilled and very pleased at our thoughtfulness. Mother wore her ring thereafter. I have since given my; ring to our oldest granddaughter at her bridal shower. She was deeply moved by the gesture. Mother's ring went to Mary after Mom passed away. When Mary passed away, my niece returned Mother's ring to me—a full circle.

My siblings would tell me they would ask Daddy to tell them about our baby brother, William Orson. He was stillborn. He was a very big baby weighing thirteen pounds. Our mother was very small only 5 foot 2 inches. She almost died giving birth. Daddy would say the baby was laid to rest in a size two year old dress and how beautiful he was. This must have been devastating for our parents.

I remember being told another story about my sister Mary. She was around two years old. Mary always begged Daddy to take her up in the hayloft when he fed the cattle. Finally, he relented and he sat her down and told her to sit still and not move. She did not mind. She fell thru the loft into the manger below. It damaged her nervous system for her whole life.

I was told that my sister Vera was born sickly. She was always real tiny. I remember a picture of her when she was two years old. She was standing in the yard by a very large cat and she wasn't much taller than the cat. I loved my sisters deeply and miss them very much.

I adored my brother Ray and followed him everywhere which annoyed him so much—the little sister tagging along. One year he let me help him deliver papers on his paper route. I felt so important and tried to do a really good job. One night I fell into a hole in the backyard of a customer's house. No one would help when we called so he pulled me out by my head. The next day we went back and learned that it was a “cess pool.” I could have died if I had dropped all the way in. Ray saved my life. He was my “Hero!” I loved him and I know he loved me too. I miss him terribly, also.

Mother and Daddy were married just short of their 50th Anniversary when they were taken to heaven in 1966. Daddy passed away 27 March 1966 and Mother joined him 26 May 1966. I felt my world had ended. Everything that had made me “Me,” was gone. Now I know as a Christian, “To be absent from the body is to be present with the Lord.” I know we will all be together again someday.



Five Generations: Garry James Street, Mary May Stagner Street, Edna May Calkins Stagner, Mary Elizabeth Owen Calkins and Lucinda Elizabeth Rawson Owen

Mother and Daddy must be rejoicing at all the legacy. I do hope that I showed them and told them how much I loved and admired them as often as I should. These thoughts I leave for my posterity; cherish your loved ones and never let a day go by without letting them know how much you love them. Don't let them leave this earth without knowing that love.

Mary May died December 28, 2003

Vera Rose died March 1986

William Orson died..... April 1, 1926

James Ray died March 9, 1975

I, Anna Clarice Stagner Everett, am the only one of my siblings still living.

From the Post Register, Idaho Falls, Idaho

JAMES STAGNER DIES AT 79

James M. Stagner, 79, long-time railroad man, died Sunday afternoon [March 27, 1966] at a local hospital of an extended illness.

He was born April 21, 1887, at Saleda, Colo., the son of William and Elizabeth McMurtrey Stagner. He received his education at Saleda and Waterville, Colo. His parents died when he was 14 and he lived with an aunt. He served as a laundryman at Longmont, Colo., before coming to Soda Springs. On Dec. 2, 1916, he married Edna Calkins at Pocatello. The marriage was later solemnized in the Idaho Falls LDS Temple Aug. 5, 1955.

They moved to Monida, Mont., where they lived for six years and then, when employed by the railroad, lived at Spencer, Dubois and Idaho Falls, retiring from the railroad in 1964.

Mr. Stagner is survived by his widow, three daughters and one son. Mrs. Ray (Mary) Street, Idaho Falls; Mrs. T. C. (Vera) Neville, Imperial Beach, Calif.; Mrs. Jack (Anna) Everett, Fallbrook, Calif.; and J. Ray Stagner, Bountiful, Utah; 17 grandchildren and six great-grandchildren and a sister, Mrs. Mary Hyde, Toledo, Ohio.

Funeral Services will be held Thursday at 1 p.m. at the Wood Chapel of the Pines, Bishop Howard Kay Chandler of the LDS 6th Ward officiating.

The family will meet friends from 7-9 p.m. Wednesday evening and from 12 noon Thursday until time of services at the Wood Chapel of the Pines.

Interment will be in the Fielding Memorial Park under the direction of the Wood Funeral Home.

EDNA STAGNER SUCCUMBS AT 66

Mrs. Edna Calkins Stagner, 66, died Sunday [May 26, 1966] at a local hospital following an extended illness. She was born April 12, 1900, at Ammon, a daughter of Orson B. and Mary Elizabeth Owen Calkins.

As a child she lived in Gray's Lake, Grace and Soda Springs, Idaho, where she received her elementary education. She married James M. Stagner at Pocatello on December 2, 1916. The marriage was solemnized later in the Idaho Falls LDS Temple.

Following their marriage, she and her husband resided in Soda Springs where he farmed. Later they moved to Spencer where Mr. Stagner ranched and then was employed by the railroad. In 1930, they moved to Idaho Falls where Mr. Stagner worked for the railroad. He preceded Mrs. Stagner in death March 27, 1966.

Mrs. Stagner was an active member of the LDS church and served as a teacher in the primary and MIA auxiliaries. She also was a visiting teacher for the Relief Society for many years.

She is survived by four daughters and one son: Mrs. Ray (Mary) Street, Idaho Falls; Mrs. T.C. (Vera) Neville, Imperial Beach, Calif; Mrs. Jack (Anna) Everett, Fallbrook, Calif., and J. Ray Stagner, Bountiful, Utah; 17 grandchildren, 6 great-grandchildren; five sister, Mrs. Dewey (Pearl) Skinner, Twin Falls; Mrs. Fred (Clarice) Larson, Idaho Falls; Mrs. Grace Cox, Long Beach, Calif.; Mrs. John (Lenora) Piper, Boise, and Mrs. Leon (Minnie) Poorman, Idaho Falls, and one brother, William O. Calkins, Meridian.

Funeral services will be conducted Saturday, 2 p.m., at Wood's Chapel of the Pines, with Bishop Howard Kay Chandler, of the LDS Sixth Ward, officiating.

Friends may call at the Wood Funeral Home Friday evening from 7 until 9, and on Saturday from 1 p.m. until time of service. Interment will be in the Fielding Memorial Park under the direction of Wood Funeral Home.

MARY MAY STAGNER*Mary May*

Mary May born. 18 January 1918
 Married 22 December 1936
 To: Ray K. Street
 Children:
 Garry James 26 October 1938
 Emily June 17 November 1942
 Richard Gail. 15 July 1945
 Janet Kay. 6 March 1947
 Diana May. 16 October 1953

Memories of My Sister by Anna Clarice Stagner

Mary was the first born of Edna May and James McMurtrie Stagner. She was born on 18 January 1918 in Meadowville, Idaho just north of Soda Springs. Shortly thereafter, Dad bought a farm in Humphrey, Idaho, in which the land did not turn out to be so productive. Dad was a dry farmer; always a hard worker and times were hard for them. After that, he secured a job with the railroad in Spencer, Idaho where they relocated. There, they had two more children, Vera and Ray. Later, a baby boy named William Orson was stillborn. I was born after that.

I remember the story Daddy told of Mary's fall when she was approximately two years old. She was begging Daddy to go up in the barn loft when he fed the animals. Finally he relented. He told her to sit down and not move and to not go near the opening where he dropped feed to the animals. Dad turned his back for more hay, and typical of a child, Mary got up and ran and fell down below into the manger on her back. It is a miracle that she lived. Her nerves were damaged for all of her life. She had a hard time sitting still and concentrating in school. After she finished the fifth grade, Mother and Dad thought that if she lived in the country with Grandma and Grandpa Calkins, the quiet lifestyle would perhaps help her. She lived there for some time, but I'm not sure how long. Eventually, she was able to take medication that helped her condition for the rest of her life.

She grew up a lovely, beautiful woman and met Ray Street. They were married on 22 December 1936. I was just a toddler and they would take me with them on dates sometimes. They let me sit in the rumble seat when the car was parked. They told me that on one occasion when I was with them, I was eating a piece of orange and they kissed. I said, "Num, Num" just at the same time that they kissed. They laughed a lot about that.

Their first child, Garry, was born in Idaho Falls. When he was about 4 years old, the Street brothers moved both of their families to Brigham City, Utah. (Sister Vera married Ray's brother, Burl Street about two years after Mary and Ray married). There, they worked on the Brigham City Hospital. I was lucky enough to spend a couple of weeks with them. It was such fun. Later, they all

moved back to Idaho Falls where more children were born to Mary and Ray; three girls, and one more boy. We were close as we all grew up in Idaho.

Prior to Mom’s diagnosis of Multiple Sclerosis in 1953, Jack and I had moved to California for work in 1950. Mary lived two blocks from our parents and took over watching out for them both and their care as they aged and health deteriorated. Mother was in the hospital the last six years/plus and Dad was in the hospital with her for almost two years. Living in California made it difficult to be near to help. We visited every other year as finances allowed, and in this way, we were able to give Mary a little break.

We were so grateful for Mary’s loving care of our parents. She became a Nurse’s Aid and so she was with Mom and Dad almost every day until they both passed away in 1966.

Mary’s husband, Ray, passed away in September, 1981. Their children grew into wonderful men and women and gave them wonderful grandchildren and many great grandchildren. Mary was loved by everyone and always helped everyone that she could. She earned her crown in heaven for sure.

Mary died 28 December 2003 at the Eastern Idaho Regional Medical Center in Idaho Falls. She is buried in Fielding Memorial Park in Idaho Falls.



Emily, (Mary’s daughter) Billy, (Vera’s son) Sharlene, (Ray’s daughter) and Garry (Mary’s son)

OBITUARY

Mary May Stagner Street, 85, of Idaho Falls, died December 28, 2003, at Eastern Idaho Regional Medical Center in Idaho Falls.

She was born January 18, 1918, in Soda Springs, Idaho, to James and Edna Calkins Stagner. She was raised and attended schools in Spencer and Beaver, Idaho.

On December 22, 1936, she married Raymond K. Street in Idaho Falls. She worked for the LDS Hospital for twenty-three years and then at Eastern Idaho Regional Medical Center for one and a half years until her retirement. She loved her job.

An active member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, she served in many positions and attended the temple often. She enjoyed traveling,

family get-togethers, cooking turkeys, nature, gardening, and the activities at Elk Creek Retirement Center. Mary will always be remembered for her selfless acts of compassionate service to others; she was strong spirited, giving, and had a great sense of humor.

Survivors include her children, Garry James (Diane) Street of Boise, Emily June Higley of Idaho Falls, Richard Gail (Jackie) Street of Shelley, and Janet Kay (Duane) Waters and Diana Mae Hart both of Idaho Falls; fifteen grandchildren; thirty-four great-grandchildren; and a sister, Anna C. (Jack) Everett of Rogue River, Oregon. She was preceded in death by her husband, Ray; brothers, Billy and Ray Stagner; sister, Vera Neville; and a great-grandson, Bradshaw Waters.

In Loving Memory of



Mary May Stagner Street

January 18, 1918 December 28, 2003
Soda Springs, Idaho Idaho Falls, Idaho

Funeral Services

10:00 a.m., Saturday, January 3, 2004
Idaho Falls 4th Ward LDS Chapel, Idaho Falls, Idaho
Family Prayer.....Diana Hart
Prelude & Postlude Music.....Carolyn Picanco

Officiating
Bishop Larry Wilson

Invocation.....Shauna Waters

I Hope There'll be Pine Trees in Heaven
Tammy Utter, vocal solo – Carolyn Picanco, acc.

Remarks.....Anne Everett

Poetry Reading.....Mary Waters

Where Can I Turn For Peace?
Judy Pack, vocal solo – Carolyn Picanco, acc.

Life Sketch.....Casey Garcia

Remarks.....Bishop Larry Wilson

God Be With You Till We Meet Again
Judy Pack, vocal solo – Carolyn Picanco, acc.

Benediction.....Carl Palmer

Interment

Fielding Memorial Park, Idaho Falls, Idaho
Dedicatory Prayer.....Bishop Larry Wilson

VERA ROSE STAGNER

Vera Rose born. 8 November 1920
Married. 15 July 1938
To: Frances Burl Street. (div)
Children:
Frances Gale. (died as an infant)
William Gene.
Married:
To: Thomas Cloyd Neville. . . (died February 1966)
Children:
Michael Thomas.
Mark James.

Memories of My Sister by Anna Clarice Stagner.

Vera was the second baby born to Mother and Dad at Grandma and Grandpa Calkins’ home in Meadowville, Idaho, near Soda Springs, 8 November 1920. I was told she was born “sickly” and was real tiny. We have a picture of her standing beside a large cat and she wasn’t much taller than the cat. There was also a big cowboy hat on the ground and it shows how tiny she was. She had very bad eyes and started wearing glasses at an early age. She was an excellent student, loved school and did real well, with almost all As. Vera was an excellent swimmer. She would go down to the Snake River and swim clear across with “whirlpools” close behind. One time she took our brother Ray and I (and I was just a toddler) to swim. She sat me down on the rocks and they both swam the river. Ray was a good swimmer, but not like Vera and should not have been near the river and certainly not me either, especially unattended. Mary told on both of them, and boy, they were in trouble.

When Vera graduated from high school, she married Burl Street, (brother to Ray Street, Mary’s husband.) They lived near Mary and about a block from us. Vera became pregnant and the baby was born early at eight months, just prior to Burl leaving for the Army in WWII. They named him Frances Gale. He looked perfect, but only lived two days. I could never understand why God let that happen, but we learned that eight months is a crucial time to be born.



Vera Rose



Vera and Burl

Seven months would have been better for the baby. I was too young to understand these things.



Billy

A couple of years later, another baby was coming for Vera and Burl. Mother and Dad had Vera come live with us this time, until the baby came. William Gene "Billy" was born and all went well—a beautiful baby boy. Mom and Dad took care of him so Vera could go to work. I loved him so. While we were dating, Jack and I would take him with us whenever we could. He was a joy for all of us. Burl returned from the Army and later divorced Vera. He raised Billy to be a very fine man.

Two marriages later, Vera married T.C. Neville and together they had two sons, Michael Thomas and Mark James. Both boys were born in Idaho Falls, Idaho. The boys grew up and married and later moved from California to Ohio.

T.C. passed away in February 1966. I believe Vera married two more times, but had no more children. She did have several grandchildren and step-grandchildren. Later, Vera developed heart trouble and had heart surgery in San Diego, California and recovered very well. Not long after her surgery, she moved to Ohio to be near her sons where she was very happy. She always wanted to live in Ohio. She passed away in March 1986.



Michael Thomas



Mark James

JAMES RAY STAGNER

James Ray. 1 December 1923
 Died 9 March 1975
 Married: 21 November 1941
 To: Ida Mae Payne. (Div)
 Children:
 Sharlene Clarice. 19 December 1942
 Carol Rae. 11 October 1946
 Bonnie Faye. 11 June 1948
 Married: 1954
 To: Beulah Swan. (Div)
 Children:
 James Ray. 30 August 1955
 Linda Mae. 27 June 1957
 Donna Gail. 15 March 1962

*Ray***Memories of My Brother** by Anna Clarice Stagner

History tells us that my great great-grandfather had three girls and one boy. My great-grandfather also had three girls and one boy. My grandfather also had three girls and one boy and then my father had three girls and two boys (the second boy died at birth). My brother, Ray, had three girls and then in his third marriage had one boy and two more girls. How true the history is, I really have no proof. I found it quite interesting and unusual.

Ray was the third child born to Mom and Dad in Spencer, Idaho. Although I loved my two sisters dearly, because of the years between us, I was actually closer to my brother. My sisters were grown and married when I was quite little. I loved my brother so much and was always hanging around him. I know it annoyed him, but I know he loved me deeply and was very understanding, patient, and kind to me. He was five years older than me. There was a baby brother born two and a half years between Ray and I, but he died at birth.

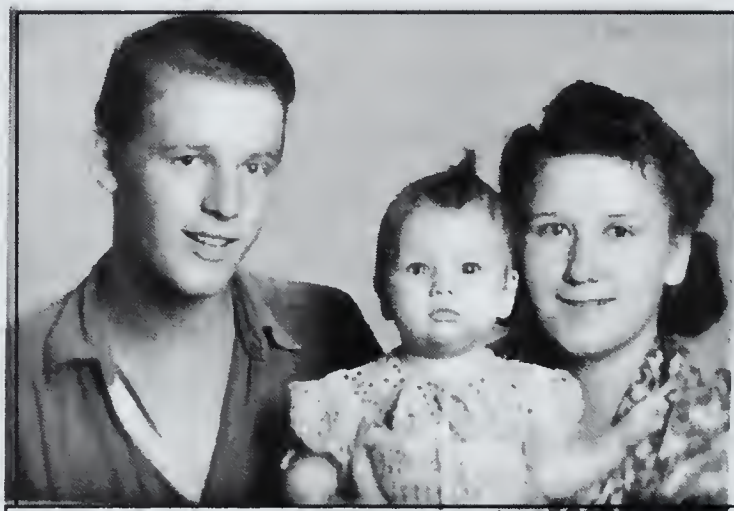
I remember Ray and I would skate together at Tautphaus Park as often as we could. We also roller-skated and rode bicycles together. Crow Creek, behind our home, was one of our favorite spots for fun, roasting potatoes, skating and swimming. Another memory was once he asked me if I would like to help him deliver papers on his paper route. I was thrilled. Mom made me a little bag for the papers and I worked really hard to please him. One dark night, it had been raining and we entered a back yard to deliver a paper. There was a party going on in the house. I stepped over what I thought was a rut in the ground, but it was a big hole and I fell in. My elbows kept me from falling all the way into the hole. Ray hollered and yelled and beat on the door for help, but no one would

come. Ray told me to hold my neck and head as stiff as I could, and he pulled me up by my head. The next day, we returned to the house and found that the hole was a cesspool that had caved in. He was my hero. He always told me what a good job I was doing helping him.

We grew up together during the Depression and we had to be creative to get by sometimes. Clever Ray devised a plan for us to enjoy the luxury of a banana every now and then. We would take a closed umbrella to go see the monkeys at Tautphaus Park. The park animal keepers always made sure to keep the boxes of bananas for the monkeys located in an area which was easy for us to get to. They would purposely leave the best bananas on the top of the box. We would put bananas in the folded umbrella and we would stay and feed and watch the monkeys, then go home with our umbrella of bananas. We thought we were being really sly, but the keepers were so kind and knew all along what we were doing. As I grew older and looked back on this, they were helping us to have fresh fruit. I'm sure they got a lot of entertainment from watching us two "monkeys" steal from the real monkeys.

Ray went into the CCCs (Civilian Construction Corp) after high school and from there into the Army about the same as Burl, Vera's first husband. While in the Army, Ray married Ida and together, they had three daughters, Sharlene, Carol and Bonnie.

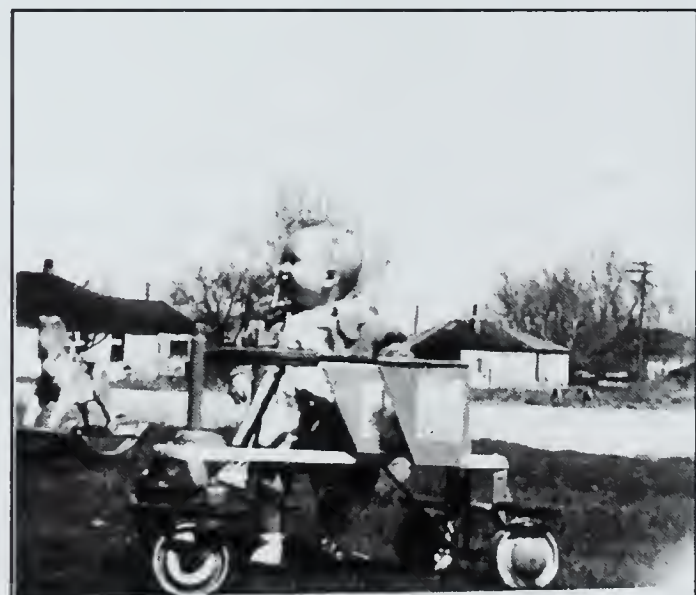
Ray and Burl both returned unharmed physically, but Ray returned a more serious person and jumpy at times. He did not let it change the wonderful person that he was. I remember one time when we were at the movie theater, a locomotive on



Ray and Ida with daughter Sharlene



Sharlene with sister Carol



And younger sister Bonnie

the screen blew it's horn and he dove under the theater seats. When he sat back in his seat beside me, he was shaking like a leaf and apologized. Any sudden loud noises would make him react this way.

Ray drove Big Rig trucks for years and was gone a lot. I believe that is why the marriages failed. He and Ida divorced and he married three more times.

He and his third wife, Beulah, had one boy, James Ray or Jimmy, and two girls, Linda Mae and Donna Gail.

One trip, he fell asleep at the wheel and ran the truck off of the road. He severely bruised one of his legs, which eventually turned into cancer. He had seen the doctor for bleeding ulcers, and that is when the doctor discovered the cancer in his leg. He lost that leg below the knee and later two more surgeries to try to stop the spread of the cancer. He eventually lost the leg clear up to the upper thigh/hip area, but it did not slow him down.



Beulah and Jimmy



Linda Mae and Donna Gail Stagner

During this battle, he met and married his fourth wife, Ada "Dade". For "Dade", with one leg, he built a picket fence clear around his house including digging the postholes with no help. All during his life, he provided for all of his children and saw them as often as possible. He was a good father to them all. He eventually lost his battle with cancer, which spread all throughout his body. He died March 9, 1975.

Carol Rae Stagner Died 24 January 1998
Linda Mae Stagner Died 11 November 2005

ANNA CLARICE STAGNER

Anna Clarice born. 16 December 1928
 Married. 2 December 1948
 To: John (Jack) Sherrell Everett. . . . 21 October 1927
 Children:
 Russell Lee Goddard. 17 April 1945
 David Sherrell. 30 December 1949
 Robyn Alan. 30 March 1953
 Cynthia Ann 17 January 1957
 James J.. 16 February 1958

Memories by Anna:

I was born in Idaho Falls, Idaho in the LDS hospital. I was raised in Idaho Falls all of my younger life, until I married and then moved to California in 1950. My schooling consisted of Hawthorne Grade School, Idaho Falls Junior High School, and Idaho Falls High School.

My first memories of my childhood were after we moved to our home on West 16th Street. My father bought five lots and moved a very large building (a two-story garage used for four very large trucks) and a small building that later became my playhouse. The large building he converted into our very lovely one-story home. This home had the first inside bathroom that we had ever had. We had many dear friends in that neighborhood.

There was a creek behind the house where I loved to ice skate in the winter and wade in the summer with siblings and friends. The creek's name was Crow Creek. In the winter, Daddy would build us a bonfire near the creek and we would roast potatoes, which we thought was the greatest. When I was little, I spent a lot of time in the old, unused, large flour bin where I played many hours and imagined. I made hollyhock flower dolls that my mom had taught me to make. These were special times that are dear to my memory.

Later, as I grew, I walked to the Tautphaus Park where there was a large log ice skating rink. When I received my first shoe figure skates, I thought I was in heaven. I remember that they were white with pink furry lining. I learned to figure skate by watching others and my mother made me two beautiful skating costumes. I loved to imagine that I was Sonja Heny. During this time, Jack saw me and made the statement, "I'm going to marry that girl." I tried to skate every evening until spring when the ice would melt. Then I would roller skate and ride bikes all summer long.

I worked as a telephone operator for Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph in Idaho Falls for about nine years and became night supervisor. On 2 December 1948, I married Jack Everett in

*Anna at sixteen*



Cindy, Rob, Jack, Anne, David and Jim (Jimbo) 1968

the Presbyterian Church of Idaho Falls. We lived in Idaho Falls for two years and then moved to California where we raised all of our children whose names and birthdays are listed above. We eventually settled in Fallbrook, California where they all graduated from Fallbrook High School

Jack eventually worked for Deutsch Machine Company in Oceanside, California and retired from there as a Master Craftsman Tool and Die Maker in 1990. I worked as a bookkeeper in Fallbrook and due to an injury, closed my business and retired in 1985. We traveled for several years around the country and eventually settled here in Rogue

River, Oregon in 1994. We made many dear friends and associates in our careers and travels. Rogue River is a small community of about 1,900 people, basically retirees, and a beautiful, safe, wonderful place to live.

We celebrated our 50th Anniversary on the 2nd of December 1998. Our children surprised us with a fabulous party in Fallbrook. The location of the facility was part of the property and pond where we first lived when we moved to Fallbrook. It brought back many happy memories of the fun times that we shared as a family at our pond. Jack and I renewed our wedding vows, and my bouquet and the scrumptious cake were recreated from old photos from our wedding day. The day was beautiful and full of friends, family and endearing memories. We are looking forward to our 60th Anniversary this coming December 2, 2008.

God has blessed us with these five shining stars—our legacy—who have been our reason for being on this earth.

Russell lives in Philomath, Oregon and is married to his third wife, Wanda. He worked 35 years at and retired from Evanite Fiber Corporation. He has a son and two stepdaughters by his first wife and nine grandchildren in all.

David lives in Clovis, New Mexico and is married to his fourth wife, Patty. They travel extensively in the business of telecommunications and fiber optics. He has one daughter and one adopted stepson by his third wife and a stepdaughter by his current wife. He has six grandchildren in all.

Robyn lives in Fallbrook, California and is married to Cheryl. He is still working as a

Journeyman Electrician. They have two living children, a son and daughter, and lost their youngest son at the age of ten from Leukemia and a brain tumor. They have one living granddaughter and lost their first granddaughter at thirty-three days old due to premature birth.

Cynthia is married to Ken and they live in Williams, Oregon. She retired from Palomar Community College as an Office Specialist. They have one daughter and one grandson.

James live in Page, Arizona and is engaged to Lisa Goode. Lisa works for Aramark Corporation in Office Administration. Jim is a Master Mechanic and manages the mechanical maintenance of all of the houseboats and all water equipment there at the Lake Powell Marina where he is employed.

We adore each of our precious children and are so proud of the SUPER men and women they have become. Our grandchildren and great grandchildren are our rewards in this life. Being a mother was all I ever wanted and I feel so fortunate to have had these five great human beings that fulfilled my deep desire to be a mother.



*Cindy, Robyn, Anna,
Jack, Jimbo and David
December 1998
celebrating our Fiftieth
Anniversary*

*April 3, 1999
Our church in Ruch,
Oregon*

HATTIE PEARL CALKINS

Hattie Pearl born. 4 June 1902
Married.. . . . 22 October 1919
To: Philemon Dewey Skinner. 25 April 1899
Children:
Margie Valene. September 1920
Cleo Hazel. 12 April 1922
Dennis Elwood 17 December 1929

Pearl’s Children have compiled the following history of their mother.

On 4 June 1902 in the Greys Lake area of Bonneville County, a spring blizzard had subsided and the sun was peeping through the sky, when a beautiful baby girl was born to Orson B. Calkins and Mary Elizabeth Owen Calkins. This lovely daughter with dark eyes, lots of dark hair and fair skin, was christened Hattie Pearl. She was a fragile child but with her came charm, love, and harmony to the brothers and sister who welcomed the newcomer as well as the seven sisters who followed.



Pearl

The family lived in many small communities during her early childhood. In 1913, they moved to a new farming area called Meadowville which was located nine miles north of Soda Springs, Idaho. It bordered the conspicuous landmark called “China Hat”, one of three old volcanoes on the Blackfoot Lava Field, so named because it resembled a Chinese hat. Because of the recent settlements, the families worked together to build a school for the youth and organized a Branch of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints (LDS) for the community members to enjoy. By 1915 Meadowville had become a fair sized and completely agricultural community. It was in such a surrounding that Pearl lived and developed into womanhood.

Pearl enjoyed her schoolwork and was an excellent student. She took music lessons from a dear family friend, Hattie Gillette. After many hours of practice she became the organist for the LDS Branch at Meadowville. While working for Mrs. Gillette, she came home for a short visit with her family and found a beautiful piano. It was one of the happiest moments of her life.

Pearl was an industrious young girl. She learned her housekeeping and cooking skills at her mother’s elbow. When the neighbor ladies needed assistance in feeding the farm help during the busy harvest season, Pearl would be hired and spend her days working at all those necessary duties. One of the neighbors remarked to her mother, “I wish all the girls were Pearls.”

As a young lady, she was active in the LDS Church. She also enjoyed the socialization that

came from activity in the church, such as dancing, singing, acting, playing the piano and organ, and studying the scriptures. All of these activities, in addition to assisting needy neighbors, kept her busy and occupied. During her middle teen-age years she became aware of a young man who lived in the same area and attended many of the same social functions. Their relationship was an on and off again one for some three years before Dewey Skinner became serious over Pearl, proposed and slipped an engagement ring on her finger. They were married on 22 October 1919 in the Calkins home at Meadowville with Bishop Kepler Sessions performing the ceremony.

Dewey's father, William J. Skinner, and his stepmother, Elva Winschell Skinner, had built a lovely big home on a ranch north of Soda Springs. Here Wm J. lived with his family. Dewey and brother, Theodore, worked on the ranch while Wm. J. helped other neighbors settle into the area. Dewey was a strong, reliable, young man and besides helping on the ranch, he trapped furbearing animals, dug ditches for irrigation projects, worked on installing a power line, assisted on a mail route and hired out to other ranchers. He continued to live in the Wm. J. home and helped to support the family and pay the debts on the ranch. On 22 October 1919, Dewey brought his bride, Pearl, to the Wm. J. home. Such was the beginning of their married life.

On 11 September 1920, a beautiful little baby girl was born to Mom and Dad. She was a red-headed, bright spirit who has been a joy and comfort to all who have known her. She was blessed in the LDS Church and given the name Margie Valene. We call her "Sis". Valene attended college, worked in Boise and in Washington D.C. She married Robert R. Klamt, 2 April 1943. They raised their four children, Christine, Dianna, Robert Jr., and Joseph Jr., while Bob served two hitches in the U.S. Navy (WWII & Korean Wars) and completed a medical degree and a speciality in Psychiatry. In 1988, he retired and they moved to Eagle, Idaho.

Before Valene was a year old, Mom and Dad discovered they were going to have another baby. On 12 April 1922, Grandma Calkins delivered a second baby to them. She was a cotton top (Dad's favorite name for her) and she was blessed and named Cleo Hazel. Cleo realized her life long desire and became a teacher, returning to teach school in Conda for two years. She married Norman C. Grinaker, 22 September 1945, finished her college career, taught school in Salt Lake and worked for a savings and loan company as a personnel manager before retiring in Salt Lake City. Cleo and Norman have two children, Curtis, and Ginger.

Not long after the birth of their second daughter, Dad was employed by the Anaconda Copper Mining Company (the Company) at Conda, Idaho. He brought his young family to the small company community. They moved into a tent house in the east section of Conda on 22 October 1922, the couple's third anniversary. The tent house, the lower part of which was constructed of lumber with a canvas top for a roof consisted of one large room, with a cooking stove (fueled by coal or small logs) and an inside cold water pump. There were no indoor bathroom facilities, but Mom had a large galvanized tub and managed to keep the family and their clothing clean. Mom and Dad furnished their home with a bed in the corner, a trundle bed for Valene and a crib for Cleo, a wooden table with four chairs and sparse cooking facilities. With her magic sewing ability, she fixed up the

place into a liveable home. So in this humble environment, surrounded by the rolling, phosphate rich hills of Conda, the family life of Pearl and Dewey Skinner began.

Mother faithfully continued her activities in the LDS Church and took the girls to Sunday School and Primary. Dad did not join in these activities, but always stayed at home until his family returned from Church. After the meetings, the family, along with relatives or friends, would pack up the picnic box (a Hercules powder box from the mine) and head for the great outdoors. The Company began construction of modern homes for employees, renting them for a small amount. Mother and Dad moved into one of them in 1926. They planted lawn, flowers, and had a vegetable garden. Mom had a cook stove with an oven and attached hot water reservoir - a luxury for the family.

As the time arrived, Mom readied Valene for the first grade at the Conda Elementary School. Cleo also benefitted from Sis going to school, for a dear Uncle Ernest Crossley had built a table and chairs for the girls, and they played school each day, teaching Cleo how to read before she started school at Conda Elementary. Ernest also built doll cribs and a wooden wardrobe trunk which is currently used by Ginger Brady, Pearl's granddaughter. In the spring of 1929, Mom and Dad moved to a larger home with closets, a hot water heater and room in the kitchen for an ice box.



Valene, Dennis and Cleo

In the meantime, Pearl's younger sister, Rose, married Dewey's younger brother, Theodore. They moved to Conda, eventually settling in a house across the street. Thus the wonderful relationship continued for the extended families. It was togetherness for all, even to owning a car. At this time Mom learned to drive the jointly owned vehicle, so the ladies and children enjoyed the freedom to visit Grandma and Grandpa Calkins plus other nearby relatives. The trips to town (Soda Springs) were always exciting. The two brothers continued to work for the Company, enjoyed the outdoors, assisted each other in making their houses into homes and were always the best of friends. In the winter months, the roads were closed to travel, so the car battery and tires were removed and the car was parked in a makeshift covered area with blocks of wood holding up the chassis. In the spring when the car was reassembled we celebrated with the two families piling in the car and taking it for a spin on the rutted, dirt roads. It was grand!

After seven years and eight months of finding out what little girls were made of, a dark-haired, bright-eyed baby was born to Pearl and Dewey on December 17, 1929. He was blessed in the LDS Church at Conda and named Dennis Elwood. His sisters rejoiced in having a baby brother while his father anticipated having a companion for the great outdoors. Instead of dolls and such, tricycles, wagons, trucks, bats, balls, mitts and marbles moved into the play area. Dad took him

hunting, fishing, played ball and in due time took him to the many LDS activities that men share. Mother continued her devotion to her many church activities along with keeping the family in clean clothing and comfortable home surroundings, also preserving food for future use.

Dennis grew into manhood in the comforts of the same home, same town and same friends until he enrolled at Idaho State in 1948 for two years, then on to the U.S. Navy for four years. After his release from the service, he attended Utah State University and graduated with a degree in Industrial Management. Later he earned his masters in the same field. Dennis married Jean Thirkill of Soda Springs on 7 March 1953. They have raised five children: Laurie, Kristian, Wm.D., Jeffrey and Kim. After working as a Safety Engineer for the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission at various locations in the U.S., they returned to Idaho Falls and retired there. Dennis and Jean also fulfilled an 18 month mission for the LDS Church in England, returning in June 1995. They also taught English as a second language, in the People's Republic of China during 1996 and 1997.

In this small mining community of Conda there was an amusement hall which was used for movies, school activities, dances, card parties, showers, employee meetings and church activities. A large pine tree was near the front of the entrance. On Christmas Eve, Santa arrived in a sleigh, called each child by name to come to his sleigh and receive a box of Christmas chocolates. It was not difficult for Mom to make believers out of their children after they had looked into those twinkly eyes and felt the warmth of a giving Santa. Every holiday was a joyous and special time.

On 26 May 1935, one of the most important events took place in Mom and Dad's relationship. Dad was called to serve as a counselor in the Conda Ward Bishopric. He humbly accepted and thus began a lifetime of dedication to their religious beliefs. Dad, with Mom's support, served in this capacity until 1949 at which time he was called to serve on the Idaho Stake High Council. Thus the remainder of their life revolved around living according to the teachings of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Their convictions had led to a temple sealing of the family on 17 June 1936, in the Logan, Utah LDS Temple.

Mom and Dad celebrated their 25th wedding anniversary on 22 October 1944 with Dad presenting Mom with twenty-five silver dollars and a request for her to try for another 25 years. Mom loved her home and her activity in the church but felt a need to expand her abilities. She began employment with the J.C. Penney Company in Soda Springs. She was an excellent clerk and received many accolades from her managers. Being such an ardent and trustworthy employee, the managers realized her potential and offered her the position of assistant manager. She accepted the additional responsibility and continued to travel the nine miles back and forth to her work in Soda Springs. Many times, Mom would be called to reopen the store for customers who had been unable to get to town to purchase merchandise before closing time. She saved many a Christmas Eve for worried parents.

In 1952 Pearl and Dewey built their dream home in Soda Springs. Four years later, the Company leased the land holdings in Conda and the surrounding area to the J. R. Simplot Company. The underground hard rock mining operation that provided Dad and Mom with economic benefits

and close relationships for thirty-six years was closed. After much discussion, they sold their home in Soda Springs and transferred to the sprawling town of Butte, Montana, which enabled Dad to continue his employment with Anaconda and increase his retirement benefits. Life in Butte brought many changes for Mom and Dad but they adapted to their new environment. They made an attractive modest home out of an older home they purchased. She continued her employment with the J.C. Penney Company for a few more years, but then learned the drapery business from her friend, Mae Caress. They became very skillful in this line of business. Mom continued this activity into her retirement years on a self-employment basis.

Dad and Mom soon felt at home in Butte and loved the new friends along with the long-time friends who transferred from Conda. They continued to serve the LDS Church in many capacities. During a strike in the mining industry in the late 1950s, they worked side by side in the Church Welfare Program taking the responsibility of assisting members (and non-members too) hit hard by the strike. Their services to the Butte folks were outstanding.

In 1957 Dad and Mother traveled by train to visit Dennis and Jean and family in Ithaca, New York. He was attending Cornell University. They were able to visit Niagra Falls, historical sites of the Church near Palmyra, and also enjoyed seeing the sights of New York City. Dad and Dennis attended a New York Yankees ball game while Mother and Jean shopped on Fifth Avenue.

As Dad approached retirement age they made plans to move to Twin Falls and purchased a building lot next door to Melva and Ernest Crossley. Melva was Dad's sister and Mother and Dad were life long friends to Melva and Ernest. Construction by Uncle Ernest began on 4 June 1964 and they moved into their new home in February 1965. Mom did the interior decorating and Dad worked diligently on the up-keep of the exterior. Mom continued the drapery business from her own work-room, planned and constructed by Dad in the basement of their new home.

During their early months in Twin Falls, they purchased a new 1964 Dodge eight-eighty which was a source of entertainment and joy for them. After Dad's death in 1974 Mom drove and maintained this automobile for several more years. The Dodge was part of her memory of Dad and important to her independence. It was a sad day when the Dodge was sold.

Mom and Dad celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary on 22 October 1968 in their Twin Falls home with many relatives and friends joining them. Mom was radiant in her lovely blue dress.

Although Dad's health began to fail in 1971, they were able to fly to the Washington DC area to visit Dennis and Jean and family. They enjoyed seeing the historical sites of our nation's capital and surrounding area. Not long after, Dad was unable to take further travels to visit his family or continue his church activities. Living became the ultimate challenge. Dad accepted these challenges, but in spite of medical treatment and support from his family, he slipped away from his earthly life on 22 February 1973, at the age of seventy-three years and ten months. He was laid to rest in the Fairview Cemetery, Soda Springs, Idaho.

Mom faced the loss of her beloved companion with determination to keep on living and

enjoying the world about. She sold their retirement home in Twin Falls and moved to Salt Lake where she lived in an apartment. It was close to Cleo and Norm and she lived there for three years. Mother soon yearned for the comfort of her roots and returned to Soda Springs where many of her former friends resided and where Dad was buried. She began working in the LDS Family History Program, joined the Senior Citizen group, became a visiting teacher in the Relief Society, was involved with a Daughters of Utah Pioneers Camp, and renewed her acquaintances with the Conda Ladies Social Club. They enjoyed the comradery that comes with so many years of considerate contact with each other. Besides socializing, each provided a helping hand when others were in need. Pearl was a friend to young and old and was always interested in their various activities. In return they quickly responded to her needs during the ten years she lived by herself in an apartment in Soda Springs. One of her major accomplishments while living in Salt Lake was to write and publish the history of our Dad, which we cherish greatly. Cleo provided assistance with this project.

Mom had many exciting trips to the east coast to visit Dennis and Jean and family, and occasionally traveled across the country with them in their van. She also traveled to the California area where Valene and Bob lived. Mom often related the story of her exciting snowmobile trips to Valene and Bob's home in the Sierra mountains of California. At a time when she was slowing down and trips were fewer, Cleo and Norm picked up Mom and Aunt Melva and motored through central Idaho and Montana to visit Dad's brother, Theodore, in Butte. These ladies had an unending conversation. The last major trip Mother took was in January of 1990 when she accompanied Dennis and Jean to the Hawaiian Islands, fulfilling a long time dream.

When Mom's health began to fail, she moved to a retirement home in Idaho Falls, finding companionship and solace with her immediate family, sisters, and new friends. In 1993 her life began to ebb and she moved to a nursing home in Boise that was close to Sis and Bob. On 27 December 1995, Mother closed her eyes for a night's rest and slipped away from her mortal life, but we are confident she is rejoicing in the spirit world as she renews friendships with those many wonderful people that have gone before her. Mom and Dad are together and are renewing their love and companionship as they so firmly believed would occur. So ended the especial life of an illustrious grand lady—daughter, wife, mother, sister, aunt, grandparent, great grandparent and friend to many.

Addendum: the Last Years of Mother's Life by M. Valene Skinner Klamt

Mom came to see us, the Idaho Refugees, (Californians,) whenever she could. She helped us at our Bear Valley Mountain Home, loved to go there, and enjoyed the one mile uphill ride on the snow mobile after the two hour ride from the Valley. She applauded from the upstairs balcony as we "skipped" the building debris from the lot. Happier times, those were. She was upbeat and joyful, met our friends and was loved by all of them.

Neither we, nor others, recognized the onset of the illness that was, eventually, to take her life. Dennis and Jean had cared for her in Idaho Falls until their Mission called them, making a move imperative. She had a preference which was respected, requesting that she be moved to Boise.

She was, at that time, showing the early signs of memory loss and inability to understand where she was geographically. It was necessary for me to take Legal Guardianship and Power of Attorney on 20 July 1993. Deny and Cleo concurred with the decisions to be made, always sympathetic and thoughtful.

I first entered her into "assisted living" at Valley View Retirement Center. Not only were they kind to her, but also were more aware than I, that an insidious process of degeneration had begun. My awareness came when she had wandered off from Valley View and was returned from a local Bank by the Police, sunburned and confused. The Retirement Center needed to avoid similar happenings in the future so she was moved to the "Glen", a more secure environment where she could not wander off. During her stay in Boise I visited two or three times a week. Feeling that emulating her prior life would make her more comfortable, I did her laundry, ironing her sheets. She liked to help make up her bed with fresh linen, smoothing the sheets, sniffing the pillow and smiling. Cleo and I used our times together replenishing her wardrobe with comfortable clothes. She was visited by her sisters, her grandchildren, her great grandchildren, friends, and Cleo and Norm who made frequent trips from Salt Lake City. Dennis and Jean wrote happy, informative letters from England which she enjoyed having read to her.

Not enough kind things could be said about the "Glen". The staff was extraordinarily kind, caring for patients with empathy, consideration and respect. Mom had many lucid days in the years she was there and at times would enjoy the singing and games and outings. One wonders about whether this was a painful existence for her—without memory of recent events it is difficult to determine the presence of pain. She endured, one might say, better than most, and retained the personality that we all remember. She stayed clean, made up, hair cared for, and was her deferent - kind to others self to the last.

She passed away, quietly, in her sleep at 9:30, the evening of 27 December 1995. The funeral services at Soda Springs were a gracious tribute to her memory. She was buried beside our Dad in the Fairview Cemetery, nears the hills of home, TOSOIBA, "Land of Sparkling Waters."

Memories of My Sister by Minnie

My sister, Pearl

Devoted and loyal to family and friends,

Patient in her times of adversity.

Always, always neat in dress and personal habits.

-----A delightful sense of humor-----

Compassionate, loving and understanding.

She honored her father and mother.

was twelve years old when I was born.
Somewhere in my memory there is a vague



Clarice, Pearl and Minnie

picture of her sitting beside my high-chair and telling me “don’t you dare to whimper!” She was probably expecting a visit from Dewey and wanted me to be on my best behavior. (Someone may have told me this later.)

My next memory is of visiting Pearl and Rose, at Conda, with Mother. That was always such a special day. Pearl was a marvelous cook and immaculate house-keeper. She always had a nice hot lunch prepared for us, and always words of encouragement for Mother. When they came to the farm to visit us it was always a special day. Valene, Cleo and Dennis were such adorable children and she kept them so well dressed. She was a good mother and a dear daughter to our mother.

Her health was not good, but as sick as she was, she always looked so neat and pretty. She and Dewey were a perfect couple. I saw them dance once. What an elegant couple! I know Dewey was so proud of her.

After I left Soda Springs and came to Idaho Falls I lost contact with my sisters for several years—marriage, family and lack of transportation. What would take us all day then would be maybe two or three hours now. The cars and highways were different—much different!

About 1935 she, Edna and Mother came to visit us. We were living west of town on the Wood’s Fox Farm. She loved my little girl, Joan, and wanted to take us home with her. Leon took it wrong and was a little unhappy.

Time passes swiftly . . .

We were all together at Mother and Dad’s Golden Anniversary in March 1946. That was a very special occasion—and the last time we were all together.

Pearl was devoted to Rose and spent many hours helping her and her family during Rose’s illness. It was a great comfort to Mother to know she was with Rose. She was a faithful, loving sister.

Peal had absolute love and devotion for Dewey. Leon and I visited them when Dewey was in the hospital in Twin Falls. I wanted to take her out to lunch and a little break from her bedside vigil, but she wouldn’t leave the hospital. She wanted to be right by his side. I saw her mental anguish because she knew she was not physically able to give Dewey the care he needed when he was released. She was facing the heart-breaking decision to put him in a nursing home. I’m sure she investigated every facility in or near Twin Falls. She was spared that decision. She mourned the loss of her dear husband but took up her life again and carried on. It was shortly after this time that she underwent surgery to repair her worn out and painful hips.

We visited her in her apartment in Salt Lake. She seemed so alone. I don’t remember much about her apartment except a lovely, green velvet scrapbook filled with sympathy cards from friends and relatives. She kept this beside her chair and I’m sure spent many hours in tears and sorrow over her great loss.

After she moved to Soda Springs, Clarice, Fred, Lee and I visited her quite often. One time, my daughter, Joan, took us down. We toured the country where we were raised and she told us of all the changes that had taken place. Her memory was just great! These were special days. We

always went to a nice little café and had lunch with her.

Her eightieth birthday was a gala occasion! So many friends and relatives came to celebrate with her. She was the pretty, dignified hostess!

After she moved to Idaho Falls to the Lincoln Court Retirement Center we visited her often. She liked Lee and he really loved and enjoyed her. She always kissed him on the top of his head. He loved it! She met Claude and this began a relationship that was so great for both of them. They cared for each other in a special way. They had good times together. No more lonely hours. Pearl, Claude, Clarice, Fred, Lee and I took many short trips out around the country side. She especially liked the Palisades area in the autumn when the colors were so beautiful. One day she made the comment to Clarice, "What do you think Mother would say to see our "little sister" taking care of us?" How very thankful I am that I had this opportunity!

She loved and honored Mother and Dad and talked of them frequently.

After she was moved to Boise it was hard for me to get there to visit her. We went as often as possible. One day Lee and I took her to Weiser to visit Lenora. We had a special time that afternoon, just visiting. On the way back to Boise we stopped in Caldwell and had dinner. She sensed that I was tired and a little stressed and in her own sweet way eased my tension. We relaxed, had a good meal, then made it on to Boise safely. What a delightful little lady she was! It was a special day! Joan and Lamar made several trips over that way and would take me to see her. Joan was always cheerful and full of fun. Pearl enjoyed them and their grandchildren. The pictures we took are very precious to us. Joan took me to the Calkins' reunion, 6 August 1994 at Given's Hot Springs. We picked Pearl up and took her with us. We spent the afternoon visiting with nieces and nephews and they had a chance to talk to her. We took her back at 6:00 p.m. She was exhausted. We stayed with her until she was tucked into bed and asleep. When we went to see her the next morning the nurse told us that she had slept all night long. We had been so worried over her. She seemed so relaxed and alert that morning. I am so grateful that some of my



Clarice, Minnie, Lenora and Pearl

great-grandchildren got to know and love their “special little auntie”. Pearl may not have known just who they were but she did understand the love they gave to her. Lee’s daughter, Maxine, adopted her as her “special aunt” and got to visit her a few times and would let me know of her condition. I’m sure Pearl felt of her love and concern, too.

On 4 September, last year, Lenora and I visited her. We took her outside in the sunshine. Lenora got us each a big ice cream cone. Pearl seemed hungry for ice cream and ate every little bit of it, and enjoyed every bite. I am so thankful for that very special afternoon.

I loved this dear, little sister very much and oh, how I have missed her! I got to know her almost too late.

Memories of Hattie Pearl by Lenora Piper

My early memories of my beloved sister are very vague and scarce. She was born in 1902, and by the time I was old enough to remember things about her, she was a teenager and very active. My first memory of her that I can call to mind, was a quick visit home from a job she was working at (probably for a neighbor.) She was vivacious, full of fun and busy.

I don’t remember anything about her wedding day, but I do remember how excited she would be when preparing for a date with Dewey. After they were married Minnie and I used to love to go visit her in their house at Conda. We loved it. It always seemed so luxurious to us. (It was fun to go to the bathroom there—probably the first toilet I ever flushed!)

Pearl was a wonderful sister, kind and thoughtful. We always loved having the nieces and nephew with us. When we’d go to her house it always seemed so homey and comfortable. Dewey was a kind and thoughtful brother-in-law. I don’t ever remember hearing him scold the children.

Pearl had some physical problems in her early life. I don’t know what they were but she overcame them and lived a good long life. She will always be a special sister to me. I love her and the memories I have of her.

I would like to share a little episode in the children’s life, that I’ve always remembered and get a chuckle out of when I think about it. Valene and Cleo used to come to Grandma’s and Grandpa’s and stay over night. One particular time stands out in my memory. We were all getting ready for bed when Valene remembered she hadn’t kissed Grandpa and Grandma goodnight. She ran out to the front room in her nightgown, hugged and kissed Grandma, then turned with her arms outstretched to run to Grandpa, who was just taking off his shoes and socks. She stopped, looked at him for a minute and then said, “To hell with him. His feet stink!” I don’t think Dad ever took his shoes off again before he gave her a good night hug and kiss. We all got a chuckle out of that, and I’m sure Dad did too. He was a farmer and those socks and shoes absorbed a lot of moisture through the day.

Pearl’s home was always lovely, well cared for and we always felt welcome there. She was a loving, kind and caring sister. She lived a good long life. I pray I’ll be worthy to be with her in the eternities.

Memories of Grandmother by Laurie Skinner Francis

I will always remember the pride Grandma Skinner took in her home and personal appearance. Regardless of where she lived, home, apartment or assisted living area, her surroundings reflected her neat, precise personality. Pictures of family members, precious keepsakes and tasteful furnishings reminded visitors that this immaculate home was her peaceful haven from the world. No matter what hour of the day you came to visit Grandma, you would find her nicely dressed, her hair and make-up freshly done and just the right jewelry to compliment her appearance. Grandma set a wonderful example of the importance of caring for ourselves and our surroundings—no matter what our age or financial status might be.

Memories by Kim Skinner Caldwell

When I think of Grandma Skinner, when I was younger, what I remember most is her apartment in Soda Springs. It always looked just perfect. She had so many pictures and pretty things to look at. I remember Barbie clothes she knitted for me, going with her to a “sewing bee” or quilting party, and her taking me out for ice cream. I treasure a book she sent to me about the little train in Soda.

As I have gotten older, when I think of Grandma Skinner, the thing that really comes to my mind is the personal history book she made about Grandpa and gave to each of us. I was too young to appreciate it when I received it, but when I finally did pull it out and read it cover to cover, it meant so much to me. She put a lot of time and effort into it, I know. Since Grandpa died when I was very young, I don’t have any memories of him. The book she wrote helped me to get to know the Grandpa I never knew. I will always deeply appreciate Grandma for writing such a nice book. Now, my children will also know their Great-Grandpa.



50th Anniversary - Dewey, Pearl, Bob, Valene, Norm, Cleo, Dennis and Jean

PHILEMON DEWEY SKINNER

Philemon Dewey Skinner born. 25 April 1899
 Married. 22 October 1919
 To: Hattie Pearl Calkins. 4 June 1902
 Children:
 Margie Valene. 11 September
 Cleo Hazel. 12 April 1922
 Dennis Elwood 17 December 1929

*Dewey Skinner*

Philemon Dewey Skinner, the second child of William J. and Permelia Williams Skinner was born 25 April 1899, at Ovid in Bear Lake County, Idaho. The young family of five children was left motherless as a result of complications during the birth of the fifth child. Dewey was six and a half years of age at this time. The following four years were spent on ranches in Nounan and Greys Lake—difficult years that developed a closeness in this family that continued throughout their lives.

While at Greys Lake, Dewey and his brother Theo, contracted for their board and room during the school months, enabling them to receive some formal education in a tiny one-room school at Henry. Dewey was about ten years old and his brother eight years old. The contract consisted of cutting firewood, building fires, cleaning and taking care of the small school house. Some nights they would push all the benches back to the wall, draw a circle and play marbles all night. At daylight they would hurry and clean the room and have it ready for school, then take care of the horses, clean the barns, have all ready for the mail to come (which their father was to bring from Greys Lake), then clean themselves up a bit, have breakfast, and be ready for school. They didn't learn too much after an all night battle of marbles and after awhile they would collapse on their desks and sleep.

They had an understanding teacher who let them sleep. Then, after all the others had gone home, she would reprove them, but in a kind way. Her heart must have ached for two boys so young with such responsibilities. In spite of what seemed irresponsible conduct, they always had their work done. They were very young and ready to protect each other. This continued throughout their lives.

Later Dewey's father took a job with the Phoenix Construction Company. Dewey attended school that year, then went with his father to work for the same company. He worked from Soda Springs to Bear Lake on the pole line which was running a power line for that part of the country. Later on they went with the same company from Grace, Idaho, to Wheelon, Utah. While living in

a work camp with his father, he made friends with most of the men working in that gang. They were very good to him and would protect him from anyone who tried to mistreat him.

When they broke camp and were getting ready to leave, many of the men gave him their wool blankets and other things they didn't want to carry along with them. Everything they gave him was put to use and he and his brother were warmed on the cold nights with their blankets for a long time. When he arrived home he entered school. After school was out he and his father went to work for D.A. Woodall.

In the spring of 1914 he contracted spotted fever and was very ill. He wasn't expected to live but struggled back to partial health, then contracted whopping cough and mumps. During this time he was kept away from his baby sister. His father had remarried in the fall of 1911 to Elva Winchell and they had a baby girl named Udar. She later contracted whooping cough and after a long struggle passed away on 15 September 1914.

His formal education consisted of eight partial years of schooling, no year being completed fully. However, he did graduate from elementary school. His sketchy formal education didn't curtail his ability to read or dampen his curiosity, as Dewey became an avid reader with a keen memory, sense of humor, and an appreciation for improvement of life on all levels.

During his teen-age years he met the light of his life, Hattie Pearl Calkins, and after two years of courting, they were married at Soda Springs, on 22 October 1919. He began employment with the Anaconda Copper Mining Company at Conda shortly after his marriage. Three children were born during the following busy years, two daughters, Valene and Cleo, and a son, Dennis.

Conda was predominantly LDS, and the community life was centered about Church activities. With a population of about 300, it was natural that everyone's joys and sorrows became a community strength. The bond of friendship initiated by such close associations remained throughout his life.

Being an ardent sportsman, Dewey fished in the summer in nearby streams with his family and friends. During the autumn he enjoyed hunting. Many times he, his family and friends left at 4:00 a.m. in the morning on hunting trips. These experiences left a lasting impression of cold, crisp air and spectacular sunrises.

Underground hard-rock mining was always harsh and risky, but provided economic benefits for the area, and more important, provided opportunities for helping others during periods of unbelievable stress. Dewey often aided in rescue work. The 4:30 whistle with the accompanying rumble of miner's boots on the elevated sidewalk signaled to Pearl that the shift was over without casualty. His children recall vividly the phosphate dusted work clothes and the miner's lamp he wore. Sometimes they had the unexpected fun of a little carbide to play with on the wooden walks, and very often the privilege of carrying home his metal lunch pail—a lunch pail that became a familiar sight in the home, washed very carefully each night and aired, filled each morning by Pearl's loving hands.

Perhaps these experiences in the mine, strengthened by the influence and encouragement of

a loving wife, contributed to his growing faith in the Church. At this time he began his never ceasing search for truth and knowledge.

On 26 May 1935, one of the most important events of his life took place. He was called as a Counselor in the Conda Ward Bishopric. He felt that this calling, for someone who had been so indifferent to the Church, was definitely from the Lord. He was grateful to Bishop William T. Hyde who had confidence in him and also to Bishop Simon Sterett, who recommended him to the Stake Presidency.

He served fourteen and a half years under three Bishops, William T. Hyde, Leonard T. Hyde and D. Charles Giles. This experience was priceless to him, one he cherished and considered an education as well.

He was ordained an Elder 30 June 1935, after which he had the privilege of taking his wife and three children to the Logan Temple to be sealed as a family. He described this as a wonderful and humbling experience. He was also ordained a High Priest on 1 September 1935 by Apostle Rudger Clawson.

While living in Conda he had the opportunity of serving as a County Commissioner with A. L. Ozburn and R. F. Robinson who he considered to be very fine men. They worked hard to serve the people of Caribou County.

During World War II, he served as an F.B.I. agent, all under cover. It was many years later that the family learned of this, as secrecy was most important to the safety of the mines and mill as well as all the workers. The phosphate that was mined at Conda had a mineral, Vanadium, that was used to strengthen steel and as such was considered vital to the war effort.



Valene, Dewey, Dennis, Pearl and Cleo at Lava Hot Springs

His family activities expanded as his family matured. He loved to dance and nothing was too new or different for him to learn or to teach his daughters or their friends. Baseball involved him with all his children—coaching and encouraging. He was a good batsman and batted left handed. Dewey followed the World Series closely and was a knowledgeable source of information on player's statistics. Many good times were shared at ball games, dances and parties by the families in the little town of Conda.

In 1952 Dewey and Pearl built their first home in Soda Springs—four years later they sadly

left it, being transferred to Butte, Montana. They bought a small older home in Butte and transformed it by careful reconstruction and care into an attractive and warm place. In this famous, sprawling mining town, he completed forty-three years of dedicated, faithful service as a hard-rock miner. From Conda and on to Butte his brother, Theo, remained his loyal friend and companion.

Dewey and Pearl chose to move to Twin Falls in 1964, where he assisted Ernest Crossley in building their retirement home. It was adjacent to Melva and Ernest's home. His pride in gardening showed in the meticulous yard and well-kept flower beds. In this home, they celebrated their Fiftieth Wedding Anniversary. A host of old friends, family, and new friends gathered to congratulate them and recall old times. It was a beautiful, golden autumn day.

His love for the Gospel continued. He made many wonderful new friends and continued to enjoy life to the best of his physical capabilities.

On 22 February 1973, after several months of being seriously ill, Dewey passed away at the Magic Valley Hospital.

While attending a genealogy class, Dewey wrote the following:

"As for my interests in life—I am interested in the welfare of my wife, our children, their spouses, and grandchildren, our home, my work—whatever it may be—and in my work in the Church—and my fellow man.

My testimony is one of the greatest events of my life."



Pearl and Dewey

MARJORIE VALENE SKINNER

Marjorie Valene..... 11 September 1920
 Married..... 2 April 1943
 To: Robert Rudolph Klamt. 6 March 1920
 Children:
 Christine Anne..... 8 February 1946
 Dianna Lyn..... 9 September 1948
 Robert Rudolph, Jr.. 6 November 1950
 Joseph D., II..... 1 July 1955

*Valene and Bob*

I attended the first eight grades of school at Conda, Idaho and graduated from Soda Springs

High School in May 1938, as valedictorian and received an Associate of Arts Degree from University of Idaho, Southern Branch, Pocatello in June 1950. I continued studying art and social studies at Ricks College, Rexburg, Modesto Junior College and adult education classes in Ukiah, California.

During the early years of my marriage I was a secretary for many organizations and was considered a very good professional. My career took me to Washington D.C., Farragut, Idaho, Helena, Montana and Omaha, Nebraska. Such use of my skills helped support my husband and young family. I retired from full employment in 1945 to be a full time wife and Mom.

I married Bob on 2 April 1943, at Soda Springs. I had met him while we were attending the University of Idaho, S.B. Our marriage presented us with four lovely children. Our daughter Christine (Tina) was born in Omaha, Nebraska; daughter Dianna Lyn was born in Long Beach, California; sons Robert R. Klamt, Jr., and Joseph D. Klamt II were both born in St. Anthony, Idaho.

*Valene and Bob*

I enjoy art in any form, but prefer oil painting and sketching, skiing, hiking, needlework, home decorating, cooking and research of recipes, wild flower study, and traveling—by plane, car and trailer.

Bob graduated in pharmacy, served two hitches in the U.S. Navy as an enlisted man and later after graduating from medical school, as a medical doctor. He later completed a residency in psychiatry in California and practiced in Modesto, California and in Eagle, Idaho, where we had a home built and settled into semi-retired living. Retired life is full of pleasant

associations with family and friends

Our children have been of great assistance and support. Tina and her son reside in Boise; Dianna and her husband Jon reside in McCall; Bob Jr., his wife Jackie and their daughter live in Santa Rosa, California; and Joe, his wife Anne and two children live in Boise.

[Editor's note] Bob began to experience some serious medical problems in 2006 which restricted their travel but not their hospitality. The medical challenges continued and in 2008 he became hospitalized and passed away on 9 December 2008. Valene is still in good health and resides in Eagle.



Valene and Bob with Joe, Bob Jr., Tina and Diane 1963



Bob and Valene



1998

CLEO HAZEL SKINNER

Cleo Hazel. 12 April 1922
 Married. 22 September 1945
 To: Norman C. Grinaker. 27 April 1917
 Children:
 Curtis 24 April 1947
 Ginger Anne. 2 November 1952

Cleo and Norman chose 22 September 1945 as their wedding date and were married in Ogden, Utah at a friend's home.

In 1960 we had a new car and we took a two week vacation after I received my teaching degree from the University in Salt Lake. We drove to California via Wendover, Utah to see the large cowboy sign beckoning travelers to stop by, but we hastened across the desert to our destination in Winnemucca, Nevada. We traveled with flash floods, washouts and detours, but eventually found our motel. When we got out of the car, we counted 15 cars behind us. Many drivers stopped in the highway and thanked Norm for his safe driving leadership through the flash floods.

With that compliment, Norm checked us in to our motel (first big time motel for our family). In the morning, we lined up at the restaurant with the other travelers and awaited our breakfast. One of the other travelers told the owner about our harrowing trip, so he asked us to be his guest for breakfast, and later told the others how fortunate they were to have such an experienced leader. Little did they know that we were all saying our prayers for safety sake!



Ginger and Curt



Cleo and Norm

After that day, we became tourists, taking in all the sights, eating lots of hamburgers and hot dogs, running out of clean clothes and getting very weary. At this point, we found Modesto and my Aunt Grace's cozy home. She had found us a motel by a Denny's restaurant with a swimming pool and a playground close by. Auntie had called Maxine, her daughter, who joined us with her daughter Chrissie who swam like a mermaid. The friendship and love that grew out of those few days was phenomenal. We traveled back to San Francisco; with Grace as our guide, we visited a chocolate factory, the wonderful awe inspiring zoo with the "animals like the National Geographic Magazine" only these were real. After cruising around the bay in the ferry boat, we supped on "REAL Chinese dinner" with Grace. She departed that night to return to her

work at the photography shop. Pictures of the children were taken by Auntie. (In this photo Curt is thirteen and Ginger is eight.)

I grew up in Conda, Idaho and graduated from Soda Springs High School, after which I went to school in Pocatello at University of Southern Branch where I received my Idaho Teacher's Certification. This enabled me to teach school in Conda, my old home town, for two years.

I moved to Salt Lake in 1945, where I lived with some of my girl friends whose mates were still overseas. When the war was over, they moved with their mates to the various towns in Idaho while I waited for Norm. We planned our lives together and lived and raised our family in Salt Lake City.

I went to night school at the University while raising my family and began to substitute teach in the Granite District. After graduation, I continued my schooling and received my master's degree. I taught for twenty years, then worked for a savings and loan as a personnel manager until retiring.

In 1966, we moved to the milder climate of Norther California where we were close to our daughter. Norm was a charter member of the 82nd Airborne Division Association, loved to read books, especially travel monologues, and collecting stamps. Together we loved to travel and sightsee and enjoy music and sports.

Norm was born in Jamestown, North Dakota, and was a member of the Lutheran religion. In 1940, he entered the U.S. Army and served as a member of the 82nd Airborne Division until 1945. He and I were married for fifty-eight years. He had retired from American-Strevell as wholesale produce buyer and salesman.



Cleo and Norm

Norm passed away peacefully at home in Santa Rosa, California on 23 April 2004, at the age of eighty-six. A memorial was held for him on 26 April 2004, in Santa Rosa and a celebration of his life was held 28 May at the Fort Douglas Military Museum Cannon Park.

He was born in Jamestown, North Dakota and was a member of the Lutheran Religion. In 1940 he entered the US Army and served as a member of the 82nd Airborne Division until 1945. Married in Ogden, Utah to Cleo Skinner 58 years ago. He retired from American-Strevell as wholesale produce buyer and salesman.

Norm and Cleo lived in Salt Lake City until 1996 when they moved to the milder climate of Northern California. He was a Charter member of the 82nd Airborne Division Association, loved to read books, especially travel monologues, collect stamps, travel and sightsee. He was a great fan of

music and sports. A memorial was held for Norm on April 26th in Santa Rosa.

He is survived by his wife of many years, Cleo, as well as son, Curtis and wife Kathleen; their daughter, Danielle and husband Michael Price, children Caulin and Gabrielle of Salt Lake City; son Brandon Grinaker and wife Stacy, children Royce and Reeve of Tooele and daughter Mikelle and husband Jon Lamoureux of Henderson, Nevada; Norm and Cleo's daughter Ginger and husband Mark Brady, children Ryan, Kyle and Tony of Santa Rosa, CA; Norm's brother Finn Vernon Grinaker and wife Carol of Moorhead, Minnesota and many Norwegian cousins. He was preceded in death by Nels and Otilia Grinaker and sister Greta.



Cleo and Bob

This is my very best friend, Bob Sexton. We have known each other since 1960 when his wife and I taught school together. Our friendship grew into a foursome and we enjoyed many good times together. His wife passed away in 1996. Our friendship lived on by telephone. They had moved to St. George, Utah. After Norm passed away in 2004, Bob's calls were more frequent and he had health problems. He had proposed many times since Norm passed on, but the one on January first, 2006 was too dear to pass. I moved to St. George in February 2007 and we were married 6 May 2007.

I was able to help him through his surgery and be with him through serious illnesses. Bob passed away

on 11 November 2007.

I recently returned to the Salt Lake area and now live there, close to family.

DENNIS ELWOOD SKINNER

Dennis Elwood born. 17 December 1929
 Married 7 March 1953
 To: Evelyn Jean Thirkill. 27 July 1932
 Children:
 Laurie Jean. 13 March 1955
 Kristian Dewey. 11 January 1957
 William (Bill) Dennis 22 January 1960
 Jeffrey Howard. 8 July 1963
 Kimberly Ann 6 April 1970

These brief comments about me and my family are meant to expand a bit to what is included in my Mom's write up. My wife, Jean, and I are now retired and living in a home we built in 1998 on a piece of property (twenty eight acres) we purchased in 1992. We were married in March 1953 while I was finishing my tour of duty with the U.S. Navy, having joined in

July 1950. Prior to that bit of duty I was born in Conda, Idaho on 17 December 1929; attended grade school in Conda, high school in Soda Springs and two years at Idaho State in Pocatello.

As the Korean War was getting underway, the draft was also. Sometimes my mind works a bit strange. I could be drafted for two years or join the Navy for four years. Longer must have seemed better! Jean and I were sealed in the Logan Temple in March of 1954 while I was on the last months of Navy duty. I finished my BS degree at Utah State University in June of 1957 and did a year of graduate work at Cornell University in Ithaca, New York.

I returned to Idaho and began employment as an industrial safety engineer at the Idaho National Laboratory (INL) west of Idaho Falls. This was to be my course of work until retirement in 1994. We lived in Idaho Falls for about three years, then ten years in Las Vegas and about ten years in Washington D.C. and Aiken, South Carolina. My employment was in the nuclear reactor development, testing and development of nuclear weapons. I became a member of the federal family, Atomic Energy Commission/Department of Energy. I enjoyed my work and the challenges it presented and retired after 35 years service.

Our five children were born at various locations; Laurie and Kris in Logan, Bill in Idaho Falls, Jeff and Kim in Las Vegas. Ultimately I completed an MS Degree at the University of Idaho and taught night classes for the U of I at Idaho Falls in the safety discipline for many years.

Jean and I were called to serve in the London England Mission for eighteen months on a delightful proselyting mission. On return we spent a year in the People's Republic of China (via



Dennis and Jean

BYU David Kennedy International Center) to teach oral English in the city of Guangzhou, more delightful experiences.



*Our family in 2003
Jeff and Kim
Bill, Dennis, Jean, Laurie and Kris*

Our home is about eight miles north of Rexburg on the Egin Bench and provides a view of the Tetons, the North Fork of the Snake River and the Rexburg Temple where we continue as Ordinance Workers.

Our children; Laurie is married to Robert Francis and they have four children and eight grandchildren. She teaches at BYU-ID and lives close to us; Kris is an Air Force F-16 pilot and a Colonel on the Embassy Staff in Bogota, Colombia. He is married to Cheryl Lynn Fisk and they have seven children and two grandchildren. Bill is an Environmental, Safety and Health Manager in Kuwait and is married to Ronda Cook, who is also working with him in Kuwait. He has two children from a previous marriage. Jeff is a Cost and Planning Analyst at the INL site, Idaho Falls, Idaho. He is married to Debra Lee Whitehead and they have five children. Kim is married to Darin Wayne Caldwell. She is a former teacher and now a busy mom in Helena, Montana with five children.



*Ronda, Jeff, Debra, Kim, Darin, Cheryl and Kris
Bill, Dennis, Jean, Laurie and Robert
Below: All of our family together*



ROSE MAUDE CALKINS and THEODORE SKINNER

Rose Maude born..... 21 April 1904
 Married..... 16 May 1922
 To: Theodore Skinner.
 Children:
 Elden. 21 July 1925
 Shirley May. 29 October 1928
 Lorraine 18 October 1930
 Dallas Orson..... 24 March 1938
 Brian Douglas. 7 December 1942

Dennis Skinner (nephew of Rose and Theo) has written the following:

Aunt Rose was born 21 April 1904 in Ammon, Bonneville County, Idaho, the fifth child in a family of eleven. Information on her childhood and teenage years is not available to me. She was married to Uncle Theo 16 May 1922 in Soda Springs, Caribou County, Idaho. On 29 April 1948 Aunt Rose and Uncle Theo were endowed in the Idaho Falls Temple and their children sealed to them on that same day. Aunt Rose became very ill during 1950 and passed away on 1 January 1951 at Conda, Caribou County, Idaho, and buried 5 Jan 1951 in Soda Springs.

My memories of Uncle Theo and Aunt Rose began when I was probably five or six years of age. Our family lived nearly across the street from their family and consequently we grew up pretty much together. Lorraine, the only living daughter, was my age. We were together in elementary and high school classes. We got along fairly well for first cousins. Elden, the oldest, was about four years older than I was and pretty much my hero. We went hunting together several times and always accompanied our Dads when there was a hunting or fishing trip planned. Dallas and Brian were a few years younger than I was and I played with them frequently and enjoyed their company.

Aunt Rose was a wonderful cook and an excellent homemaker. She kept her family and Uncle Theo well cared for. Aunt Rose also did laundry and ironing for Martin Ruggles when he lived at Conda and was a bachelor. Martin was the mining engineer for the Company and I remember Lorraine and I taking baskets of carefully folded and pressed clothing to him. I don't remember Aunt Rose ever driving a car. Whether she had the opportunity or not, or the desire I don't know. I remember in 1936 Dad bought a new Ford four-door sedan from R. J. Coppard Ford



Rose and Theo

Motor Company in Soda Springs. At the same time Uncle Theo bought a 1936 Plymouth four-door sedan from the Plymouth dealer in Montpelier. They were "real goers" and I remember the many, many hunting and fishing trips in either or both of these vehicles. They were to last until 1946, due to the freeze on vehicles



Dallas, Rose, Lorraine, Brian, Theo, Eldon

during World War II. The examples that my Dad and Uncle Theo set for us boys and also the girls in the two families were of great value. For instance, helping our Mothers and sisters on with their coats, opening doors for them, allowing Moms and sisters to exit first, treat them respectfully with no harsh or profane language permitted whatever. I remember several times when the families, ours and theirs, would get together and have dinner, chicken fries, fish fries and other activities. The food was always superb and the biscuits and homemade ice cream were the best. I was not around home much when Aunt Rose became ill, and was in the service in Philadelphia when she died, thus unable to get to her funeral. She was like a second Mother to me and I greatly loved her.

Some special memories of Aunt Rose were given me by my sister Valene, who stated that Aunt Rose was always available for us kids and whenever we went to her home she made us feel welcome, and was always willing to listen to us. She would have us sit down and provide us with something to eat. During my birth at Conda, Aunt Rose came to help. She promised my two older sisters, who were waiting at Aunt Rose's house, that as soon as the baby was born she would hang a white towel on the porch if it was a boy, which she did and they could come home.

Uncle Theo was like a diamond in the rough, but a hard worker, dedicated to his family and a good provider. I know that he missed Aunt Rose terribly and did the best that he knew how in raising Dallas and Brian. I always counted Uncle Theo as a good friend. He was always easy to talk to and we had lots of good discussions. He died 13 March 1985 at Butte, Montana, and is buried alongside Aunt Rose in the Soda Springs Cemetery.

Aunt Rose and Uncle Theo had five children. Elden was born 21 July 1925 at Conda and was killed in a mine accident at Conda on 8 September 1947. He was married to Betty Jeanne Smedley on 20 November 1944. One child was born to them after his death. Shirley May, was born 29 October 1928 at Conda, Idaho, and died 2 November 1928 at Conda. Lorraine, was born 18 October 1930 at Conda, Idaho. She married Herbert Pendrey on 24 Jun 1951. She died the end of May 1996 at Las Vegas, Nevada. No children were born to their marriage. Dallas Orson was born 24 March 1938 in Soda Springs, Idaho. He married Sally Anderson on 4 December 1964 in Butte, Silver Bow County, Montana. They have three children and are still living in Butte, Montana. Brian Douglas was born 7 December 1942 at Conda, Idaho. He married Janice Huber in Butte, Montana. Two daughters were born to this marriage. They were later divorced and he married Kathy Bowman at Butte. One son was born to this marriage. They were later divorced.

Funeral Services for Rose Maud Calkins Skinner

Impressive funeral services were held at the Conda Ward Chapel, Friday for Rose Skinner who died of a lingering illness January 1st, 1951. A Conda ladies chorus sang the opening song, "Sister, Thou Was't Mild and Lovely". Jim Skinner gave the invocation. Jean Skinner (daughter-in-law) sang "That Wonderful Mother of Mine." Tribute was given by former Bishop Charles Giles. Two nephews of the deceased, Verneal and Keith Crosley sang "When I take My Vacation in Heaven". Remarks were made by a former bishop of Conda, Leonard Hyde. Lowell Richards Roberts rendered a vocal solo, "In the Garden of Tomorrow." Remarks by Bishop Warner. A ladies' chorus sang "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere". Closing prayer by William Calkins, brother of the deceased. At the grave site Earnest Skinner dedicated the grave. Interment was in Fairview Cemetery in Soda Springs.

Out of town relatives were Mrs. Mary Calkins, mother of the deceased, Mr. and Mrs. James Stagner, Mr. and Mrs. William Calkins, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Calkins, Mrs. Fred Larson, Mrs. Leon Poorman, Mr. and Mrs. John Piper, Mr. and Mrs. Earnest Crosley, Mr. and Mrs. Keith Crosley, Verneal Crosley, Mrs. Thomas Watkins of Twin Falls, Mr. and Mrs. Bob Tupper, Mrs. Zina Skinner of Ogden, Mr. and Mrs. Dolan Condie of Preston, Idaho.

ELDON SKINNER

Eldon born..... 21 July 1925
 Married..... 20 November 1944
 Betty Jean Smedley.....
 Eldon died 8 September 1947

FUNERAL SERVICES

Written by his Grandmother, Mary Elizabeth Calkins

Eldon Skinner, son of Theodore and Rose Maud Skinner, grandson of Orson B. and Mary Elizabeth Calkins, was born at Conda, Idaho, 21 July 1925. He was blessed by John Skinner the 11th of October, 1925. He was baptised and confirmed on July 30, 1933 by Clarence Muir and Jim Sterrit.

Eldon was a thoughtful and obedient son and was loved by all who knew him. He grew up in Conda, attending school there until he passed the eighth grade. He attended high school at Soda Springs, and graduated from there.

He was ordained a deacon on the 12th of September 1937 by Oneal Wilcox. He entered the army on January 4, 1944 and went to Denver, then to Sioux Falls, South Dakota, where he trained to be a radio technician. From there he went to Yuma, Arizona.

On the 20th of November, 1944, Eldon married Betty Jean Smedley at Soda Springs. They lived at Riverside, California, for about 6 months and then he was sent to Boise to train. Their first baby was born on the 6th of September, 1945 and died the same day.

Eldon was then sent to Spokane, Washington, where he was discharged in May 1946. They came back to Conda to make their home and they were very happy together in their little home. Their happiness was short lived. Eldon was killed in a mine accident on the 8th of September, 1947. He was buried at Soda Springs Cemetery on the 11th of September 1947.



Eldon Skinner

DALLAS ORSON SKINNER

Dallas Orson born 24 March 1939

Married 3 December 1964

To:

Sally Anderson 9 January 1945

Children:

Dallas Mark 22 May 1966

Carrie Melinda 24 February 1968

Kort Eldon 5 June 1972



Doing what I love to do.

I was born to Rose Maude Calkins and Theodore Skinner 24 March 1939 in Soda Springs, Idaho. I grew up and went to grade school in Conda, Idaho, a small Anaconda owned company town, nine miles north of Soda Springs. I graduated from Soda Springs High School in 1956.

My father was a supervisor for the Anaconda Company when the mine was closed down in June 1956. The employees had the option of being transferred to Butte if they so elected. As a result of this we moved to Butte, Montana.

I continued my education at the Montana School of Mines, now known as Montana Technical College for a couple of years, while working summers underground for Anaconda Company or the United States Forest Service.

I was drafted into the army January 1961 and discharged in January 1963. Not particularly wanting to go to school again, I started working for Anaconda Company.

Shortly thereafter, I was introduced to my future wife, Sally Anderson by my Aunt Pearl Skinner. We were married December 1964. To this union were born three children; Dallas Mark, Carrie Melinda, and Kort Eldon.

I continued working in various positions for ACM until they completely shut down in 1982. I was then fortunate enough to become employed by the Department of Interior in Yellowstone National Park. I retired from that position in May 1999.

I was introduced to the outdoors by my father and other members of my family. I have continued this form of recreation and entertainment to the present time.

I tried to influence the members of my own family and they are deeply involved as well. I

cannot even begin to remember the countless hunting, fishing, cross country skiing, and camping trips we have all been involved in together. It has and always will be an important element of our lives.

My children are all married with families of their own. My sons live in the same geographical area, while my daughter lives in Indiana. My wife, Sally, and I visit them all regularly.

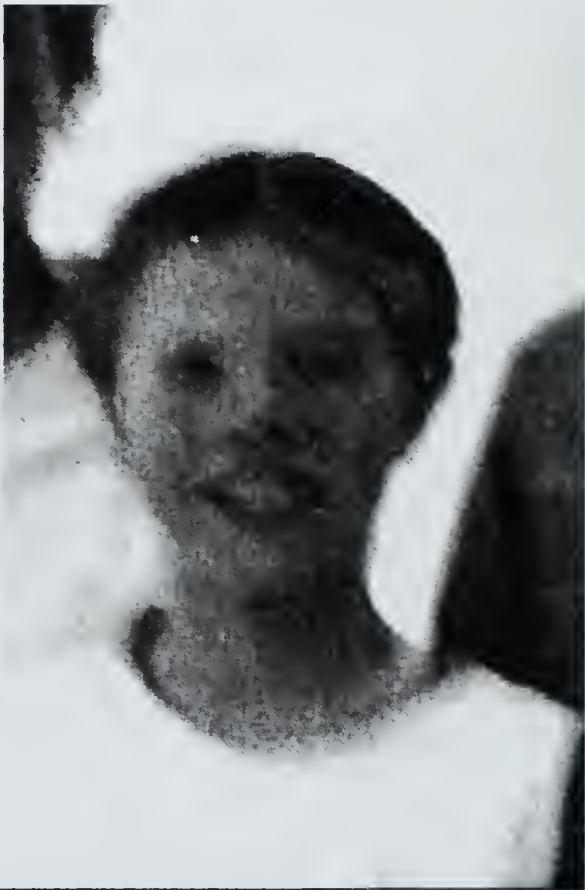
My son Dallas Mark and his wife Alean have a son, Dallas Mathurin and a daughter Sally Anne. My daughter Carrie Melinda and her husband Dwayne Harris have two sons, Zeniff Arther and Zepher Floyd. My son Kort Eldon and his wife Rebecca have a son Theodore Orson.



*Back Row left to right: Kort, Becky, Dallas, Sally, Mark and Alean
Front Row: Carrie, Dwayne, Sally with Zeniff and Mathurin
Missing: Zepher and Teddy*

MARY ELIZABETH CALKINS

Mary Elizabeth born 14 April 1906
Married 24 September 1925
To: George R. Wilson.
Son:
Roy Raymond Wilson. 18 August 1926



The only picture available of Lizzie

Grandmother Mary Elizabeth Calkins wrote the following life sketch of her daughter.

Mary Elizabeth Calkins was born 14 April 1906 at Grace, Idaho. She lived there with her parents, brothers and sisters until the spring of 1914 when they moved to a dry farm north of Soda Springs, Idaho, which they named “Meadowville.” There she grew up and attended school until she graduated from the eighth grade, which was as far as she went in school.

She was a very diligent church worker and worked in all the organizations and was organist for all the organizations for several years. She was active in all the organizations, Sunday School, Mutual, Primary, religion classes and all meetings pertaining to the LDS Church, until she met and married George R. Wilson, on 24 September 1925 at Meadowville, Idaho.

After a few weeks they moved to Boise, Idaho, and there their little son was born. Roy Raymond Wilson was born 18 August 1926. They moved back to Meadowville for a few months and then to Gunnison, Utah.

She died 1 August 1927 at Gunnison, Utah.

Memories by Minnie

I would like to add a few of my memories of my dear, sweet sister, “Lizzie”. She was very talented. She played the piano beautifully. I don’t know if she had ever had lessons, I just know she played so well and I always enjoyed listening to her. She was eight years older than I so my memories are very few.

We always had fun when we were children. I can remember one day especially, Grace, Lizzie, Lenora and I were playing “catch,” with a little bottle—no less. Grace missed and the little bottle hit her on the head. It cut her and the blood ran down her face. Lizzie grabbed her and almost carried her into the house. Lizzie was crying so hard. It was only a small cut but it frightened Lizzie so bad. She just wouldn’t have hurt anyone intentionally. She was a loving, kind girl—a peacemaker. George was a transient cowboy, I believe. I remember I did not like him and didn’t want to see her

leave. I missed her so much. It left such an empty place in our home. When they came back with their little son, Mother was so concerned over him. He was so thin. I don't believe he had ever had enough to eat. Mother soon had him looking and feeling good. During this time we moved from the homestead to another farm about three miles east of our homestead. I remember they were there with us for a short time.

After they moved to Gunnison, Utah, we never heard very often—no telephones and no mail deliveries. We had to go to the Post Office in Soda Springs once a week to get our mail. We had moved again to a place about five miles southeast of Meadowville. (I think it was the Thatcher place.)

There was only a small amount of ground under cultivation so Dad was breaking up about 10 acres of sage-brush ground. It was hard, hard work. He plowed and we all pulled and burned the sage. Mother worked right along with us three girls, Grace, Lenora and I. It was at this time we received a letter from Lizzie saying she was having some problems. She was pregnant and was working in the beet fields with George. Mother wrote right back telling her what to do. They were going to send Grace down to help her. Money was scarce. We had a pig Dad was going to sell to get the money for her train fare. The morning he was going to take it to town he found it lying dead in the pen. They evidently made other plans as they were still going to send her.

That night a messenger from town brought a telegram from George telling us that Lizzie had passed away and was already buried. I will never forget that night. Mother completely collapsed. We didn't think she would live through that night or the next days. Dad sat beside her trying to console her even though he was so grief stricken himself. We all were.

Our dear, little sister was gone. So young, so dear. The folks tried to find out about the little boy and I can't remember what was done about him. (Sure wish I could have known what happened.) George came through Idaho Falls about 1956. He was married. I was working so only saw him briefly. He went to see Clarice, too. I so wish I could remember if she found out anything about Roy. (George's wife did tell me that Lizzie was better off as he was not a good man.)

It is so sad that there are such few memories of my sister, Lizzie. Many tears have been shed for her. I loved her.

CLARICE CALKINS



Clarice

Clarice born. 31 October 1907
 Married. 21 May 1927
 To: Hans Fredrick Larson..... 13 September 1899
 Children:
 Donald Fredrick..... 8 March 1928
 Norman Keith. 9 November 1930
 Lois Jeannine 22 June 1932
 Martin Robert 26 July 1935
 James Merrill..... 1 February 1937
 Hazel..... 30 January 1939

Debrah Larson Roundy, lovingly recorded her Grandmother's history.

Clarice was born 31 October 1907 in the beautiful area of Grace, Idaho. She and her sister Clara were the first twins born in the area and caused quite a stir in the community so the women threw a baby shower to help out and to celebrate. One gift they gave her was a beautiful baby dress worn by Clarice and later her younger sisters as well. It was beautifully made with tucks, lace, full sleeves, and a very long skirt. It was at least 36-40 inches long. When a baby was about a year old the bottom ruffles were taken off and the dress shortened until it just cleared the floor. When the next baby came along the ruffles were sewn back on and the dress was as long and pretty as before. The dress was given back to Clarice before her mother died and was worn again by her first grandchild.

Clarice's father was Orson Booker Calkins. Her mother was Mary Elizabeth Owen. Clarice was number seven and Clara was number eight in the family that eventually numbered eleven children. Clara, unfortunately, died on 9 October 1909, just days short of her second birthday.

Grandma (Clarice) enjoyed her life as a young child in Grace, Idaho. She remembered fondly, "... it takes little to make a child happy; rides on the hayrack behind enormous horses that were my father's pride, licking the ice cream paddles, and getting served ice cream in a saucer by a sympathetic cousin who was sorry for all the little ones waiting until the grown ups had finished eating, riding across the yard on a stick horse, sneaking down into the cool cellar and getting slapped firmly for sticking grubby fingers in the mince meat jar. Most of all I remember the irrigation ditch where it was so much fun to play." Clarice wrote. "I think about the earliest recollection is the time we were all put to bed in a darkened room, one by one, with the measles. I was glad when my older sister Liz got them and had to come to bed in the darkened room too."

Soon after this, Clarice remembers getting her first piece of chewing gum. She recalled, "I cherished it for days, putting it on top of the sewing machine every meal time for safe keeping. Then

one day it slipped and fell, and the cat dashed in and swallowed it. I remembered how sad I was, and I must have really howled.”

Clarice remembers when her sister Lenora was born. Clarice was four and it was a cold, late October day. The doctor and the midwife arrived and sat in the warm kitchen leaving Mary, her mother, alone in the bedroom while they talked. Said Clarice, “My mother tells how angry she was with them. She had such a hard labor, and they didn’t take much interest. How did people live with the pain and illness and probations they were forced to endure?”

The family moved from the lush green of Grace to a dry farm north of Soda Springs about 12 miles away when Clarice was about six. Orson, her father, named it Meadowville because of the swampy meadows close by. It seemed a dreary place of not much but sage brush and mosquitoes. No trees, no grass except for the distant meadows. “Nothing,” stated Clarice, “but sage brush stretching from the mountains on each side; on the north a peak we called China Hat because of its shape, and on the south Sherman Peak.” Their home was a little old two-room house that was very cold and drafty in the winter.

Beauty can be found everywhere. Clarice found it in “the moon rising in the distant pines on the mountain to the east and the beautiful sunset behind the hills to the west.” The children “always hoped to get to the mountains on the east and climb up to the trees, but the distant meadow was green and full of life and the lovely little shooting star bloomed profusely every spring. The older girls would take us sometimes, and we would gather all we could carry of the fragrant flowers, although we gave in return a bit of blood to the hungry mosquitoes.”

The first years on the dry farm, the younger children were kept close to home as there was always danger of getting lost in the tall sagebrush. Close to the house in the spring many little wild flowers bloomed and soon Clarice and her sisters were busy picking them to decorate mud pies and gathering every dish and jar they could get their hands on to fill with bouquets.

Soon Liz, Grace and Clarice were the right age for doing chores—three little girls hand in hand, brown braids tied neatly with red ribbons, feet bare in the deep dust. Theirs was the chore to guard the cows from the precious grain. They gathered wood, the chips to fill the wood box by the old cook stove. They would race to do the chores and make it a game.

Clarice remembers her sister Pearl scrubbing clothes in an old washtub on the old wooden porch, her arms deep in the soapy water. She stopped to turn her face and body to the wind. The wind blew her hair away from her warm, sweaty face. She raised her arms and the wind sculpted her body like the figurehead on a sailing ship, but she didn’t know it. She’d never seen a sailing ship, but the dirty old clothes had to be scrubbed! Mother’s wash was always the whitest in the country.

While the wash water heated, the beans boiled and the bread baked. The workers were always hungry, so the little girls with the braids and the bare feet carried the cold water from the well to the rinsing tub, their bare feet splashed with the cold, clean water.

“In the winter the few men in the neighborhood would get together to haul wood from the mountains, hard mountain mahogany and the sweet smelling cedar.” Clarice wrote, “It was always an anxious time for us at home. Sometimes it would be dark long before we would hear the sounds of

them returning. In the cold winter stillness, sound carried for miles, but eventually father would turn the exhausted horses in through the gate and always they were unharnessed, fed, and made comfortable before he stopped to take care of himself. It seemed no one was ever able to outguess the winter and haul a sufficient amount of wood in the fall. Almost everyone had to make the difficult trek through the deep snow for more fuel before the winter was through."

"There was one JOY we all detested. When the woodpile got low, we children had to gather chips to burn. It seemed that we never got a game going or just set up our playhouse when mother or an older sister would call us to hurry and get a bucket of chips because the bread was ready to bake."

The schoolhouse Clarice first went to was a dirt-roofed log cabin; a shack she called it. Children didn't start school as early as they do now, and Clarice was nearly eight. School was a mile and a half away and winters long and hard. Clarice thought, "I really don't want to go. I don't know how to read. I don't know nothing." That attitude didn't last long, however. She soon learned how to read and was such a voracious reader that she quickly read practically every book on the shelves. Soon the teachers wouldn't let her take out a book because she wasn't doing her homework and studies.

In the winter the cold, dry air of Soda Springs would put a hard crust on the snow that the students could walk on top of. The snow would appear to be a sparkling field of diamonds, emeralds and rubies as the sun dazzled it. Clarice and her sisters would long to scoop up the gems and buy all of the pretty things that they could imagine. Such dreams made the walk go faster, but what a treat when their Dad felt it was too cold and hitched up a team to drive them to school.

Clarice's grandmother crossed the plains and some in her family were among the pilgrims. When Clarice found that out, she couldn't wait to tell her friend, a tall redheaded girl. As Clarice bragged on her ancestors, her friend pulled herself up full-length and declared, "Mine met them!" Then Clarice found out her friend was part American Indian.

The dry farm was never a profitable venture, but it kept the family fed and clothed. Mother's butter and eggs were always in demand and Clarice hated to churn. But after churning came chores she rather liked. She enjoyed working the fresh butter, rinsing the buttermilk out with the cold, fresh well water, working it well with the smooth wooden paddle and finally molding it into smooth pounds in the butter mold, then pressing it out on the wet squares of parchment paper and folding the sides up neatly.

All too soon she was old enough to wash clothes on the washboard and boil the white things in a boiler on the stove. One of the things she remembers enjoying was when they got a new washboard and a new bar of soap.

A school was more than just a place of learning. It became a community center and soon a new school house was built. It served as a church and for all other activities, especially the Christmas party and the Fourth of July celebration. Every Fourth, the men would ride up to the hills to find a place where the snow had packed in and settled, shaded from the sun. Scooping it up, they'd hurry back. Everyone in the community would contribute the day's top cream. (That's the cream that floats highest on top of the raw milk, and the richest in fat) It would be dumped with the other ingredients into a big metal tub. This would be laced in a still larger tub filled with the hastily transported snow to

which some salt had been added to slow the melting process and hold in the cold. The tub would be shaken from side to side to make the ice cream, scraping down the sides as needed. Then what a day! With no refrigerator, all the cool, sweet ice cream had to be quickly eaten, and Clarice loved to do her share.

Clarice was in the seventh grade. School was closing for the summer and there would be a big program that night. The seventh and eighth graders, of which Clarice was one, had finished their exams administered by the county. They were all to come back the next day to pick up their report cards. That day their father drove them to school in the sleigh, for the snow was still too deep for the wagon even though it was late May.

Antsy anticipation quickly turned into forlorn tears when they arrived and found the schoolhouse burned to the ground. There was nothing left but the chimney that seemed to have no end. The chimney top was lost in the cloud of smoke that still hung over it. All their papers, exams and report cards were destroyed. Their exams would have to be taken over again the next year. Worse yet was the guilt they felt, for the students had managed to get a little outside help and wondered if the schoolhouse had burned down as punishment for their cheating.

The first World War began in 1918. Clarice was about eleven years old, and her older brother Bill was called to war. The family was given a plaque to hang in the window. It was blue and red with a white star to show there was a soldier in the family. Clarice and her sisters would run out to the road to look at it hanging in the window, and feel very proud. He came home safely when the war was over.

During the war years the dreaded influenza hit the community. Clarice never got it, thank goodness, but the rest of the family was ill, some desperately. The winter was long and cold, and the doctors and medicines were impossible to get. Many died, but no funerals could be held. It was a sad year, Clarice remembered.

Grandma Clarice was baptized in a slough fed by a clear spring in the Soda Springs area. (A slough is another word for a creek running through a swampy or marshy area.)

One story Clarice loved to tell was about washing and hanging out the clothes. The winters were bitter cold and everything left out would freeze. The family hung the washing out on the lines and then would bring them in to finish drying. That's when the fun would begin if they could just get their mother out of the house. The girls got a big bang out of standing the long underwear up around the table and propping the long flour sack nightgowns and petticoats here and there about the room, circled up around the stove. How they'd laugh and giggle as the pants and dresses, and especially the long underwear, would do a slow, melting dance. Of course they always got a good scolding but managed to do it anyway.

One cold winter day, a strong wind came up while the clothes were still out on the line. The girls rushed out to get the frozen clothes off the lines, but they were not quick enough. The wind whipped the brittle clothes, and broken sleeves and legs flew everywhere. The children hunted through the whirling snow and their poor mother spent the next many weary evenings sewing and repairing the clothes the best she could.

When Clarice was fairly young the family had a cow called Old Bob. Her tail had been bitten off when she was a calf and she used it like a club. As time passed, the older sisters married and left home. All too soon Clarice was the oldest and had to pitch in and help her dad by milking Old Bob. The flies really bothered Old Bob so she angrily switched her club and Clarice would get it right in the back of her head.

One day Clarice heard someone calling her from a distance and went to see what was up. There were two of her girl friends perched shakily on top of a piece of machinery. And there was Old Bob, keeping them there. They had climbed the fence while the cows were out so Old Bob went after them and they were scared. "I told you how mean she is," Clarice reminded them. "Well, we didn't believe you," they replied, but after that they did.

Clarice was about fifteen and her older brothers Bill and Albert, as well as sisters Edna, Pearl, and Rose were married. Clarice helped with plowing, chores and milking, though she said, "I know I was pretty poor help for an overburdened father who suffered from a bad hernia and ulcers, too." She could milk the cows and harness the horses, then hitch them to whatever was needed. She didn't mind the plowing at all. Around and around, one furrow after another, the seagulls swooping down to catch the worms. The sun was nice and warm. At noon they'd rest the horses and grab a bite to eat, then back to the fields to work until evening.

One evening Clarice returned from the fields, took care of the horses, then ate. After supper she grabbed the milk buckets and started out to the barn. Her younger sister ran out to remind her that it was her turn to wash the dishes. Her father was outside and overheard. "She doesn't have to wash the dishes," he called back. "She worked all day plowing. You little girls can do that yourselves." Her sister looked so shocked, but Clarice went to the barn chuckling to herself. She got looks that could kill the rest of the day, but felt pretty important for a while.

In the Soda Springs area, school could only be attended up to the ninth grade, but Clarice had her sights set higher. She wanted to complete high school. Her older sister Edna (Stagner) had a rather fragile daughter so Clarice spent a year helping her with the daughter and attending school in Spencer.

At school that year Clarice quickly made friends with Hazel Larson, a spunky girl with whom she shared a common interest, fun! It was through Hazel that she met her future husband, Hazel's hard-working older brother, Fred.

Hazel helped Clarice get a job as a waitress in a café in Roberts the next year, and she would work hard each morning before school cleaning, then run to school, returning to the café for the lunch-time crowd, then zipping back to school at 1:00 p.m. for the afternoon classes. Returning to the café after school, she'd usually work until closing time, though she'd find the time for parties and fun, too. Clarice could balance four plates and four bowls at a time and proudly proved it to her granddaughter Deb just a year or two before she died.

That year the café was sold, so Clarice got a job in a hotel run by Hazel's older sister Hilda. There she'd do the maid work before and after school in exchange for a little room of her own.

By then things were getting serious between Clarice and Fred Larson who was now a railroad section foreman. They would meet for silent movies at the theater and for parties whenever he was home. Neither dated anyone else from then on.

Fred's younger sister Hazel and Clarice managed to have lots of fun together. One thing they enjoyed was when Hazel would dress up as a boy and together they would "hit" the movies. Everyone would get really excited and would gossip, "There is that girl engaged to Fred Larson and running around with other boys!"

Clarice had many friends at high school in Roberts, people she kept in touch with through out her life. She admits to being not much of a student, but she had a wonderful two years.

At nineteen Clarice graduated, and feeling quite of marriageable age, she and Fred "tied the knot." Primitive housing was provided by the railroad so for the next several years Clarice followed Fred, chopping wood, pumping water, keeping house, and having children. During this time most of her children were born in Roberts, at home, with the help of a mid-wife.

Diapers must have been the bane of her existence. First she would cart the dirties out to the well to soak, then rinse well. Then it was in a pot for a good boiling and wash, followed by more rinsing. Next the diapers were hung up on a line to dry, and then finally the sweet, clean-smelling diapers were folded. It must have been wonderful to finally have a child potty-trained.

Don was their oldest child and about the time he started school they settled in Roberts. Fred was a strong, hard-driving gang foreman and often had to leave for long periods of time, living in railroad housing. Clarice and the children would really miss him, and after one particularly rough Sunday afternoon Don said, "Mama, this has been the longest day. Maybe God went some place and forgot to turn it off."

Five children were born in Roberts, Donald, Keith, Lois, Martin and Jim. Martin and Jim were born in a small house they purchased in 1930, but the family continued to live in a railroad section house until 1933. Because of the depression and changes, Fred was laid off as foreman and worked as an extra gang foreman and a section laborer. They then moved into the little house and, with a cow and a garden, got along just fine.

During the depression Clarice decided that the family needed a piano. She scrimped and saved for it, then bought it on time. The fruits and vegetables she grew, she was able to trade for ration cards to purchase much-needed shoes and other items.

Clarice was ever mindful of paying her tithing and taught her children to take care of their obligations to their God from the time they got their first jobs as babysitters or newspaper deliverers.

On their tenth wedding anniversary Fred was promoted to road master, and was soon given the district that headquartered in Idaho Falls. They bought their home at 316 3rd Street where Clarice lived the rest of her life except when they moved to Pendleton, Oregon for one and a half years while Fred supervised the railroad being built to the coast. He didn't enjoy the work and they were glad to return to Idaho.

Hazel, the last child, was born in Idaho Falls, and was the only one of her children born in the hospital. What a luxury! Nine days for nothing but resting and relaxing. It must have been a real treat because Grandma Clarice mentioned it often.

When Hazel was about two and a half years old, Clarice was asked to work in the Primary, (a church instruction program group for children ages 3-12). How she escaped earlier service, I can't imagine, but she feels the calling was extended in self-defense on the part of the officers as she faithfully sent all her children. She began as a new and very inexperienced teacher of the nine-year old Blazer boys. They made sure she was not inexperienced for long, and oh how she suffered! But she loved the association of the other women and so began a great time of service as she held positions that included Primary Second Counselor, Primary President, Trekker Scout teacher, and Stake Primary President. She also served in many capacities in the Relief Society including Second counselor, Relief Society President, visiting teacher message leader, secretary of the Relief Society board, and again a counselor in the Relief Society Presidency before she finally quit so she could be with her newly-retired husband.

Clarice's service in the various church organizations was often recognized. In particular her secretarial work was often mentioned for it was always done efficiently and her reports were always in early, a real help to a busy ward bishop.

As Clarice grew older one of the things she missed most was being able to teach and experience the closeness of the Lord as He guides his worthy teachers in preparing their lessons and messages.

Life is never without heartache.

Clarice's father, Orson Booker Calkins, died in 1948. Her mother, Mary Elizabeth Owens, died in 1955 while Clarice was serving as a second counselor in the Relief Society. Clarice had just resumed her duties for a while, but by 1 January 1956, she knew she was in for another long, heart-breaking trek down the lonely road of life. Her son Martin, a junior at BYU, entered the hospital for exploratory surgery, and was found to have cancer of the liver. He was sent home where she nursed and cared for him. He died 20 November, exactly a year after her mother who had also died from cancer.



*Keith, Don, Lois, Martin,
Jim, Father Fred, Hazel and Mother Clarice*

Probably the most harrowing event in Clarice's life was when she was a girl's camp counselor. The girls and their leaders were up at a camp called Darby Canyon in the early 1950s. A group of the older girls and their leader had gone up the mountain on a hike when a storm rolled in. The girls sought

shelter under some trees and as the thunder crashed around them, lightning struck and hit the tree that sheltered the girls and their leader from the "Old Fifth Ward." Five people were killed, all from the Fifth Ward, and others were injured.

Several of the hikers ran back to camp to go for help. Clarice sprang into action hiking up tirelessly all day and into the evening to help the injured down and to bring in the bodies of those who had died. Many realized that she was not only among the first there, but was the last to leave, not departing until she was certain all the things that needed to be taken care of were done.

Service was a way of life for Clarice. Family was always her top priority, but countless small acts of kindness could be told by her neighbors and the people in the ward. Helping others brought great joy to her life.

Clarice was a great cook. She seemed to be able to take next to nothing and create a feast. Her soups were outstanding, her gravies a rich tasting delight, her rolls light and flavorful and her desserts were nothing but fabulous. She helped teach many of the grandchildren her skills. It was a joke with her children that Clarice could get her grandchildren to eat anything, even things they vowed never to touch at home, and why not? She made everything taste wonderful.



Clarice and Fred

Clarice had a skill for crafts, sewing, poetry and other similar fine things. When her grandchildren were born she sewed beautiful outfits for them. She also created stuffed animals, corn husk dolls, and owls. There were all kinds of owls. Macramé owls, nut and pretzel owls and even owls made of rocks and perched with a bit of glue onto drift wood finds. She crocheted and did macramé, never being one to allow her hands to be idle for long.

Clarice's home always smelled clean and fresh. She always kept it well-scrubbed and cared for. She liked to decorate, and refinished some of her furniture. Staying downstairs in the basement was always a treat with cool sheets hung out on the line then pulled smooth and tight on the high beds. The basement was the territory of the "Witch of the Black Lagoon" to the alternate delight and horror of the grand-kids. One year Clarice put up a black paper silhouette of a witch on the basement door with a poster declaring it the Witch's Territory. She delighted in showing it to one and all. Those willing to creep into the domain of the Black lagoon were met with a well-stocked pantry. Rows of carefully bottled fruit, vegetables and jam stood ready for a drop-in meal at any time of day.

The house held another fascinating terror, though. It was a small room she had had dug out of the wall of the basement. It was a small, chilly storage area she had resourcefully dug out shovelful by shovelful when her children were young, having her children haul the dirt out by the bucket load. It served as a root cellar and kept the potatoes and other vegetables fresh, as well as serving as a storage place for her delicious home-made pickles.

In 1965 Fred retired from the Union Pacific Railroad. For a short while Clarice then worked as a school cook. She enjoyed the job immensely with the children's happy faces and having a little spending money all her own, and felt it helped to be out of the house with a bored husband home.

This didn't last too long, however. Fred and Clarice had had enough of the Idaho winters and decided to head to Mesa, Arizona with visits to children and friends along the way—and out of the way, too.

Upon her return to Idaho she would entertain her grand-kids with tales of how the tarantulas would run each fall when she'd enter their trailer home, scrub brush in hand, to clean things top to bottom so there'd be no surprises from the arachnid family to greet them at night.

In Arizona Fred and Clarice enjoyed flea markets, crafts and the fabric mills. They took up playing pinochle with friends and enjoyed that a great deal. Clarice enjoyed going to the fabric mills and picking up great deals on tricot, the "in" fabric at the time. One year everyone got tricot sheets and pillowcases for Christmas, and spent the rest of the year slipping and sliding out of bed. That was followed by the year of the bright yellow underwear and nightgowns. How Clarice enjoyed picking up the bargain fabric and turning it into gifts.

During this time of their lives they were able to tour a little bit because of the pension from the rail road. They enjoyed touring into Mexico, and bought a little land in Florida. They enjoyed the life in the comfortable mobile home in a friendly park. Church continued to be an important asset in their lives, and a short journal she kept records often that she attended this or that church meeting. Letters from her children or grandchildren always made her journal headlines also.

In 1977 Clarice and Fred celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary. At that time they had thirty four grandchildren and a great grandchild on the way. Life began to slow down for them now. Crafts and church responsibilities were put aside as caring for Fred consumed all her time and energy. Fred died in August of 1992. They had been married an incredible sixty-five years. The last year of her life was long. The house was empty. She was ready to go home, and pancreatic cancer provided the ticket. Of her life she said, "I'm sure I'm reasonably happy, happiness being what it is. I'm glad to be me and who I am. I have no regrets for lost youth, but some [for] wasted time." To this she adds, "For all these years that seemed more like so many days, I have had a good kind and loving husband. [He was] thoughtful and long-suffering. Thank you dear husband."

March

The sky is blue today
The clouds so white,
It's spring!
The wind—just right,
I scan the skies with eager eyes,
Oh! There it is! A kite!
Soaring, dipping, tugging
To be away and gone.

One day I flew a kite
For my small son.
He handed me the fragile string
And said, "Hold 'till I come."
That kite! So far away
On its' slender string,
Tugged at my arms, my body
Like a living thing.

That trembling pull
Reached to my heart,
My heart stood still, then took wings
And flying through the air
Sailed the windy sky,
And left me breathless, thinking there.

With shaking hands I pulled it down,
And all that I could find
Were broken sticks and paper
Rattling in the wind.
"Oh, Mother! You let it fall!"
With tear-filled eyes he ran to me.
"Come quick, we'll build another one,
Just as good, you'll see."

He didn't know that day
My soul had sailed so high and free.
I was afraid that crumpled kite
Was all I'd find of me.

(This was written on a beautiful March morning after Relief Society while gazing out a window and seeing a kite dancing in the sky.)

Spring!

Here comes May with a skip and a smile,
Tossing out the clouds of gray,
Mopping April's dismal tears,
Chasing cold and gloom away,
Dusting off a tulip red,
Polishing a bluebird wing.
Here comes May with a skip and a song.

'Tis Spring,

'Tis Spring,

'Tis Spring!

Clarice Calkins Larson

Going Home

I leave you here in sunny Arizona,
Where palm trees sway beside my door.
My old blue bowl is heaped with fruit of gold,
The sun shines bright, who could ask for more?
No high winds to tear my hair and whirl my skirts
In all this land no sleet or snow,
But I must leave you, 'Sunny Arizona,'
I'm going home to Idaho.
I'll miss the dark blue skies of night,
The shining moon and stars atop my tree.
The changing purple hills, the desert bright,
The joy each day has brought to me.
I'll miss each smiling face—each friendly hand
Upraised to greet me on my way.
I leave you here—in sunny Arizona
And the memories of this magic land
With me forever stay.

Clarice Calkins Larson

HANS FREDRICK LARSON

Hans Fredrick Larson born..... 13 September 1899
 Married 21 May 1927
 To: Clarice Calkins..... 31 October 1907
 Children:
 Donald Fredrick..... 8 March 1928
 Norman Keith..... 9 November 1930
 Lois..... 22 June 1932
 Martin Robert..... 26 July 1935 - died 20 November 1956
 James Merrill..... 1 February 1937
 Hazel..... 30 January 1939

I was born 13 September 1899, at Market Lake, now Roberts, Idaho in a log cabin with a dirt roof. My father was Hans Martin Larson and my mother Elizabeth Christin Swenson Larson. My brothers and sisters were: Lillie Elizabeth, Annie Caroline, Manghilda Eleana, Johanna Marie, Amanda Viola, Josephine Amila, Adolph Martin, Alice Lavina, Alma Moroni, Harold Limias and Hazel Linnea. [Fred was the ninth of thirteen children.]



Fred and Clarice

The year I was born my father was employed on the Union Pacific Railroad as section foreman. The railroad at that time was called the Oregon Short Line. He resigned the next year account of an injury, and then carried U. S. Mail from Roberts to Menan, Lewisville and Lorenzo until 1920. We lived in the log cabin for around two years and he built a home, just a few yards from the cabin. He built this besides carrying the mail. It was a two story building and is now the Harry Anderson residence. I do not remember much about this home except we had to stay in the house most of the time during the summer account of the mosquitos and at this time there was a lot of shooting and fights among the cowboys who would get drunk. I remember the big tin tub we had there to bathe in and also the pitcher pump in the kitchen to pump water. We also had an outside toilet.

We lived there a few years and then bought a thirty three acre farm just north of this home. It was all in sagebrush and we all went to work grubbing off the sage brush. We also made adobe brick for the house we built. I and the smaller ones had to mix the material, which was heavy dirt and straw with our feet. We finally completed this home and we lived in the home until around 1910. Alma, Hazel and Harold were born there. We sold this place to a Mr. Amich and bought a five acre plot south of there where my father and some of my sisters built a two story home. This home gave us the necessary room for our large family. We had a large barn built for our horses and cows as we had to keep four to five horses for the mail route and we also had two or three milk cows. We also had chickens and a hog or two. When bands of sheep would go by our place we would sometimes get a bum lamb or a crippled sheep to take care of. We all kept busy taking care of the livestock and the

garden. I generally had a few rabbits and pigeons for pets and being the oldest boy in the family I done most of the chores, like keeping the barn cleaned and running errands. I also sold the Saturday Evening Post and the Ladies Home Journal, which gave me some spending money.

The only church at this time was the Baptist and Catholic, so we always went to the Baptist Sunday School and our mother gave us the L.D.S. version of the Bible. As our Dad had to carry mail seven days a week, we did not have an opportunity to go to Sacrament meetings, but sometimes we would go with him to Lewisville and take in Sacrament meeting. We did not have an L.D.S. Ward at Roberts until I was around fifteen years old and church services were in the Gibson's dance hall located on the second floor of their warehouse, brother H. Grow being our first bishop. Being the only Mormon family at Roberts for years we were belittled and made fun of. Soon after I was eight years old I went with my father on his mail route and we stopped at the dry bed which is between Menan and Lewisville and I was baptized by James D. Hoggan, confirmed by Edward B. Hunter the next Sunday.

One year I worked after school and on Saturdays at the drug store serving ice cream and drinks and washing dishes, etc.

I was one of the pitchers on the school baseball team and as I was a left hand pitcher done very well, until I throwed a muscle in my arm and I have not been able to throw very good since. I also was on the town hockey team and always overpowered the teams from Rigby, Menan and Lewisville. I won a prize one year in school for raising the biggest yield of potatoes on a plot of ground. They were the Idaho rurals potatoes.

One summer I worked for a farmer by the name of Sam Hart cooking up potatoes and barley for his large herd of hogs. I received twenty five cents a day for this. I saved enough money to buy some muskrat traps and single shot twenty two gun. When school started in September and after school I would set the traps on the slough back of our lots and also hunt the muskrats along the canal. From September to December I would average around \$30.00 a month trapping and shooting muskrats and weasels. I would get from fifteen cents to \$1.25 for the pelts. I would ship them to Hill Brothers in St. Louis and also to a firm in Billings, Montana. The first winter I trapped I saved enough for a bike, so my parents ent to Sears for two bikes, one for me and one for the girls, but when they arrived, they made the mistake of sending two girl's bikes which we all used. I learned to skate when very young and every fall up until Christmas we all enjoyed skating. When the snow came it stopped our skating but we then started sleigh riding. From the day school started until it closed in May my pleasure and fun was boating, (I had a home made boat) trapping, skating and sleigh riding. In the summer time we swam in the canal back of the school house and back of the Gibson acreage.

When I was fifteen years old my Dad bought a new modern Ford from a car dealer in Rigby. He paid \$535.00 for it. This was cash as at this time they did not have monthly payments. This helped him some on his mail route and he generally used it on Sundays. The salesman who delivered the car to us showed me how to run it by taking me around the block. The first time I drove it I ran on top of our cellar before I got it stopped, but no damage done. I used to take my mother and some of my sisters to Rigby or Idaho Falls for groceries or to do some shopping and account of the dirt and bad roads we generally had a flat tire or two on every trip.

I worked for the Ledvinas in haying time driving a team on a hay rack, also the team on the derrick and hay rake. I received \$1.00 a day for this and my dinner. I also worked for a farmer by the name of Slade, pitching hay on the hay rack which I received \$1.25 a day and my dinner. When the parcel post came in service I would have to go to Menan three or four times a month with a lumber wagon to get a load of flour that was shipped by parcel post in 50# bags to Shupe, Idaho and other points. My father did not get any more for this as he was under contract to carry all mail. The flour mill at Menan made flour and my load generally was around 100 sacks at a time. In the fall and winter I would pick up coal along the track for our fuel in the winter. This saved buying much as we could not afford to do so. On picking up coal one December I stepped in a hole and broke one bone in my ankle. This kept me out of school for a couple of weeks.

I had to quit school after the ninth grade as my father took ill with ulcers and I had to take over the mail route until he got well. He was on contract and prices of things got higher including feed for the horses, (hay got to \$40.00 a ton.)

I went to work on the section at 16 ½ cents an hour which amounted to \$1.65 a day for 10 hours. We used a hand car to go to and from work and pumping a hand car after a day's work was not fun. This was my start on the railroad which I worked for over forty-nine years. I started when I was sixteen years old and retired on my sixty six year birthday.

The first couple of years on the section I would get laid off in the winter account of reduction of force and would be put back to work in the spring. When I was not working on the railroad I would work in the elevator loading grain in cars and unloading coal cars of coal by shoveling the coal in the coal bin. The elevator was owned by my brother in law Roy Skinner, husband of my sister Hilda. I received twenty five cents a ton to unload the coal. He also owned the People's Market which bought eggs, chickens and other produce. I candled the eggs when necessary and received fifteen cents a case (a case held thirty dozen.)

When World War I started, I transferred from the section to the station at Roberts as warehouseman and clerk. This paid \$120 a month and my shift was from 4:00 p.m. to 1:00 a.m. I handled all freight, made our weigh bills, handled express and baggage, sold tickets and met the two night passenger trains. I got this job as the employee that had it was drafted in the war. If the war had lasted another two months I would have been drafted as I had my call for a physical examination and was classed as number one. Upon the former employee's return in 1919, he returned to this job and the railroad wanted me to take the same job at Rigby, but I was needed at home so I transferred back on the section. I continued to work on the section until (illegible) _____ section man which was seldom.

The master mechanic from Pocatello contacted me to go on as fireman with the understanding I was to work in the round house at Butte, Montana until an opening showed up. This was in September. I went to Butte and stayed for a month or so and then transferred back to the maintenance of way department and again went out as relief foreman. I was relief foreman at various locations—Menan, Camas, Shelley and in July I was assistant extra gang foreman, under a foreman by the name of B. S. Arrington. We laid new railroad from Idaho Falls to Dubois. We had mostly

Mexicans as laborers. He was a hard man to work for and I was the only assistant foreman who stayed with him. Every morning he would grab a pick handle and go through the bunk cars telling the men to rollout or roll up. This meant go to work or roll up their blankets and get their time. In September we was relaying the switches at Bassett when he began to yell and holler and all of the men quit except fifteen or sixteen. I had to take a couple of men and put on a hand car and get all the sections in the vicinity to help us put the track back in service which took us until dark. We was a couple of days waiting for another sixty men to start laying track again. I stayed on the extra gang until October and was sent to Old Beaver as section foreman on this section. It was five miles north of Spencer and the section run to Humphrey. They took me from the section in December to put up the railroad's ice at Humphrey. This job lasted three weeks and I had a crew of fifty five men and five teams of horses to cut the ice and keep the snow off of the ice. I had also a train crew and engine to spot cars at the chutes. We would load from thirty six to forty eight cars a day and would load around two hundred cakes of ice to the car. I had this job every winter for thirteen years.

I went back on my section at Old beaver and other sections after each ice job. In June 1924, I met my future wife Clarice, who came up there to visit her sister. She stayed with her sister and went to school at Spencer. Her sister [Edna] and her husband and family lived across the tracks and creek from the section house. In May 1925, I bid on Hogwood section which is on the desert between Roberts and Hamer. The rattlesnakes was very bad that year and we would have to watch where we walked. We found them in the tool house, the front porch and ice houses. The railroad took me off this section and put me as foreman on a ballast gang. We raised the track to Deuois. I went back on my section that fall and the next year took out another gang and raised the track from Dubois to Spencer r4eturning that fall to my section at Housgood. The reason I bid on Housgood was to be closer to my folks, as my mother was very ill at that time.

On May 21st, 1927, Clarice and I was married by Judge Wold at Idaho Falls, and upon returning from our two or three day honeymoon we took up house keeping at Housgood, using orange crates and old furniture left there by previous tenants. We bought a kitchen range from Boise Payette Company and used oil lamps and had pack rats for company who made their home in the attic. The coyotes at night would keep us awake with their howls. Late in the fall I moved Clarice to Roberts and I batched there. On March 8th, 1928 our son Don was born in the Welling house. Her mother was the midwife and Dr. E. D. Jones the doctor. Clarice had a hard time and I run back and forth from Housgood until she was well. The previous year in March I had bought a brand new Chevrolet coupe and I used this to go to and from my work. The railroad called me to take a gang and I laid new rails from Lima to Armstead and also relaid curves between Silver Bow and Dillon. The Payne section came open in 1929 and I bid in that section. It was a much nicer location being eight miles north of Idaho Falls. When I was not on the section I was laying new rail between Dillon and Silver Bow. I also laid all new rails in Lim yard including twenty six switches, also ballasted the track from Armstead to Silver Bow, laid new tracks in Butte to the round house, also tracks in Idaho Falls and other locations. On November 9, 1930, our second son, Norman Keith, was born. He was born at Roberts in Mrs. Balmer's home who made a living as a midwife.

On June 30, 1930, the first year at Payne we went to Logan and was married in the Logan Temple. Our daughter Lois was born while we was at Payne also. She was born at Roberts in Mrs. Balmer's home.

In March 1933, the depression came and I was unable to hold my section at Payne as they laid off more than fifty sections. I moved to Roberts in a two room house we had bought and I worked as relief foreman at various places and when not on as foreman, I worked as section man, getting from one to two day's work a week. The railroad was good to me as they gave me all the extra jobs they could. In May 1933, they gave me a rock sealing job with a work train and five men and I cleaned out all the cuts and cliffs between Ashton and West Yellowstone. I had to complete this before the passenger run which started the last of June. This job was given to me for two years. I run a tie installation gang of twenty four men for a couple of summers and also a fire patrol gang from Dubois to Monida. I also had a work train with twenty four men unloading ties from Huntington, Oregon to Green River, Wyoming and from Salt Lake to Butte and over most branches. We unloaded as high as seventy two cars of ties a day unloading ties along the track when the train was going around fifteen to twenty five miles per hour. The fire patrol job was a seven day a week job with four men. We would follow all the 3 trains to Monida and put out any fires they started. Some days the trains would start a good many fires and we used shovels and wet sacks to put them out. We would start at 4:00 a.m. following the first passenger train and would generally finish at night around 6:00 p.m. When the fall rains came in October we was laid off this job.

I remember the last year I was on this job, Clarice saved over \$300.00 for us and she bought me a radio for my birthday. All the while I was on these jobs away from home she took care of the children, the home and our milk cows.

The summer of 1936, our son Martin was born and I was between Dubois and Spencer on an extra gang. The train crew on a freight train number 277 dropped off a butterfly paper and told me I had better go home as I had a new section hand at out house. Mrs. Balmer was the midwife with Dr. Jones.

I had my tonsils removed that summer also. Dr. Jones removed them in his office. He set me in a chair and took them out and sent me home about an hour after. This was on a Saturday and I went to work on Monday.

I was assigned to the Camas section late in 1936 and was called on an extra gang the latter part of February 1937 to ballast the track at Modena, Utah. Our son James was born in Roberts, 1 February 1937. Our last child Hazel was born 30 January 1939 at the Idaho Falls hospital.

The extra gang I handled consisted of seventy five men to assistant foreman and timekeeper. We raised around a mile and a quarter of track a day. On 21 May 1937 I was promoted to roadmaster with headquarters at Las Vegas. This was a temporary position as the assigned roadmaster was taken out of service for having his welding equipment hit by a train. My headquarters was Las Vegas, and I went to Yermo, California, all desert. I was there until late in July. I had no opportunity to visit the family so Clarice had the responsibility of taking care of the home, children and our milk cows. When I got home I was about a stranger to the children.

I took charge of the Dillon, Ashton, Glenns Ferry and Nampa roadmaster's districts until I was assigned to the Blackfoot district 1 September 1937 which I handled until my retirement 1 October 1965 with the exceptions of being transferred to Pendleton, Oregon from September to January and as general roadmaster 1958. Our present home is the one we bought in 1938 at Idaho Falls.

All our children are married and with families with the exception of Martin who died November 20, 1956 of cancer. This was the saddest event in our married life. The roadmaster job was a twenty four hour a day and a seven day a week job which did not give me much time at home with the family and our vacations were very few. I was supposed to get two weeks a year vacation but many times this was cancelled account of important work to be done. It seemed like all trouble occurred on week ends which made it necessary to be away from home on weekends. High water, derailments or snow conditions always occurred the latter part of the week.

Some events I remember: Using hand cars on the extra gangs to transport men to and from work. We generally had twenty five cars to do this. The men would get in a hurry to get back to camp which caused a lot of injuries and accidents. I would take the lead car, the assistant, the middle car and the timekeeper the last car. This helped some. The big problem on pay days, especially out in isolated places was bootleggers and women visiting the outfit cars. This happened most in Montana. We always called the railroad special agent and the sheriff to handle this. They would go in the cars and arrest those who were fighting or peddling their wares. On one occasion one bootlegger was brought in and given two years in the pen and the two women ninety days in jail.

I remember unloading ballast on the apex hill north of Dillon. We had ten cars ahead of the engine and we was to unload them on a downward grade. The engineer lost the air and it took us all to set the hand brakes with pick handles to get it stopped which we finally did after a three mile run at sixty miles per hour.

Another time I was plowing out the Mackay branch of snow as the branch was snowed in, using the large spreader and we got stopped next to the right of way fence. We worked all night getting it back on the tracks.

We had considerable trouble in Utah with men shipped out from Las Vegas. The railroad would send out twenty five or thirty men each day and most of them would work a day or so and then steal from the others and leave.

When re-laying the tracks in the Lima yard, I was standing at the depot waiting to call the men to go back to work after the noon hour when a Mexican pressed another Mexican who turned around and stabbed him just below the heart. I knocked him down with a bundle of tie plugs, and the town marshal took him to jail. We took the young Mexican to the doctor. He was up and well in thirty days. The man who stabbed him was given thirty days in jail.

One ice season I took the train with the outfit to Humphrey to put up the railroad's ice. The cook had a large tub on the stove filled with beans. He said when the men showed up they would all be hungry and this was the cheapest food to take the wrinkle out of their stomach. We had beans three times a day and finally the last of them came out all doctored up with catsup. The roadmaster, by the name of Hammach, was there to eat supper with us and I advised him and some of the men not to

touch the beans as the cook had cooked them up the day we arrived there. The roadmaster said he had been in the army and always liked beans. He stayed in the outfit car that night and about 12:00 o'clock that night I saw him leave the car in a rush. When he came back in he said, "Fred, most of your gang is out there on the snowdrift." It looked like a flock of crows just lit there. We had to send ten men to the doctor at Lima and the roadmaster stayed in the outfit for the next day. We got a new cook out of it and it kept me busy keeping the men from taking the cook out and throwing him in the lake.

Running an extra gang was a tough job and you had to associate with all types of men. After I retired it took some time to get adjusted to a new life. We have made many trips and now spend winters in Mesa. We have made a trip through Mexico, also a trip to Florida to see a lot we have there and made many trips to Santa Maria to visit Lois and family, also to Pueblo to visit Dona and family. We are grateful for our children and so far with our good health and hope we can have a lot of good years together yet.

Reflecting back:

When I was around fifteen years of age a group of boys my age made a trip through the Yellowstone Park by way of Jackson Pass. We was seven days making this trip in a Model T Car. Over the pass we sometimes had to back the car up so that the gas would flow to the engine, as them days there was no gas pumps on the cars. When we arrived on top of the pass we chopped a small pine and tied it to the back end of the car to keep it from going down too fast. When we got to the bottom we had worn out all the brakes and also the reverse band. We had to replace the bands at Wilson before we proceeded through the park. We was sure sick of our cooking by the time we got back. We made another trip the next year to the Limhi river for a two day salmon fishing trip. We caught a couple of salmon on this trip.

One of the relief section foreman jobs was a two week job at High bridge which was a siding between Dubois and Spencer. I remember this plainly account of the bedbugs and pack rats which over run the section house. I put a can of coal oil on each leg of my bunk bed to try and keep the bedbugs off my bed, but they found a way to get on the bed anyway. The pack rats kept me awake at night rolling bones and other objects in the attic.

Some more later.

Fred died 11 August 1992

DONALD FREDRICK LARSON

Donald Fredrick Larson 8 March 1928
Married.. 1951
To: Ferne Marie Harlan (div 6 November 1969)
Children:
Donald Russell. 1 June 1953
Clifford Allen.. 11 April 1954
Lauri Joan.. 11 December 1955
Robbin Clark. 21 August 1958
Patrick Theodore. 31 May 1959
Michael Fredrick. 31 May 1959
Stephan Parker.. 8 January 1961
Melanie. 10 December 1961
Alisa Annette. 17 October 1963
Eric Martin.. 15 February 1965
Carrie Lynn. 15 November 1966
Married Janet Bradshaw.. . 17 November 1993



Don and Jan

I am the first son of Hans Fredrick Larson and Clarice Calkins born in Roberts, Idaho. My life story really starts when great-grandfather and great-grandmother, living in southern Sweden, decided their belief in Jesus Christ could be better served by joining the true church, *The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints*. My grandfather was one of the 10 children from that union. The family did suffer persecution; not being able to receive adequate employment was only one of the many trials they had. My grandmother's family lived in another part of Sweden. She being the only member of the church, also suffered persecution. She had to be baptized after dark to keep the neighbors from knowing. Separately and unknown to each other in Sweden, they decided to immigrate to Utah and join the Saints there. Grandfather and two of his brothers arrived and were settled in the Logan, Utah area. A short time later Grandmother came to the same area. They were in a suburb of Logan called Millville. It boasted a sawmill. The settlers there were to haul timber from the mountains, cut lumber and most important, to protect the sawmill from Indians who loved to set it on fire. The two met and married. They chose to go to Idaho where Grandfather and Grandmother, with the two brothers, decided to go into prospecting. After hiking across the lava fields to Challis, Idaho, they found a silver mine and sold it. There was talk they had been badly cheated (probably due to poor

English skills). They did work for the company they sold to. While working at that mine the Lord miraculously saved Grandfather from death as his runaway ore cart plunged over the side of the mountain. (Great Uncle Jim was injured in the mine and moved to Pingree, Idaho to farm. His other brother drowned a few years later cutting ice on the Snake River). They then moved to Roberts, Idaho. There Grandpa worked for the Union Pacific Railroad until an accident injured him and he had to quit (no workman's compensation in those days). He delivered mail from Roberts to Menan by team and wagon winter and summer. Grandfather's last home, in Roberts is still being lived in by my cousin Jeanine and Dick Furrows. My father Fred Larson quit school after the eighth grade to make some money to help the family. He also trapped muskrats, selling the pelts for his spending money.

My Grandparents on Mother's side trace their ancestors to the Pilgrims. In the 1800s, they joined the true church, suffering through the persecutions in Nauvoo, which then brought them to the Utah Valley. One of our relatives, James Pace, walked to California with the Mormon Battalion. He then walked back and gathered his family for the trek across the plains. He was a captain of 50 families during the trek. Upon arrival in Salt Lake, President Brigham Young sent him 80 miles south to start a settlement. They named it Payson. Great Grandpa Owens was instrumental in setting up the irrigation in southeastern Idaho. His hewn stone home is now a museum in Ammon, a suburb of Idaho Falls. Grandpa Calkins and Grandma Owen met in Idaho Falls as Grandpa was a teamster (horse drawn wagons - not fancy big rigs) delivering goods from Salt Lake making frequent trips to Idaho Falls. The Calkins' grandparents lived in Soda Springs, Idaho area as farmers, retiring first in the Boise area and then in Idaho Falls, Idaho.

Mother, Clarice Calkins and Dad Fred Larson met in Spencer, Idaho while Dad was working on the railroad and Mother was visiting there. Mother finished up high school in Roberts working for Dad's sisters in a restaurant for her board and room. Then she married Dad.

Of my childhood, I remember riding a bicycle that was too large with my leg under the top bar. I did grow into it. I still have a scar, just below my right knee, when I took a spill. I remember hating my chore of churning butter. I enjoyed playing in the water between the house and barn (we called it sub water as it had no inlet or outlet), taking the cows to pasture about $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ miles away (it really seemed like 2 or 3 miles), taking baths in the old galvanized round tub, burning my belly on the coal stove that sat in the middle of the living room, rolling down the canal bank and then looking at my eye floaters with the clouds as a background, spraining my ankle by jumping off too many steps at the school and hitting the bottom one a glancing blow (I was six at that time.)

Before my teens, my cousin and I chummed and occasionally ditched Sunday School. Our church building was a split level so when opening exercises were over we thought it was smart to slip out the back door and play until church was out then go home. Kids, kids. I always felt a little

guilty about this.

I am happy to say at age eleven we moved to Idaho Falls. There with new people and surroundings (no more cows to herd, chickens and pigs to feed, no more dark damp food cellars, with cobwebs to go down in) my life did change for my teen age years. There was boy scouts (missing Eagle by 2 merit badges), scout camp in the shadow of the Great Tetons and of course scout meetings at the church. Then we had some great outings as Aaronic Priesthood; baptisms for the dead, visiting historical places, Limhi (a silver mining area), *This Is the Place* monument, the rafters of the tabernacle, where we saw and felt the rawhide straps along with the wooden pegs which held the roof together. I think of young people today who miss the opportunities of spiritual and temporal relationships and join the low life of gangs, parties, alcohol and addictive drugs. In those days there were some cases of hard drugs, but the most addicting was the smoking of tobacco, and alcohol. Immorality was present but not as blatant as it is today.

As a teenager I still had my share of maturing problems. I remember one time saying to mother that I didn't want to attend church any more. I'm not sure of the reason but I'm sure it was the usual, "I'm bored or it's not fun." Mother just quietly said that she and Dad would really rather I attended church. I respected my parent's wishes and in a few weeks was glad I did. I struggled to read the Book of Mormon for Sunday School Class, never getting past 2nd Nephi. Then there was always dad saying, "What do you want to do for a living?" It seemed like the question was asked every few weeks but I know it was only a couple of times a year at the most. We did, as a family, have a problem with family prayer and scripture reading. For some reason we kids resisted, even though we attended church regularly. I did fair in school. I struggled with algebra, liked biology, auto mechanics, home economics, typing, accounting a little and marching band a lot.

I delivered newspapers on bicycle and on foot when the weather was bad. Then I worked for the newspaper part time. At 16 Dad gave me a 1929 Model A Ford. My grades in school stayed the same and didn't drop—I was able to keep my set of wheels!! This gave me money for a shotgun and car expenses, like insurance, gasoline, repairs, etc. Because of shortages (World War II) we had rationing of gasoline and also of sugar, coffee, butter. Every now and then I would run out of coupons to buy gasoline and it really made me realize how blessed I was to have a car with gasoline. I did all the overhauling and repair work on the automobile. I was nearing the end of high school and World War II was now over and it was time to make a career choice, which I wasn't ready to do. A buddy and I joined the Navy (they had two year enlistments). We were separated after boot camp. I went to Virginia and my buddy went to Florida. He changed spark plugs in aircraft engines (just what I would rather have been doing). I got to work in an office punching a typewriter.

It was in the Navy that I felt the spirit for the first time—not the Praise the Lord !! Hallelujah!! roll on the floor kind—but the warm feeling of peace and love. Being around the missionaries and

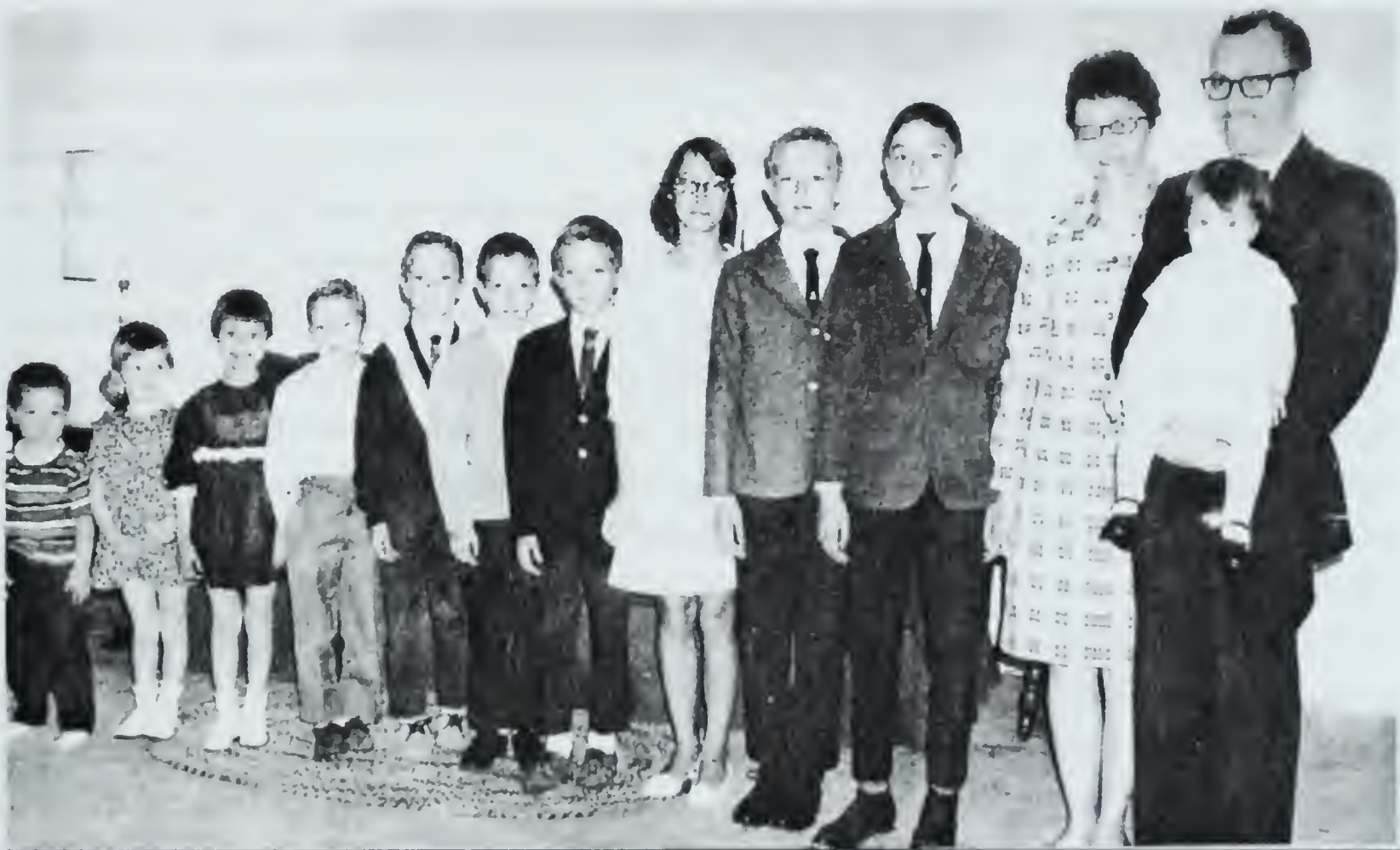
helping in the church seemed to be the place I really belonged. I decided to offer to go on a mission as soon as my enlistment was over. I finally was able to read the Book of Mormon and had many religious discussions with the office staff. I was stationed at Norfolk, Virginia Naval and Air Base.

Virginia Beach wasn't too far away, a trolley car, ferry ride and trolley car. My buddy and I could be at the beach in an hour or so and we visited there a few times. I ended up in the hospital for a few days with a terrible sunburn after one of those beach excursions. I attained the rank of Yeoman 3rd Class (same as buck sergeant), made a trip to Bermuda with the Norfolk Navy football team (not as a player only as an observer), saw the Smithsonian Institute Museum in Washington D.C., the Statue of Liberty and the Empire State Building (the tallest building in the U.S. in that day.)

When I returned home, I was interviewed by Hugh B. Brown and in a few months received my mission call to the Western States Mission, headquartered in Denver, Colorado. I had saved \$50 a month out of my Navy \$65 monthly salary. Dad said he would pay the other half. Great two years. Teaching, comradery of fellow missionaries and the church members made for a short 2 years, and a very enjoyable time. Most important, however, was the promptings of the Spirit. I will relate the most notable one. My companion and I were laboring in Nucla, Colorado. He had appendicitis and we traveled to Grand Junction for the surgery. In those days it took a two week recovery period. I was odd man so I drove the two missionaries to appointments, etc. This particular day I was told by the Spirit in actual words "Go back to the Apartment." I said out loud, "What?," looking to the back seat to see who was talking. It was not the missionaries. They were discussing who to contact next. I then reached the house they wanted to contact. They got out of the car and were walking up the sidewalk when the voice again said, "Go back to the Apartment." I drove off, signaled to the two missionaries with up stretched arms, as if to say, "I do not know what is going on. I am just going." When I arrived at the apartment, my companion was dressed waiting for me. He had been sleeping and had a dream of a young child lying limply in her mother's arms. The mother was crying and calling for help. He awoke to the phone ringing with a distraught mother asking him to come to the hospital to give her baby a blessing. The child had fallen out of a moving car (in those days we called them suicide doors. They opened into the slip stream yanking you out of the door onto the roadway, unless your reflexes were super fast, letting go of the door handle). Because of the circumstances that had led us to be available for that phone call, we knew for sure the baby would be healed and would recover immediately. I have always appreciated the great faith of that mother and a loving Heavenly Father who listens to prayers.

The next phase of my life started upon returning from my mission in the fall of 1950. I entered BYU University in Provo, Utah with a decision to enter the profession of Optometry after ruling out auto mechanics (the easiest), architecture (poor handwriting and neatness skills) and

dentistry (my hands in someone's mouth plus giving them pain did not appeal to me). I realized to gain the maximum credits to graduate (you lose credits if you transfer universities) I would need to change universities. My choice was influenced by a friend Russell Miles who said he had a good boarding house to stay at and a good branch of the church, which just happened to have some good looking girls. It was there I met my first wife Ferne Harlan. We were married in the Idaho Falls Temple the next fall. To help expenses, I worked in a cannery at nights and a couple of summers as a logger. I tried cutting, hauling and selling "pulp wood" to the paper plant but that didn't work out. For several summers we stayed at the folk's home and dad found me a job on the Union Pacific Railroad. The first child, a son Donald Russell, was born during our first summer break. I was in Portland looking for work when the water broke. I finally returned to the car and drove as fast as I



Colorado City Is for Family Living—say 13 Larsons

Larson family featured in a newspaper article

Left to right: Eric, Lisa Lanie, Steve, Mike and Pat (twins), Rob, Laurie, Clifford, Don Jr., Mrs. Larson and Don holding Carrie, 17 months

could back to the hospital 20 miles away. The car just seemed to be slow. I had the pedal to the metal with no success. I just overhauled the motor and apparently it would not go any faster. Anyway, we made it to the hospital in time. The next boy Clifford was born while I was studying for finals (I didn't even make it to the hospital). Someone else did the honors. The third, a beautiful

girl, Laurie, was born shortly after I graduated. I was ready to quit school several times as finances were tough, but we persevered. I took State Boards and qualified in Idaho and Colorado. We set up practice in St. Maries, Idaho. It was a beautiful area with hunting, fishing, timbered hills, even a garnet mine in the area. Our fourth child, Robin Clark was born there.

The next phase of my life was when Ferne wanted a divorce. With poor finances and poor marriage practices, I had a problem. I was not willing to accept or ask for help. I think it is called pride, inability to accept human failings, ego, etc. I put it off by saying things should get better. The pressure of finances in a small town and the offer of stable income caused us to leave our log home with 60 acres of land on a quiet road and move to Colorado. Seven more children; the twins Pat and Mike as we changed from Denver to Pueblo, Stephan, Melaine, Alisa, Eric, and Carey Lynn following. A real stair step when they were lined up for pictures. We moved to be in country and then back to town and back to the country again. While in Colorado City the marriage finally ended.

The next phase of my life was one of adjusting to being single and learning to be an absentee parent along with making a living for two homes instead of one. The hardest two things were leaving the family after a Sunday or holiday visit and then living down a failed marriage. Our Prophet and the brethren have said that if we care about our spouse and they care about us, if we are not selfish and are committed to marriage, we should, with all these common interests have a good marriage. Some of the important common interests would be an Eternal Marriage, active church work and service, family care, plus other common interests. Because love is as much a verb as it is a noun, the phrase "I love you" is much more a promise of behavior and commitment than it is an expression of feeling. The most important decision of life is the selection of a spouse. (Do not let the hormones do all the looking.)

I then had a civil marriage with two stepchildren thrown in; more counseling was needed as I was wanting to spend time with my children. But, the new family also needed time. During this period a friend and I started to rent airplanes and take flight training. A real loser; I personally lost more than \$20,000. Ten years later that marriage broke up. Probably from my answer to the question (which should not have been asked), "If Ferne and I (new wife) were drowning, whom would you save?" Since she didn't want the responsibility of eleven children, my answer was Ferne.

The next wife was a temple marriage. After three years of marriage I had decided to divorce. I couldn't see any way to meet the financial goal of adequate retirement income, with her spend, spend and spend mind set. However, another spiritual experience along with more counseling kept me in the marriage for seven more years. At this time I served on the High Council and as Scout Master and Sunday school teacher.

Then six years of single life. No women, but lots of choice church service as counselor to

three different Bishops. After a year of taking care of my mother with Alzheimers, deciding to take my Social Security pension, and mother needing to be in a nursing home I decided to look for a good wife, someone who had a strong testimony of Christ and would work in a church calling. I met and married a choice companion Janet Merrill, a widow, who lives in Canada.(About four plus hours from Vicki Stonehocker's residence.) After 15 months of honeymooning we were called on a mission to London England, serving 18 months there. Now we are happily living thirty five miles from the Montana border, province of Alberta, and snowbirding to California for the winter months. We serve as stake missionaries in both Canada and California.

My health is pretty good, as my heart is healthy, but Arthur has come knocking, along with some reflux problems and an aching back. As I look back on my life at this point of seventy two years I would still say the only way to be happy is to follow the teachings of the Savior; pay your tithing, keep yourself free from immorality. (I have never had sex with any one but my wives) and of course the SLAVING ADDICTIONS of the world; namely nicotine, alcohol, drugs, immorality, pornography. In other words, just live the Gospel of Jesus Christ and learn to love all. This life is a learning process. We need to stretch ourselves and conquer the problems of life by overcoming the challenges of imperfect and weak body and spirit plus learn to have faith in Christ and the Father of our spirits, our Father in Heaven.

This is written at the close of the year 2000; so the story is not yet completed.

An update of our children: Donald and Eileen have three children and two grandchildren. Clifford and Linda have five children and one grandchild. Lauri Jean has three children and one grandchild. Robin and Jill have five children and one grandchild. Patrick and Lisa have four children. Michael and Karen have two children and three grandchildren. Stephen and Oliva have two children. Melaine and Mark have six children. Alisa has two children. Eric and Dawn have no children. Carey Lynn has one child. Jan and I also share her five children and twenty-four grandchildren.

NORMAN KEITH LARSON

Norman Keith Larson born. 9 November 1930
 Married 14 October 1949
 To: Bonne Jean Evans. 29 April 1931
 Children:
 Debrah..... 19 July 1952
 Catherine..... 19 September 1953
 Clarice..... 25 August 1955
 Janice. 6 May 1959

The son of Hans Fredrick Larson and Clarice Calkins Larson, I was born 9 November 1930 at Roberts, Idaho, a small agricultural community. Roberts was a small farming town with only one of everything; one grocery store, one doctor, one restaurant (which my aunt Josie owned,) one hotel (which my aunt Hilda owned,) a few other small businesses and the railroad depot. Dad was transferred to Idaho Falls in 1937 and became the road-master of the Blackfoot District for the Union Pacific railroad.

Other than attending Roberts Elementary school in the first and part of the second grade, the rest of my schooling up to high school graduation was at Idaho Falls, Idaho.

We lived at 316 third street in Idaho Falls during my youth. Of all the classes I had at school, I enjoyed my wood-shop classes the most. I extended the length of our garage ten feet to put a shop there. I purchased wood-shop equipment; table saw, jointer, drill press, lathe, and other shop equipment before I was sixteen years old. I repaired furniture for people, built cabinets, and did general repair work. I worked for an excellent cabinet maker, Burt Oswald, when he needed me. He was an excellent mentor. From the time I was twelve years old until I graduated from high school I worked for the Post Register for spending money. I carried papers when I was in junior high and worked in the circulation department when I was in high school.

During my youth we were in the Idaho Falls Fifth Ward. It was a nurturing ward. I enjoyed my Aaronic Priesthood activities and scout work. I made the rank of Eagle Scout.

In the month of August in the year I graduated from high school, I started dating the young lady who was to be my companion throughout life and eternity. One day a friend of mine, J. Earl West, and I wanted to get a date and go roller skating. J. Earl had a date. I did not. I thought I had better check around and see if someone might go with me. Three of the girls from the Ward were walking around and we approached them. I thought maybe one might be hard up enough to go with me so I asked. My future wife, much to her future regret, volunteered. I was quite pleased to have her company and before the night was over I felt she was the one for me and hoped that I could interest her. We started to go together and we fell in love. She has always made my life more

complete and her interest in me always buoyed me up and made me ambitious to succeed in school and work. She has always treated me well and I appreciate that she values me as a part of her life. In her I found a dear friend who always has and hopefully always will stick with me through thick and thin.

In the fall of 1949 Jeanne and I decided to get married. I was almost 19 and she was 18. We married in the Idaho Falls temple on 14 October 1949. I continued to go to school and started teaching. It was soon after World War II and teachers were needed. They were hiring those of us who had just two years of college to go into the field of teaching. I started teaching sixth graders at Shelley Idaho in 1949.

I taught in Shelley, Wendell, and Boise Idaho. I was an elementary principal for eleven years in Boise, and enjoyed two year stints in small ranching communities of Pleasant Valley, Three Creek, and Hollister, Idaho. I had always wanted to go into construction and finally I took the plunge. I was a building contractor in Boise for over twenty years. In 1998 we decided to retire to Idaho Falls and have lived here ever since.



Our four daughter and Jean and I - 2009

Our daughters and their husbands have been our best friends. Deb is married to Carlos Roundy and they have five children (one deceased) and six grandchildren. Cathy is married to Kevin Meldrum and they have one child.



Clare is married to Kevin Bench and they have six children and six grandchildren. Jan is married to Rich Hughes. She had seven children from a previous marriage and has eight grandchildren and two step-grandchildren.

*Orson Booker Calkins Family Reunion 2007
Two Cousins
Keith Larson and Loren Calkins*

LOIS JEANNINE LARSON

Lois Jeannine born..... 22 June 1932
 Married..... 4 June 1954
 To: Jack Leon Cragun. 22 July 1929
 Children:
 Christine Elizabeth..... 24 January 1953
 Mary Lynne. 24 May 1955
 Kathleen..... 25 September 1956
 Charlene Laura..... 8 August 1958
 Douglas Calvin..... 1 February 1960
 Kevin Alan..... 8 July 1964
 Jeannine..... 3 November 1966



Lois - 1949

I was born 22 June 1932 in Roberts Idaho to Hans Fredrick and Clarice Calkins Larson. I was delivered by a midwife in her log cabin. We lived in Roberts until I was going on four years of age and then our family moved to Idaho Falls. I attended elementary school, junior high and high school in Idaho Falls, where I graduated. I went to Ricks College School of Nursing for a brief time and also worked for doctors at the Hatch Clinic and a couple of others. I married Jack Leon Cragun 4 June 1954, in the Logan Temple.

Jack was born 22 July 1929 in Smithfield, Utah to Thomas and Laura Verna Potts Cragun. Jack taught school for twenty seven years before he retired to do fund raising in the schools. He loves sports and plays a mean game of tennis, which he still tries to play most days.

We are active in our ward here. I have been the ward music chairperson for about 6 years now. Before that I was chorister in the Relief Society and Homemaking Leader. I have been in the Young Women presidency and also Primary and Relief Society. Of all my callings I have loved being the Primary chorister for fifteen years or more off and on. This has been my favorite as I feel it is a blessing to be able to teach children the gospel through music.

I really do not have a favorite gem to leave with my family, except to always be honest with your fellow men and to stay true to the gospel principles and to Endure to the End. They all know they are loved.

Christine is married to Robert Meek and she has two daughters. Mary is married to Doyle Timmons and they have five children. Kathleen is married to Devin Burns and they have a daughter. Charlene is single and has three children. Doug is married to Laurie Ames and they have five children. Kevin is married to Laura Taylor and they have four sons. Jeannine is married to Bernard Cabreana and they have two children.



Our Family in 1976
Back left to right: Christine, Mary, Doug, Kathleen Charlene,
Front left to right: Jeannine, Lois, Jack, Kevin

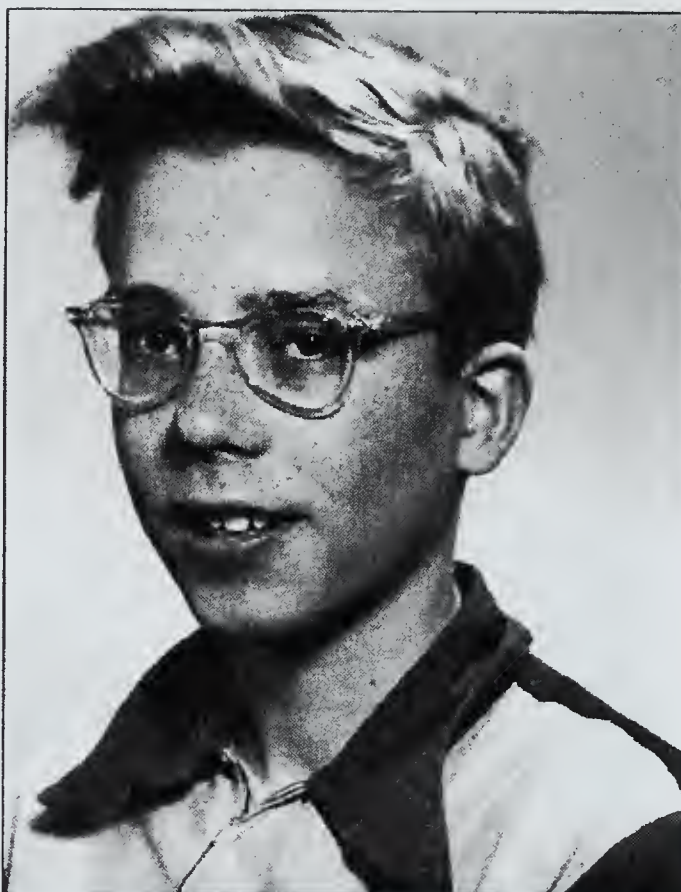
MARTIN ROBERT LARSON

Martin Robert born 26 July 1935

Died 20 November 1956

Keith remembers his brother:

Martin was a good young man who passed away at an early age. He had many good friends and they enjoyed many activities together at church and in scouting. He loved motorcycling with his friends. In one of his more exciting motorcycle rides he crashed and had to nurse a few broken bones for awhile. He went to college at BYU and did well. He started feeling ill and returned home. There he was diagnosed with cancer. The doctors were unable to get it under control because it had spread throughout his stomach. He passed away 20 November 1956 when he was just 21 years old. His passing was greatly grieved by his family and many close friends. He remained a faithful church member to the end.



Martin



*High School Graduation
with a proud Mom
Martin and Clarice*

JAMES MERRILL LARSON

James Merrill born..... 1 February 1937
Married:..... 7 September 1963
To:
Carol Jane Larch. 19 December 1944
Children:
Deborah Sue..... 26 August 1964
Michael Jon. 31 August 1965
Tammy Lynn 9 July 1967
Kurt Frederick 29 December 1968
Annette Marie 15 April 1970
David Martin. 7 December 1971
Amy Renee 12 June 1974
Jennifer Ann..... 17 May 1976
Rebecca Michele. 5 December 1977
Jeffrey Scott..... 30 March 1981
Brett Matthew. 26 February 1983



Jim age 24

I was born of goodly parents, making my entry into the world at 5:00 p.m., Monday, 1 February 1937, at Roberts, Jefferson County, Idaho. At about the age of two years, my parents, Hans Frederick Larson and Clarice Calkins, purchased a home on 3rd street in Idaho Falls, Idaho. They



Jim at an early age

lived in this home right up to the time of their passing, over 50 years later. I grew up in this home and have many fond memories of it, the 3rd street neighborhood, and the surrounding numbered streets.

The schools I attended were close by, all within easy walking distance, Emerson Elementary or Grade School, O. E. Bell Jr. High School, and Idaho Falls High School. As I grew up I had the usual part time jobs to earn pocket money, paper routes, lawn mowing, and after school jobs for several local businesses. I played flute in the high school orchestra and band. What I remember most though, are the great times we had in our Boy Scout troop, and all the time spent fishing the Snake River and swimming in the local canals during the summer months.

At about the age of twelve years, a good friend of mine gave me a crystal set radio that had been given to him that he didn't want. That little radio opened up a whole new horizon to me, leading me into the hobby of ham radio and then eventually to a Bachelors and Masters degree in Electrical Engineering–BSEE

from Utah State University in 1959, MSEE from University of Idaho in 1969. College tuition through my undergraduate years was financed by summer work as a section hand on the railroad. This opportunity was made available to me and many other boys in the neighborhood by my father, whose position on the railroad allowed him to hire young college men to do railroad maintenance work through the summer. Many of us would not have been able to finance our college educations except for this work. We were all truly indebted to him for this assistance.

After graduating from USU in 1959, I took employment in the aero space industry in the Los Angeles area. I met my future spouse, Carol Jane Larch, at a weekly singles dance sponsored by the LDS Wilshire Ward in Los Angeles. We were married 7 September 1963 in the Los Angeles Temple. A year later I had the good fortune to find some very challenging and broadening



Carol and Jim



*Back row left to right: David, Brett, Jeff, Amy, Annette, Becky, Jennifer
Front row left to right: Mike, Jim, Carol and Debbie*

employment with the instrument development branch of Phillips Petroleum Co. located in, of all places, Idaho Falls! (This is now the Idaho National Laboratory). In 1968 I accepted employment with Argonne National Laboratories in Idaho Falls and continued there until I retired in 1995. From then up to the present time, 2008, I have been semi retired

and self employed as a consultant involved with instrument development for nuclear utilities.

Carol, my most excellent wife and mother of our children was born in Salt Lake City, Utah. We have a large family, eleven children with nine living. Deborah Sue is married to Alan Scott Killian and they have five children. Michael Jon is divorced and has no children. Tammy Lynn died 4 October 1967. Kurt Frederick died 24 October 1985. Annette Marie is married to Steven Douglas Robert and they have five children. David Martin is married to Tyralee Packer and they have five children. Amy Renee is divorced and has one child. Jennifer Ann is married to Brandon Dalley and they have three children. Rebecca Michele is married to Kevin Rhodes and they have four children. Jeffrey Scott is as yet unmarried, and Brett Matthew is recently married to Nicole Holtzapple.



Calkins Cousins - Reunion 2007

Back row left to right: Dennis Skinner, Jack and Doug Piper, Don and Jim Larson, Ruth Poole, Joan Fowler and Faye Tupper.

Front row left to right: Cleo Grinaker, Valene Klamt, Aunt Minnie Fowler, Iris Stone and Evelyn Nieffenegger.

HAZEL LARSON

Hazel born..... 30 January 1939
 Married..... 12 July 1957
 To:
 Roger Dix Hoffman. 12 October 1936
 Children:
 Roger Dix..... 19 September 1958
 Mary Christine (Tena)..... 6 October 1960
 Kendra Lee..... 17 October 1969

I was born 30 January 1939 in Idaho Falls, Idaho, the sixth and youngest child of Hans Fredrick Larson and Clarice Calkins Larson. I was their only child to be born in a hospital. I was raised and got married in the same home that Morn and Dad owned on Third Street in Idaho Falls. They owned the home for over 60 years until it was sold in 1993 just before Morn passed away.

School in 1957, I married R. Dix Hoffman on 12 July 1957. I worked for the Pickett and Nelson Construction Company until the birth of our first

child in 1958. Since then I have worked as a volunteer at the same grade school that our children were attending. For several years I also worked part time at the Agape Book Center.

I was also the main care giver for both Mom and Dad and I will always be thankful that I had that opportunity.

Dix, who by the way, was born in the same hospital 12 October 1936 that I was born in, was in construction at the time we married, but in 1961 started to work for the Atomic Energy Commission which is now the Department of Energy. He retired in 1992. In 1960 we built our first home and have been here ever since. After remodeling, enlarging, new inside, new out side, and new roof we felt we had too much invested to move. So why not stay here? It's paid for.

Our first born was Roger Dix Hoffman Jr. born 19 September 1958. Roger lives in Salt Lake City where he works for Franklin Covey.

Our first daughter, Mary Christine (Tena) Hoffman Crossley was born 6 October 1960. Tena married David Crossley in 1981 and started very quickly to acquire large German shepherds. Tena worked for the I.N.E.L. until her juvenile rheumatoid arthritis got worse and her doctors put her on medical disability in 1995.

Our third child Kendra Lee Hoffman was born 17 October 1969. She works as a paralegal for a law firm in Boise.



Hazel and Dix

During my life I have traveled to various locations in the United states, from New York City to San Francisco, to San Antonio and many cities in between, and I have not found a better place to live, love, and find happiness than right here in Idaho Falls. All in all we have had a great life and I am proud to be part of this family.

“To believe in yourself and in what you can do is the first road to success.”



*Our Family
Kendra, Roger, Tena
Dix and Hazel*

GRACE MARGARET CALKINS



Grace

Grace Margaret born. 12 August 1909
 Married..... September 1927
 To: Lester Rosen (Div)
 Children
 Maxine Audrey 13 Apr 1928
 Married 5 September 1951
 Wesley B. Cox

Written by her Mother, Mary Elizabeth Owen Calkins.

Grace Margaret Calkins was born at Grace, Idaho 12 August 1909, to Orson Booker and Mary Elizabeth Owen Calkins.

Grace was a very large baby at birth, weighing twelve pounds. She grew so fast she never did seem like a little baby. She was a good baby and gave very little trouble, which was a blessing because the family was large at that time and there was a lot of work to be done. She grew fast and it seemed such a short time until she was school age. At that time, her parents and family had moved to a new home which they named Meadowville. There Grace grew up and attended her first school. She attended school at Meadowville until she passed the eighth grade. She started to the ninth grade but quit as she obtained a job at Conda, Idaho, working for the mine Superintendent's wife. She worked there until 2nd of September 1927 when she quit her job and married Lester Rosen from Paris, Idaho. They moved to Twin Falls, Idaho, to live and while living there a baby girl was born. They named her Maxine Audry Rosen. When Maxine was about two years old they moved to Consumers, Utah, where Lester obtained work in the mines. In March 1931 a little son was born to them but only lived a short time.

Grace and Lester did not get along very well and she decided to leave him. She came to Idaho Falls. These were depression times and there was no work. She lived with her sister and brother-in-law and their family for a short time. Lester took Maxine with him. In about 1932, she moved to Salt Lake City where she lived for a few years. She then moved to Los Angeles and worked as an apartment house manager for two years. She then went into training with



Maxine and her mother Grace

the Austin Studios in photography. She worked and trained for two years and then became the manager at their Burbank Studios for four years, then at Santa Monica, San Francisco, Oakland, Salina and then to Modesto.

She transferred to Salt Lake City for a short time, then back to Modesto. She quit Austin's in 1951 and went to work in the bank at Modesto. While living there she met Wesley B. Cox. They were married 5th of September 1951 at Reno, Nevada. She has been very happy since that time. She now has two lovely grandchildren and is very proud and happy with her family.

A Few Memories I Have of My Sister Grace by Minnie Fowler

She was such a fun person to be with. She had a personality that won over every person she came in contact with. She was ambitious and tried hard to better herself in whatever circumstances she was in. The summer I graduated from High School we went to Driggs, Idaho, on a pea-picking job. We lived in a tent, cooked over a bon-fire and picked peas from early morning until late evening. What a job. She didn't stay long.

She moved to Salt Lake City soon after that. While in Salt Lake she was employed by a mortuary. Her work was to set and comb people's hair. She did very well until they brought small children. She was so tenderhearted she just couldn't work on them. I think the loss of her little son and also not having Maxine with her was just too hard on her. This was probably when she went to Los Angeles. I lost contact with her for several years. I don't know if Wesley Cox died or if they separated. She married a Wiggins. I don't remember his first name. She and Maxine came to see us once, 1 September 1980. It was great to see them. She was her own vivacious self and captivated everyone.

On 6 November 1998, Lenora's son, Jack, and his wife, Anna, took Lenora and I to Stockton to see Grace. We spent almost five days with Grace. They were most wonderful! She was a lovely, gracious hostess. She told us she had seen this apartment building being built. She picked out her apartment and had lived there sixteen years. For some time she was caretaker over her floor. We didn't talk about our past life too much but just enjoyed every minute visiting. It's too bad we didn't talk about our past. I could have learned more about her. I regret that. I will always be grateful to Jack for giving us this opportunity to become acquainted again.

A few things I vaguely remember when we were younger. She was accident prone. She fell on a piece of wood at school and ran some very large splinters in her knee. We weren't close to a doctor so Mother and Dad kept her knee in hot epsom salts poultices until they drew the splinters



Maxine and Grace

out. Seemed a long, long time. Another time she sprained her ankle at the dance. When they were carrying her out they bumped her foot on the door and really injured it. She suffered for years as it was never properly set. She always had a misshapen ankle. Again she was unable to go any place or do anything for a long time.

She had to have her tonsils taken out. She said she didn't like the smell of ether so wouldn't breathe. Dad's watchful eye saved her then as he yelled at the doctor and then told Grace to breathe and breathe deep.

She was intelligent, very pretty, very caring—beautiful personality. I loved her very much.

Minnie

30 June 2003



Grace

(Grace sent this to me a few years ago. Would like to share her sense of humor.)

From Ann Landers. Thought you might get a chuckle.

It is always darkest . . . just before you flunk a test.

There is nothing new . . . under a rock.

A journey of a thousand miles begins with . . . a private jet.

A committee of three . . . gets things done when they are not fighting.

If you can't stand the heat . . . try Antarctica.

Better late than . . . absent.

A rolling stone . . . may dent the floor.

If at first you don't succeed . . . live with it.

Laugh and the world laughs with you. Cry . . . and then blow your nose.

A bird in the hand is . . . better than a woodpecker on your head.

Early to bed, early to rise . . . and you will get the best cereal.

Two heads . . . are pretty scary.

It is better to light a candle than . . . to light a bomb.

A miss is as good as a . . . mister.

A penny saved is . . . not a lot.

Don't burn your bridges . . . or you'll fall in the lake.

Haste makes . . . sweat.



*Clarice, Joan, Maxine
and Grace*

Funeral Notices

(The Following Are Paid Notices)

Wiggins, Grace Margaret

Grace Margaret Wiggins entered into rest on December 7, 2000 in Stockton, CA.

She was born August 12, 1909 in Grace, Idaho and was a resident of Stockton for 44 years. Grace was a portrait photographer for Austin Photography in Los Angeles and Irene's Studio in Long Beach. She later moved to Stockton and opened up Austin Studios here.

Grace is survived by her beloved daughter, Maxine Walker and her granddaughter Christy Potter Adams both of Lakeview, Or and grandson James Cahan of Hilo, HI. Also survived by her great-grandchildren Corey and Grant Potter of Lakeview, OR.

No services will be held at her request
Arrangements by the Neptune Society of Northern CA, Stockton branch.

LENORA EVELYN CALKINS



John and Lenora

Lenora Evelyn born. 30 October 1911
Married:..... 22 December 1928
To: John Piper. 30 January 1906
Children:
Shirley Fay 18 July 1929
Douglas Clayton 1 March 1931
John Gilbert..... 4 November 1934
Thomas Warren..... 14 February 1937
Anna Marie..... 23 January 1939

I, Lenora Evelyn Calkins, was born 30 October 1911, the tenth child in a family of eleven children. My birthplace was Grace, Idaho, and I was born at home. My father was a cowboy throughout his early life but after he and Mother were married, he became a farmer and remained at that occupation the rest of his working life.

My earliest recollections are of the farm in Meadowville, Caribou County, Idaho, a dry farm of 160 acres, that the folks home-steaded when I was about three years old. Our house consisted of four rooms—about the same as all the others in the neighborhood—but certainly the most important to me. It was there I attained the training of my childhood, comfort for my bad times and security that a child needs. I always shared a bed with a sister and on those cold winter nights in Eastern Idaho, a companion was most welcome. Our farm buildings consisted of a good sized granary, which made an excellent play house in the summer when empty, a chicken coop for Mom’s hens (that provided us with many of the necessities during the summer through the sale of eggs) and a barn that was divided in two parts, one for horses, harnesses, etc., the other equipped with stanchions for the milk cows. This was a typical dry-farm homestead and a very important place in my early years.

I’m sure those were hard years for our mother and father, but for us as kids, we never felt deprived or underprivileged. Many of our Christmas gifts were home-made and our stockings had a popcorn ball and an orange, plus candy that Mom had made after the rest of us were in bed. We used to hop out of bed on those cold winter mornings and light a match to see what gifts were ours, then at a word from our father back to bed we’d go, with a piece of candy in our mouth and our gift hugged in our arms, there to wait until Dad was ready to build a fire and warm the house and our day would begin. To this day the smell of a burned match brings back memories of that time.

Our winters were long and cold, but we never seemed to mind it. Dad always had a pair of skis and we had sleds. We’d have great times with coasting parties or just by ourselves. There was one special hill, close to the house, where we were always allowed to coast, but at the top was a

barbed wire fence. This ran from the bottom of the hill and up over the top and divided our farm from that of our neighbor. Though we had the best place for coasting, there was always an area or two on the other side of the fence, that looked more interesting and exciting. We had strict orders from the folks to stay on our side of the fence but occasionally we'd slip over to try an especially scary place.

One beautiful, wintery day my sisters Grace, Minnie, and I were enjoying the sledding on our side of the hill. It was such a long, lovely hill and we could go so fast that the cold breeze we generated nearly took our breath away. After a few trips down the hill Grace became bored with it, and since there was a nice long drift of snow, with a four foot jump off at the end of it, across the fence, she decided that would be her next ride. We all knew that was forbidden, but prospects of watching her fly over that jump was too much for Minnie and I, so we applauded her decision. She climbed to the top of the hill, dragging her sleigh, while we watched in anticipation. She sat down on the sled, tucked her skirts snugly around her, and with an excited shout of, "Watch me!" and a quick shove with her mittened hands, she began the flying descent. Everything was going great; the speed faster than on our side and we were prepared for a hilarious landing at the bottom of the drift. We were screaming encouragement at her when for some reason she lost control of the sled. Instead of a swift run to the bottom of the drift and a flailing of arms and legs as she gathered herself up, the sled made a quick swerve to the left and then on one runner, flung it's rider into that wicked barbed wire fence. There were two wires close together and she hit them with such a force her coat was ripped from her shoulder, but worse yet, the barbs tore a great gash along one cheek and the left eye lid. Minnie and I were both younger and smaller than she, but we managed to pull her away from the fence, then run for help. I can still see her being carried in Dad's arms while Mom ran along side holding her coat together and trying to stanch the flow of blood. That dampened our desire for sledding for a while and never again did we coast off the forbidden side. Grace will have those scars until her dying day. Well, kids will be kids and we did many forbidden things, but none that had such lasting consequences.

We grew up in the Meadowville area—going to school, church, and parties—doing the things all the other kids were doing. As I look back, there was no peer pressure for our age group. If there was, I expect I would have been the "peer" that did the pressuring, since I seemed to be one of the leaders of the group.

Our school was a small country building, with two rooms and a clothes closet for coats. The bathroom was a path and a little two-holer in the back. There were either a husband and wife teaching team, or two female teachers. The grades were divided four to a room. The school was also used for our church building and most of the valley attended. I remember my first great love did not belong to the church, and I also remember his folks were not fond of "Mormons." He was the light of my life for about three months, then we both found someone else we'd rather play with.

We went through a recession and Dad and his partner both lost their places to the mortgage company, so after much moving around, he bought what was known as the Thatcher place. By this

time all the family had left home but Minnie and I. The little branch of the church had been disbanded, due to lack of leadership, and the school had been closed and the children that remained were bussed to Soda Springs schools.

This was a new experience for us. I had three students in my class in the country school, now I was in a class with thirty three! I was overwhelmed for a while, but we took comfort in the fact that we were just next door to each other. We were soon adjusted and you couldn't tell us apart from the rest of the city kids.

We had quite an assortment of kids that rode our little bus, and one of them was a girl named Margaret Piper. It wasn't long before we were good friends, sharing our fun and experiences. During my sophomore year in high school, I met her brother John and we began dating. Minnie dated her brother George. We had some good times together, but Minnie then went to Idaho Falls to stay with our oldest sister, Edna, and finish her high school there and during my junior year I quit school and John and I were married.

We decided to go to Pocatello, Idaho, to be married, so my Mom and John's sister, Margaret, went with us, and we were married by a judge by the name of Downing. The church had taken a back seat in my life by now, and since the little branch had been disbanded in Meadowville—we would have had to drive to Conda, which was quite a distance—we just drifted away.

John and I lived a quiet life. He worked in the mines at Conda for a while, then was laid off. This was at the start of the great depression. He worked at odd jobs—for the railroad or whatever he could find. Our first home was in two rooms of his brother's house and his brother George and Hazel lived in the other two rooms. The next summer we bought the Clyde Gill place and there we lived during the time our first three children were born. Shirley Fae, born 18 July 1929; Douglas Clayton, born 1 March 1931; and John Gilbert, whom we called Jack, born 4 November 1934.

After Jack's birth, things were somewhat better. John was able to get employment on the railroad, so we moved to Soda Springs, and from there to Alexander to follow his job. While we were living there, our third son, Thomas Warren was born, 14 February 1937.

During the next summer, workers were again laid off, and that meant no employment again for John. His mother and father had sold their farm and retired to New Plymouth, Idaho, and they suggested we might find something to do down there, so we decided to move. Before we were ready to go, I was awakened one night with a severe pain in my abdomen, and when it continued to get worse, John and his sister's husband loaded me in the car and took me to the hospital. Dr. Kackley was there and after some tests and a night of intense pain, he decided to do surgery. My right tube had ruptured, probably from a tubal pregnancy, though at that time it wasn't called that. Well, I was young and it didn't take me long to regain my strength.

When we were able to move and get things together, we rented Dad Piper's farm at New Plymouth, and settled our kids in New Plymouth schools. There wasn't much work for John, since the place was small, so he worked on W.P.A. when he could, and we struggled along. [WPA was

the welfare program instigated in the early years of the depression by the Roosevelt administration. WPA stood for Works Progress Administration]. The country was beginning to come out of the depression and John was offered a job working on an ammunition dump in Hermiston Oregon, so he worked there for a few months, then back to New Plymouth in the dehydrator. Later in the next year he was able to work as a logger. Since his job was at Council, we again packed furniture and kids and moved to a home we had bought in Council. John worked as a logger for 18 years. Our family all went through the Council schools, and four of them were married while we lived there

Shirley Fae married Robert Brown 18 May 1948 (Our first bird from the nest.)

Douglas Clayton married Mary Jane Bailey 16 February 1954 (after four years in the navy.) This marriage was dissolved in 1968 and he was married to Claudia Menasco at the end of that year.

John (Jack) Gilbert was married to Anna Marie Preston 23 January 1955. He served four years in the Air Force.

Thomas Warren was married to Sylvia Marie Bigler 20 July 1962. He also served in the Navy for three years, and then was given a medical discharge. He had contracted tuberculosis while serving aboard ship and spent many months in hospitals in San Diego and in Walla Walla, Washington.

Our second daughter, and last child, was born while we lived at New Plymouth. She was born during the time that the depression was at its worst, and was such a special child. Shirley was a second little mother, and helped to watch over the younger kids like a mother hen. We feel the Lord blessed us with these special children. What a blessing they have been to us throughout our lives. Now in these declining years of our lives, we lean on them heavily for support and help in the things we cannot do for ourselves.

During these years I began to realize my need of the church. As my family began to grow up I knew I needed something in my life to strengthen me and guide me as I trained and cared for my five children. I again began to attend church and though John wasn't interested, he made no objection to my attending, as long as I didn't go any place pertaining to church in the evenings. In the spring of 1957 we had some stake missionaries sent to our area. They were Brother and Sister Walter Campbell from Emmett. What a delight they were to know, and before long they were friends. Though John wouldn't accept the lessons at first, he continued to accept them as friends. After a few months of friend-shipping, he consented to listen to the discussion. It wasn't long until his testimony began to grow and he was baptized in November. In the meantime, Anna Marie, Tom, and Jack were all studying and each became members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. Anna Marie first, then her father and Jack and Tom, before he went into the hospital for his T.B. They have all been sealed in the Temple to their respective mates and to us, so that we may be an eternal family. Douglas and Shirley have not as yet accepted, but they are so precious to us. We pray that we may have the privilege of having them sealed to us before we depart this life.

When John felt he no longer had the strength to work in the timber, we sold our place in Council and moved to Boise where he worked as maintenance man at Gowen Field. Before we moved, Anna had been called to serve on a mission to South Africa. It was hard for me to let her go to a strange

land, and especially there, where the black people had had several uprisings and the white people had been killed. Our stake president, President Youngberg, gave me a special blessing, and I was able to let her go with the assurance she was in the hands of the Lord. That was such a wonderful time, and such a great experience for her. She had many special experiences while there. She came home in November of 1962, and in August of 1964 was married to Gary Jensen Nasman.

John and I were called to serve in the Virginia Roanoke mission. In April 1977, we left to travel to Virginia. We served 11 months in McDowell and Wyoming Counties in West Virginia, and then were transferred to Parisburg, Virginia, where we remained to the end of our mission. We had many experiences that will influence us for the rest of our lives. We were able to touch the lives of many people in a positive way, and we feel we have many friends that will be eternal.

When we were released, we drove up through Washington D.C., went through the Temple there, then on up to Lisbon Falls, Maine, where Douglas and his family lived at the time. Shirley met us there and drove back home with us. What a special time that was. We drove through such marvelously beautiful land. It was in the fall of 1976, and there is no place where the country is more beautiful and the colors more vibrant, than in those eastern states in the fall of the year. This was a special time for us to have Shirley with us again, after a separation of a year and a half.

We had purchased a mobile home before we were called on our mission, and when we came home, our oldest grand-daughter and her husband, Kathleen Brown Hansen and her husband Val Hansen offered their place for us to set up our home, which we did. We appreciate their generosity and never cease to be grateful for it.

John was ill all through the summer of 1979, and on October 12, Dr. Orme, a heart specialist in Boise, performed a triple bypass surgery. He has had a long hard pull back, but as of now, December 1980, his health is good and he is active at things he enjoys. He gardened last summer and we made an addition on our house. The Lord has blessed us. We will have our fifty second wedding anniversary on the 22nd of December. We have five children, 19 grand-children, as now, 12 great-grand-children.

Recent Entry:

We lived on the place of Kathy & Val Hansen for several years. It was during this time that Shirley, our oldest, was diagnosed with active brain tumors. After several operations, she was given some extended life. She passed away in April of 1986. Shortly after that, we decided we could be of help to Anna, our youngest. We lived in her basement for about a year and decided we should move. So we searched and found an apartment to our liking in Weiser, Idaho. Jack and Tom moved us there, and that is where we were when John passed away 3 December 1994. I stayed on in Weiser for a time. However, it was decided I needed to be closer to the family, so I moved to Cambridge, Idaho. I have lived there until March of 1999 when I fell and injured my left leg. I am recuperating at the Weiser Care Center.

[After several years in Weiser she was transferred to Emmett care center which has an enclosed living quarter specifically for Alzheimer patients. She had lived here for less than a year

when she passed away peacefully in her sleep 4 February 2004.]



Jack, Shirley, John, Lenora, Doug, Tom and Anna Marie

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SHIRLEY FAY PIPER

Shirley Fay born..... 18 July 1929
 Married..... 16 May 1948
 To:
 Robert Brown..... 23 October 1922
 Children:
 Chris Robert..... 3 January 1949
 Shirley Kathleen..... 9 November 1951
 Candace Ann. 21 February 1953
 Jack Delbert. 21 June 1954

*Shirley***Memories from Anna Marie:**

My sister Shirley was my best friend. She had a pixie face and twinkly eyes, with a smile that was welcoming and warm. I always felt big and clumsy next to her small and slender frame (not that she'd ever want me to feel that way.) She had no enemies; everyone she met was her friend. Having a sibling sister was awesome. We would find humor in the same things, small or large, and we laughed a lot when we were together. She was my protector when we were younger, being ten years my senior; then a companion and then a best friend.

Shirley had an old upright piano in her home when her children were small. She taught herself to play. She had a lovely singing voice, so when she and Bob moved to their home on Cloverdale Road, she got a small spinet piano and a small organ and played a lot. One of her favorite songs was "How Great Thou Art." Sometimes I'd sing with her.

When her children were grown and away and mine were all in school, before she went to work, we'd go on long bike rides together, or a car ride to visit Mom and Dad, or just spend time visiting.

We shared one another's joys and sorrows. I still find myself wanting to call her and just have a chat even though she's been gone these many years.

Thoughts from Doug:

My recollection of Shirley is that she never knew a stranger. Everyone was to be befriended. I can never recall any sibling rivalry that usually crops up in a family our size. She was a very popular student all through high school and she and her best friend, Arlene Waggoner, were spirited cheer leaders for the teams at Council High School. She was always so amazingly flexible and limber. It makes my body hurt to think of some of the things she did in her cheer leading and tumbling class. She would bend over backwards until her hands touched the floor and then hand

walk to her own legs. Both Claudia and I loved her dearly and Claudia considered her the sister she never had when she was growing up. She was always so full of energy and enthusiasm that a room would move when she walked in. When we lived in Maine, she flew out to meet our parents at the completion of their mission and they all drove to Maine where we lived at the time. Her purpose was to help our parents with the driving back home and we were blessed when it included a side trip to visit us. She and Bob visited us when we moved back to California after her first bout with a brain tumor. Her affliction had taken a noticeable toll on her energy level, but she was still a loving presence and we thoroughly enjoyed the time we had with her. Shirley's untimely passing left us all very grief stricken, but she will always be remembered as that loving and energetic dynamo who left her mark wherever she went.

Jack remembered:

I was close to my sister Shirley after I graduated from high school and worked in Boise for awhile. I lived in their home and helped with some of the family expenses. We got along great and I had a great association with her and the children. I know how she loved Mom and Dad. Dad was the most special guy in her life.

Obituary Printed in Boise Statesman

Shirley Fay Brown, 56, of 5750 North Cloverdale Road, Boise, died Thursday, April 10, 1986, in a Boise hospital of natural causes.

Funeral services will be held at 1:30 p.m. Monday, April 14, at the Central Assembly Christian Life Center. Pastor Roy Strayer will officiate, under the direction of Summers Funeral Home of Boise. Burial will be in Dry Creek Cemetery.

Mrs. Brown a retired analyst technician Boise Cascade, was born July 18, 1929, at Soda Springs, Idaho. During her childhood, she moved with her parents to various areas, settling at Council. She was educated in Council, graduating from Council High School in 1948. She married Robert Brown on May 16, 1948, at Council. They moved to Boise in 1951. Shirley worked for the Department of Law Enforcement, for the Boise Cascade Corporation, until retiring in 1985 due to ill health.

She was a member of the Central Assembly Christian Life Center.

Shirley was an artist; she loved to paint with oils, and play the organ and piano. She also loved her grandchildren dearly and got a great deal of enjoyment from them.

Survivors include her husband, Robert of Boise; a son and daughter-in-law, Chris R. and Crisanne Brown, and their daughter, Becky of Ennis, Mont.; a son and daughter-in-law, Dr. Jack D. and Leslie Brown, and their daughter, Lauren of Fort Collins, Colorado; a daughter and son-in-law, Kathleen and Val Hansen and their children, Connie, Brian, Tami and Holly of Star; a daughter, Candace Bird, and her children, T.J. Bird and Sina Bird of Boise; her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Piper of Star; three brothers, Douglas Piper of Fullerton, California, Jack Piper in Saudi Arabia and Tom Piper of Prescott, Arizona; and a sister, Anna Nasman of Boise.

The family suggest that a memorial may be made to the Mountain States Tumor Institute, 151 East Bannock Street, Boise 83712. Friends may call today from 9:00 a.m. to 8:00 p.m. at Summers Funeral Home in Boise.



Our family - 1957 - Shirley and Bob with Chris, Kathy, Jack and Candy

DOUGLAS CLAYTON PIPER

Douglas Clayton born. 1 March 1931
Married.. . . . February 1954
To: Mary Jane Bailey.. . . . (div)
Children:
Linda Joan. 26 June 1955
Douglas Clayton, Jr... . . 24 May 1955
Stephen John. 26 June 1955
Married.. . . . 22 December 1968
To:Claudia Jordan Menasco. . . 18 February 1942
Tanya Marie.. . . . 22 February 1962
Laurie Ann.. . . . 19 April 1963
Sheri Diane.. . . . 12 May 1965

Doug has written:

I was married to Mary Jane Bailey in February 1954 at Las Vegas, Nevada. Three children were born to us before the marriage was dissolved in 1967 due to Jane’s alcohol and drug abuse. I retained custody of the children. Abuse took Mary Jane’s life at age fifty-four.

Claudia was married to David Menasco in 1960. There were three children born to Claudia and David before the marriage was dissolved in 1967. Claudia and I found each other in 1968 and were married on 22 December 1968 in Santa Ana, California. We brought together six children from two failed marriages into a loving and prosperous environment. I adopted the three daughters and changed their names to Piper.

Three months after Claudia and I were married, I was offered a job at the Rockwell International plant in Princeton, West Virginia. We picked up our six kids and all our belongings and bought a newly built home and settled there for three years. There was a slow down in the defense industry and I was transferred back to California where we settled in a two story



Claudia and Doug - Wedding 1968



Linda

house in Placentia, California, about five miles from the plant. That lasted for two years, during which time Linda was married and out of the nest.

I was again tapped on the shoulder to take an assignment across country in the little town of Lisbon, Maine where Rockwell had a circuit board plant. Our oldest son, Doug Jr. elected to stay in California to continue his education and stay with his existing job. I ran the manufacturing operation for four years, and when the plant manager took a job in Cedar Rapids,



Stephen

I took over as plant manager. I held that job for a little over two years when I was asked to provide help and assistance to the Cedar Rapids plant. That lasted six months and then we moved back to California minus Stephen who married and stayed in Maine.

We bought a place in Fullerton upon our return in 1980 and lived there until I retired in 1990.

During that time, our three remaining daughters were all married and on their own. We bought a place in Running Springs, California, where we lived from 1990 to 2004. We would probably still be there, but the fires in the California mountains drove us out. We were evacuated three times and each time we didn't know whether we would come home to ashes or not. After dodging three bullets, we decided we had to get out of there. We visited my cousin, Aura Jeppson, in St. George, Utah, and found we really liked the area. We were lucky to be able to sell our home in Running Springs and buy a lovely home in Washington, Utah. Claudia and I are both retired and plan to spend the rest of our time enjoying a life of leisure here in Utah.

Linda has one child, Douglas Boring. Douglas Jr. has a son, Stephen and a daughter Myra. Stephen has a daughter Amy Lee.

Tanya Marie has a son Sammie Knudsen and one daughter, Amber Knudsen. Laurie Ann



Doug Jr.



Tanya

has two sons Matthew and Andrew Breton. Sheri has no children.



Sheri



Laurie



Claudia and I as we celebrated our 35th Anniversary

JOHN GILBERT PIPER

John Gilbert (Jack) born..... 4 November 1934

Married:..... 23 January 1955

To:

Anna Marie Preston..... 16 November 1936

Children:

Johnny Lynn..... 9 April 1956

Jerry Piper. 18 April 1957

Gayle Anna. 22 December 1959

Evelyn Faye. 27 January 1962

Ronald Wayne. 16 April 1963

Cynthia Louise..... 17 July 1967



Anna and Jack

I was born the 4th of November 1934 to John Thomas Piper and Lenora Evelyn Calkins—the third of five children born to this union, namely Shirley Faye, Douglas Clayton, Thomas Warren, Anna Marie and myself, of course. Goodly parents and they did their best to teach us, their posterity, right from wrong. Dad was a hard worker and Mom was a very good homemaker.

My first recollection of childhood was our family living on a farm in New Plymouth, Idaho. It was not much; in fact as I recall the house was very small and we children were bunked in a floored tent outside of the house. One summer during a very hot day, Dad was irrigating the lawn from the ditch that ran in front of our house. I wanted to play in the water, which Mother allowed. So we splashed and played in the water, as youngsters would do. I took my shirt off and received a very bad sunburn, second and third degree burns. I was very sick and had blisters as large as a saucer on my back. Needless to say, if I played in the water after that I did not remove my shirt. My complexion was such that I did sunburn easily. I was about five years old by this time and we did not stay on the farm long.

We soon moved into town into a small house, next to where Grandma Piper lived. Grandpa Piper had passed away by this time. Both are buried in the New Plymouth cemetery. Dad, at the time, was working in the potato factory in New Plymouth, which was a dehydrator factory. I believe that most of the product was for the war effort at that time.

Prior to the move into town, we had a short camp out over at Hermiston Oregon, where Dad was working in the munitions industry. Housing was not available and we camped in the desert. There were snakes and all kinds of desert vermin. We children hardly noticed; it seemed as if we were on an adventure. However, the folks decided to go back to New Plymouth, and Dad headed for New Meadows to work in the woods. He was a tree-faller when all that they had was a two-man

crosscut saw. I believe that before school started we were on a move to Council. In the meantime however, as time would permit Mom, would drive to New Meadows where Dad was working, for a visit now and then. Those trips were memorable and we always seemed to have a good time. Speed limits were very slow, and it was an all day's job just to drive the one hundred plus miles to New Meadows. I remember we always looked forward to seeing Daddy and it was always hard to leave.

Plans were made and we soon moved to Council, living for a while with a cousin of Dad's who lived out on Hornet creek, at the confluence of the Weiser River and Hornet creek. It was not long before a home was purchased in the town of Council and we moved in. I am not sure how long we lived in the town. The house where we lived has been remodeled. It is the second house on the left as you go south on Exeter Street.

Dad purchased 5 acres from Joe Kelshiemer, whose wife Verna was his cousin, out on the Weiser River, across the road from where they lived. He soon began to build a home out there. Most of the material came from an old railroad side warehouse, beside the railroad tracks in Council. For about three years the old building was torn down and the materials were used to build our new home. Dad also purchased one of the old bunkhouses that Morgan Logging had in town and had it brought out. That became our boy's bedroom, and in the wintertime it was really cold. Believe me, we would often take turns going out to warm the bed before the others came. Anyway, we did enjoy it, as it was our playroom and living quarters. Sort of hated to give it up when we moved into the house and the building was removed. I do not remember where it went.

Uncle Joe, as we called him, had the farm where we first moved. It was a dairy farm and us boys stayed up in the hayloft. I would sometimes become frightened, as there were rats that ran around in the top rafters of the barn. Douglas got some traps and soon had the barn rat free. He also did some truck farming and I remember one year he raised about five acres of squash.

I failed to mention that when we lived in town, one year I received a sled for Christmas. It was a dandy and made many runs down the hills around Council. The winters were such that a good sled was a prized possession. Jenkins, our cousins, lived on out the road about a mile and a half from us. We often would spend winter weekends sledding out there, or go hunting for jackrabbits, or snowshoes as they were called in the wintertime. In the summer months we would get together and hike the hills back of their place. One of the canyons that we used to frequent was called Piper's canyon. I am sure it was not after our family that it was named, as it existed long before we got there.

While in high school in the winter of 1950, we had a goodly amount of snow. Right after Christmas on a bright sunny day, my classmate Bill Summers, called and said lets skip school today and go sledding. There was a very thick crust on the snow, and sledding was at its best. There was a very fast hill out near his home that was called Fast Spinner, and that would be the place to go. So when Bill got off of the school bus, we met at the edge of town and went cross country to his house, about five miles away. The snow was so deep; no fences were showing so we had no

problems that way. As we approached the road that went off of the main highway to his house, we had to climb the bank of snow beside the highway. It was about a four foot high berm of snow, and as we topped it, who should drive by but the school principal. Not much we could do, but continue onward to our sledding destination. We had a great day of sledding. However, I learned later that the principal called Mom and asked where I was? Her reply was, "I don't know. Isn't he at school?" The reply was, "No, I think he and Bill Summers are sledding out of town somewhere." Mom's reply was, "Well, whatever punishment he receives, I hope it was worth it." It was; we received two weeks detention after school, in which we scraped window paint off of the windows that had Christmas scenes on them. But what a day of sledding we had. However, I determined that to play hooky was not a pleasant thing to come back to, so that was the end of my skipping school days.

It was during my high school years that I met Anna Marie Preston, my future wife to be. I was a junior in high school, and Mom had started to become active in the LDS Church. We were practicing for a dance recital at a Gold and Green Ball in Letha, Idaho. It was close to time for the Ball and Tom had called Thelma Mae, Anna's younger sister to see if she would go with him to the Gold and Green Ball. Bob Brown and I were wrestling on the floor, and he asked Tom, "Does she have a sister?" Tom asked her and she replied, "Yes, an older sister." Bob said to me, "I'll bet you fifty cents she won't go with you." I said, "I'll take that bet", and asked Tom to ask Thelma to ask her sister if she would go with me to the ball. Thelma did and Anna refused at first, then before Tom finished with his conversation with Thelma she changed her mind and went with me. When I picked her up, my heart did a flip and we enjoyed a peaceful ride to Letha. The floorshow went well and as I remember not many dances were sat out. It was love at first sight on my part, and the next day I was babysitting my nieces and nephews, Shirley's children, and wrote Anna a letter. We began dating off and on for the next three and half years before I asked her for her hand in marriage. She accepted my proposal and we set the date for January 23, 1955. You may ask, "Why January?" Both her brother Herbert and my sister Anna Marie's birthdays were January 23 so that seemed to be a good time. So we stole their special day, I guess.

Prior to our marriage, I had gone to the Air Force recruiter's office and taken a test to see if I could qualify for Air Cadets. I did and was sent to Parks Air Force Base at Sacramento California. for the screening tests. When I returned we were moving ahead with our wedding plans. The day Anna and I were to get our marriage license, her Dad and Mom drove us to Weiser to get it. On the way down I picked up the mail at the post office and was told that I had passed. The Air force had no openings for cadets at that time so I would have to wait for the next class. They said that if I enlisted and completed basic training that would give me a head start in cadet training. I entered the Air Force 5 February 1955, and left for basic training 6 February 1955. While in basic training I filled out papers on marital status, and of course, said I was married. Just before leaving Boot Camp I was told I was no longer a candidate for Air Cadets, a decision of which I never was sorry for making.

After basic training I was sent to Lowry AFB for training on Airborne Radar. We were there about nine months, and were then transferred to Perrin AFB. Our first child was to be born in April and I was to report to my new base in March of 1957. Anna remained at her folks until Johnny was born 9 April 1956. I then came home on leave and brought her to Texas. Jerry our second son was born in Dennison, Texas 18 April 1957. It was while in the service there that the Missionaries from the Church of Jesus Christ of Later Day Saints came to our home and taught us the gospel. We joined the church in June 1957.

We left Texas in December of 1959 and came back to Idaho looking for a job. Through a friend I found employment at Hill Field in Ogden, Utah. That only lasted about a year and then I was offered a job at Gowen Field, Boise, Idaho. So December of 1960 we moved to Boise, Idaho where I worked for the Idaho Air National Guard. Anna was expecting our third child, Gayle Anna, She was born 22 December 1959, at the Council Hospital. Evelyn Faye was born 27 January 1962, and Ronald Wayne born 16 April 1963. The year 1967 brought changes in our lives again and we moved to Garden Grove, California. I went to work for the aerospace industries, North American Aviation as a computer test technician on the Mark II navigational computer. Then worked for Ford Philco Company and finally California Computer products. While living in Garden Grove our sixth child joined us, Cynthia Marie Piper was born 17 July 1967.

Anna's Dad called us and said we could take over a garage business in Midvale if we wanted to. We decided that the big city life was not for us, so August 1970 saw us move back to Midvale to a little one bay garage. We managed to find a rather run down house to buy which was more of a trap than a house. Anna Marie was expecting our seventh; unknown to us they were twins to come. However, they were stillborn, due to an auto accident in Caldwell. We managed to make it through a couple of winters before remodeling it into the home we now live in.

Our business burned down the winter of 1975. It was decision time, whether to rebuild or look elsewhere for work. We secured a small business loan and rebuilt. However, in 1977 the economy started going sour, and found us with many debts and too much credit on the books. We closed our doors on the business officially in spring of 1980. I saw an ad for workers who had computer experience to support the Royal Saudi Air Force in Arabia. I applied and was accepted. I had to go for a year alone—then applied for family status and it was accepted. Anna Marie, Cindy and Ron came over with me. Ron could only come during the summer months as he was in college. I worked in Arabia from October of 1980 to April of 1988. I came home and went to work for Micron Technology of Boise. I worked for them until February 1996. I retired and have had several part time jobs to keep busy. I have also taken up skiing and enjoy a once a year week in McCall, Idaho with all the family that can come and we ski.

We have been happily married for 53 wonderful years, and have an eternity ahead of us.

Our son, Johnny Lynn is married and has five children, six grandchildren with two more due this year. Jerry is married, has five children and two grandchildren. Gayle Anna Piper has three children, three grandchildren and one more on the way. Evelyn Faye is married and has two

children. Ronald Wayne is married and has four children. Cynthia Louise is married and has three children.



*Orson B. Calkins Family Reunion July 1997 with cousins
Keith Larson and Mary Street, Aunt Lenora Piper,
and Jack and Anna Piper*

THOMAS WARREN PIPER

Thomas Warren born. 14 February 1937

Married. 20 July 1962

To:

Sylvia Bigler. 10 May 1935

Children:

Clayne Robison. 20 March 1965

Jeanna Camille. 23 September 1967

I am the fourth child and third

son born to John Thomas and Lenora Evelyn Calkins Piper. My mother has written the following about my entrance into the world.

She said, "John was working on the railroad

at Alexander, Idaho and was spending many hours trying to help the Union Pacific trains in meeting their schedule. Many nights the crew would work throughout the night. This caused us a bit of anxiety, because we lived many miles from a doctor and we knew our fourth spirit was due any day.

On the morning of the 13th we knew that would be the day, so began our preparation. John didn't go to work that day. He felt there were more important things about to take place. By 4:00 p.m. the doctor had been called and the older children turned over to the neighbor, Ruby Gunnell, making ready for the big event. There were lots of bets that this one might be a Valentine. My older sister, Edna Stagner, came from Idaho Falls to help with the birth and the work afterwards."

Mother said I made my first appearance upon this earth about 6:00 a.m. I had lots of jet black hair plastered to my head, my eyes were open and my fists were clenched tight, and with the expression on my face that said, "Come on world, I'm ready for you. WOW! What a Valentine!

That spring Dad was laid off of the railroad and we had to move out of the railroad housing to a place in Soda Springs. Grandpa Piper contacted us about a place he had bought, a small acreage, out side of New Plymouth. Since work was not to be found in Soda Springs we moved to New Plymouth.

It was while living on the farm that I nearly drowned. I had a tin cup that I carried around and would have Dad squirt milk from the cow we had in it for me. One day when I was dressed and out doors to play, I fell in the irrigation ditch. If it had not been for my older sister Shirley, I would have been washed down a flume and into a field below the place.

I have some memories of living on Grandpa's farm in New Plymouth. I remember going to the barn at milking time and having Dad squirt milk from the cow into the tin cup that I carried around. I also remember Dad squirting milk into the mouth of one of the cats that lived there. I don't think we lived there very long. We moved into town and at that place we had a goat that I didn't



Clayne, Jeanna, Tom and Sylvia

like. It was tied up and I would get it to the end of the chain and hit it on the head with a stick. Dad caught me doing this and gave me a spanking. It was the first one that I remember getting. We moved from there and lived in a house by Grandma Piper. While we were there I entered school and went to the first grade. I don't remember a lot about going, but I do remember not liking it.

After the dehydrator plant that Dad worked at burned down, he got a job with a logging company and we moved to Council. This was about 1944. I went to all twelve grades there. In my growing up years, I spent a lot of my summers playing along the river, fishing in the river and streams around Council. It was a good place to grow up.

I joined the Navy in July 1956 and spent my boot camp at San Diego, California. After boot camp I attended technical school IC Electrician. From there I was on the ship USS Lowe out of Seattle. It was a radar picket ship for the west coast. In February 1957 we were locked in a storm that came out of the north for twenty-eight days. That storm put us in dry dock for three months. We were lucky to get back in without any lives lost. The ship cracked in the middle to the water line and the forward gun mounts were hanging by their electrical cables. We lost one homing torpedo and our 40 MM gun mount on the port side. That was one scary ride. The rest of my time in the Navy was spent on the Lowe. When I was being transferred to shore duty, and while at home in Council, the family doctor discovered I had TB. I never did make shore duty. I was flown to the Navy hospital in San Diego and from there to the VA hospital in Walla Walla, Washington. I was released from there six months later and spent time getting well at home in Council. That was August of the year 1959 to February 1960.

That winter I spent in Boise with Jack and some time with my younger sister Anna. While there I met my wife Sylvia at a party she was giving; a Spanish dinner party for her friends. I was invited to come to the party with my sister Anna. The food was a little too hot, but that did not stop me from finding out about this young woman. I went back and invited her out to the Gold and Green ball that was being held in the area. We dated until she went back to BYU. While she was there I sent her a dozen red roses. That was the only day she didn't come home from her classes till late. Her roommates were fit to be tied. It was not long until I brought her back to Boise. We became engaged in February 1962 and were married in July that same year after our Bishop gave me three months to have her to the temple. We were married in the Idaho Falls Temple 20 July 1962.

We lived in Boise while I worked at jobs that I could do to keep a roof over our head. In 1963 we went to Provo, Utah to attend BYU. We enjoyed our time there, meeting new friends and classes at the college. We moved back to Boise the summer of 1965 and while there we got our son Clayne. My mother was working at a rest home and heard of a baby for adoption. She asked us if we wanted to adopt him. We got him three days later. That was in March of 1965. Two years later we heard of a baby for adoption in Weiser. We worked through an attorney and had our daughter Jeanna. After getting her we heard that another couple had wanted her and did not contact the attorney in time. We feel that the Lord wanted her in our family for we were put in the right place at the right time to be

able to meet all of the terms for having another baby.

I worked for the Bureau of Reclamation for four years and the Agricultural research for one year. Then the house we were in sold and we had to move. We moved to Middleton, Idaho and were able to get a place of our own in the country. I was able to get work to keep us going and life was good as the children grew and attended school there. I worked for the church doing custodial work at Middleton. That job ended and I worked with my brother, Jack, in a project he was doing. The project was catching trash fish and turning them into fish meal and oil. We did that till the summer was over and it was apparent that was not going to fly. While we were living in Middleton, I was working at a job in Nampa. Going to work one day I was poisoned by a crop duster. I became quite ill and lost the ability to work. In order to keep going we had to sell our place and move to a place where chemical use is at a minimum. Prescott, Arizona was the place of choice. Before moving to Prescott I started searching for a way to get better from being poisoned and learned about reflexology. I studied at home and got a certificate. By this time our son was gone, and our daughter was a teenager.

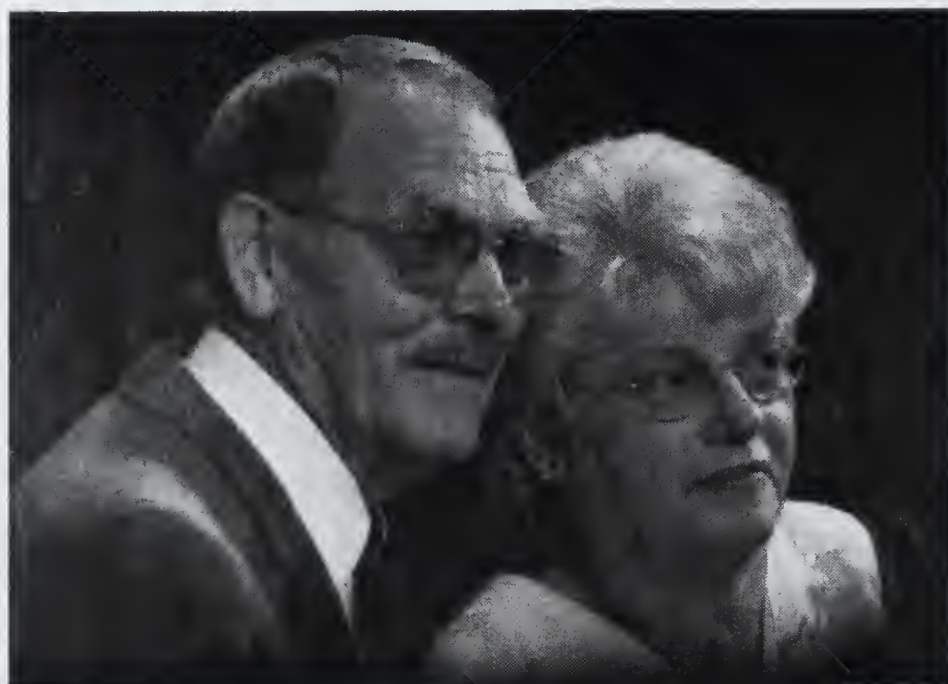


Brittany, Gene, Jeanna and Cheyanne

Jeanna met her husband and was married after he came home from his mission. While in Prescott, I worked at getting better from being poisoned. I used my skills doing locksmith work at Prescott Lock and Safe. This helped keep the roof over our head. Sylvia also got a job working for the Prescott Library. I also attended some training in the Phoenix, Mesa, Arizona area to increase my skills doing reflexology. At the same time I also certified at locksmithing and became a bonded locksmith. We lived in Prescott, Arizona for about

eight and a half years before moving to the Colorado Springs area. We were there for a couple of years and then moved back to Idaho. We moved here in 1991 and have our own home where I do my reflexology.

ANNA MARIE PIPER

*Gary and Anna*

Anna Marie born. 23 January 1939
 Married 20 August 1964
 To:
 Gary Nasman. 31 December 1938
 Children:
 Christina Evelyn. 30 July 1965
 Lenora Kay. 3 November 1966
 Dawn Marie. 14 March 1969
 Corey 26 February 1971

Anna Marie was born on 23 January 1939 in New Plymouth, Idaho and was the last child born to Lenora and John Piper. She received her education in Council and graduated from Council

High School in May 1957. **She has written**, "I did this thumb nail sketch of the past 50 or so years of my life for a class reunion. I hope this gives enough information on our family to make interesting reading. . . I had the wonderful privilege and experience of serving a mission for the Church in South Africa from April 1962 to October 1963. On our way home from our mission, my companion and I stopped in Switzerland and Gary, who was serving in the Army in Germany, came to visit. We spent a delightful few days together in Zurich, the three of us, before my companion and I continued our journey home. When Gary came home from the service in May of 1964 we dated, then married in the Idaho Falls temple August 29, 1964.

All of our children were born at St. Lukes in Boise, delivered by the same doctor, Harold Hulme and probably all stayed in the same room. We simply seem to have no imagination!

It was in March 1972 while we were living in Reno, I was diagnosed with Multiple Sclerosis. Gary gave me a priesthood blessing after my diagnosis which stated I would be able to raise our children and not suffer with physical disabilities. Corey (our youngest) was on his mission when my condition worsened. It was in January 1992, while I was working for the Bureau of Land Management that I had my massive flare up which landed me in my wheel chair. Gary retired from his plumbing profession 8 years ago to care for me full time. He's the love of my life. We've been married 44 years this August. Our years together have been full of trials, some heartache, but a lot of joy and happiness, as well.

Gary is a commercial plumber/pipe fitter so we've moved a lot to keep up with his work. We've lived in Ogden, Utah; Boise (of course), Oxbow/Halfway, Oregon; Reno, Nevada; Rainer, Oregon; Eagle, Idaho; Kennewick, Washington; then Eagle again. Our last move, from Kennewick to Eagle has been, hopefully, our last move. We've lived in this house at 3290 S Eagle Road thirty-

three years. We've seen a tremendous amount of growth and changes in this area in the years we've lived at this address.

Gary plants a very LARGE garden every spring and by September VOWS he will NEVER plant another. Fortunately, by spring, his short term memory loss kicks in and we have another, very beautiful, very productive garden we share with family and friends.

Some people say that the age of miracles has ceased, prayers are not answered and there is no such thing as divine angelic intervention—only flukes of luck. I see things differently. These are a few examples of why I believe.

The morning had begun like any other. I fixed Gary's breakfast and lunch. We had family prayer around Christena's crib, Gary kissed me good-bye and was gone for the day. I picked Christena up and gave her her morning bath and dressed her for the day. My day had begun. It was fun having this family of mine. Both Gary and I were 25 when we married. We were very much in love and wanted a family of our own. Christena was not yet one and I was four months pregnant with our second child. Bending over the tub had already become a chore, but I loved it. It was lovely watching those fat little legs kicking and splashing and listening to baby gurgles.

After I dressed Christena, I began my daily cleaning chores and was busy and happy. I was expecting a phone call from a friend so was not surprised when the phone rang in the early afternoon. After I said "Hello" my world began spiraling out of control. I stood stunned as I listened to the message coming over the line. "Hello. Mrs. Nasman, this is Gary's foreman. Gary has had a serious accident. I'll call you in an hour to let you know just how serious it is." I must have said, "Thank you" and "Good-bye." I can't remember. I should have called Gary's mom or somebody to let them know, but I must have been in shock. I couldn't think. One hour crept slowly by. I paced the floor waiting for the second call, crying and praying and trying to plan a future with two small children and no Gary. An hour and fifteen minutes, an hour and a half, one hour and forty-five minutes—I was beside myself. I was sure by now Gary had been killed and someone was not letting me know, not letting me get to him. I had no idea which hospital they had taken him to. Two hours! Suddenly there was a sound of tires crunching on the gravel in front of our little house. I looked out the window and there was Gary, limping up the walk, carrying his boots under his arm.

I ran to let him in, crying with relief. After he came in I was able to look him over and see his swelling eyes and bruises on his face. As soon as he had time to settle a bit and relax, I began to question him about what happened. His story was more frightening than any of my wild imaginings.

He had been working on a scaffolding twenty eight feet above ground, removing steel beams from the cement work his crew had finished the week before. Gary pulled the beams and gave them a toss over the scaffolding. One beam caught his glove, pulling him over after it. He plunged twenty eight feet to the ground, landing on his shoulder and head. Jumping up after bouncing eighteen inches, his crew mates said, Gary scrambled out of the path of other falling debris. The other men, seeing him fall and realizing the magnitude of his possible injuries, made him lay down on the ground while an ambulance was being called. Someone compassionately laid a wet, red bandana over his face and forehead to comfort him. Gary closed his eyes for a few moments, only to open them and see the red bandana, thinking he had scalped himself. Gary was taken to the hospital,

thoroughly examined by an emergency room physician and sent home with just bruises and sprains. Gary never suffered any side effect from this fall. Heavenly Father and Gary's guardian angel cushioned his fall, we know, for he could have been killed, and actually should have been. My testimony of family prayer increased ten fold that day. All I could do the rest of the day was stay close to Gary.

There is an interesting side light to this story. I called no one during the two hours I waited for word on Gary's condition and when he came home I didn't want to talk to anyone. I just wanted Gary all to myself. Gary's mother and sisters read about his accident in the paper the next day and came directly to our house to give me a Scotch blessing for not calling them when he fell. I realize what a shock it must have been to read about his fall in the paper without prior warning. I learned a valuable lesson. In case of a crisis, notify at least one member of the family so they can alert the rest.

We all have guardian angels, of this I am sure, and for this I thank my Father in Heaven. Not long. Not long after his fall, Gary went down to our basement to do some work. Having a baby in a walker was still new to us, so it was not surprising when he left the basement door open behind him. Christena was and still is an explorer, so as fast as her little legs could push her walker she sped after her Daddy. I could have pushed the door closed from where I stood by the kitchen sink, but I was lost in my own thoughts. I turned to look for the baby just as her little walker started down the stairs. I screamed for Gary and lunged for the walker as it disappeared around the corner. Gary reached the bottom of the stairs in time to snatch Christena up in his arms as the walker hit the bottom stair. Sitting upright, Christena rode her walker down the stairs and landed in her Daddy's arms without a bump. She cried, but only from fright at my scream. Her Daddy and Mommy shed a few tears as well. We learned to be more alert with this little explorer around. Heavenly Father continued to bless us in spite of ourselves.

A move, a move and a move and we found ourselves in Reno with four small children. It was Thanksgiving 1972 and we were going home to Boise to spend the holiday with our families. The weather had been misting with a slight rain. It was dark and our babes were all asleep in the back seat. Gary was driving cautiously and we were enjoying one another's company and our children's slumber. Suddenly, from out of the night, a small white car whizzed around us. Everything started to happen in slow motion. The white car skidded in front of us, hitting another car stopped on the side of the road, then tumbled over an embankment. The children awoke and burst into tears of fright. Gary stopped our car and ran to the car that had been hit, then across the road to a van that had skidded off on the other side, to see if everyone was alright. The children were so frightened that I asked them if they wanted to each pray and ask Heavenly Father to help and protect us. We had had family prayer before leaving home, but suddenly we all felt we needed extra protection. Each of our little girls, first Christena, then Lenora and then Dawn expressed her fears to her Heavenly Father and asked for His protection. Corey, the baby, was too young to express himself, but folded his little arms and bowed his head and lent his spirit to that of his sisters. Just as little Dawn finished her prayer we felt a bump and looked up to see a car lodged against our right front fender. Gary had been hurrying to get flairs from the trunk of our car and just missed being hit by this new vehicle, a

Lincoln Continental. Gary gathered the children and me out of the car and the women from the Continental came to help calm the children.

Gary finished setting the flairs on the road to warn other drivers of the accident and the black ice that had caused it. Then he and two other men went down the embankment to care for the people in the small white car. The woman was badly injured so they covered her and waited for the ambulance to come from Winnemucca. At last the police arrived and were able to get things under control. They thanked Gary for his help. We gave our report and were able to leave. After we were on the road again, Gary told me the car that bumped our front fender could have smashed him, crushed the car and pushed us over the embankment with it, it was coming so fast. Instead, it veered around us to our right, missed Gary completely and came to rest just crunching our right front fender. We both knew why after I told him of the girls' prayers.

We were getting ready to move yet again from Reno to Rainier, Oregon. Gary was already in Oregon living with the Pauls and looking for a home for our little family. Our house was in turmoil; beds and dressers had been taken out of bedrooms by our friends and me and arranged in the living room in preparation for the move. I was in the garage trying to make sense of our kitchen items and getting them packed in some sort of order when I heard the girls scream. I ran in the house and found Corey, who was not yet three, on the floor, a six inch mechanical pencil (#2 yellow Pencil? Memory is faulty here because of shock, I think) driven full length in his side over his right kidney. Once again, our world was thrown into chaos. I couldn't reach Gary at work; he was too far away. I was trying to calm everyone, and Corey suddenly seemed to be so lethargic, slipping away from me. I gathered my wits, prayed for strength and got the distinct impression to call our Bishop who should have been at work, but wasn't.

Bishop Grover was there in minutes, assessed the situation, had me call our Doctor, gave Corey a Priesthood blessing, then bundled Corey and me in his car, arranged for the Phelps to watch the girls and we were off to the Doctor. An x-ray was taken of Corey's back and kidney area. The pencil had missed his kidney and spine, but was deeply embedded in his back and side. The Doctor assured me he would be alright and praised me for not trying to pull the pencil out myself, then took a pair of pliers from his instrument drawer and pulled the pencil out,(it seemed like it took forever,) then cleaned and dressed the wound and gave Corey a shot. The Doctor asked if we wanted to keep the pencil and I said "NO!" very quickly. I was weak with relief and so glad Bishop Grover was there to give me support.

When we got home, I asked the girls how this kind of accident could happen. They all started talking at once. They were bored. They needed something to do. They devised the game of "jump from bed to bed" as a diversion from their boredom. Corey, who had been drawing on some paper on the floor, decided to follow his older sisters on their "bed rounds," still holding the pencil. The beds were too far apart for his sturdy, little legs and on his first jump landed on his back with the pencil driven into his side like an arrow from his weight. I was so weak with relief that Corey was going to be alright that I couldn't scold the girls, but the Bishop could. He gave them a little lecture on safety, gave me a hug and was gone. Bishop Grover was our Guardian Angel that day and was definitely a direct answer to my prayer.



*Our Family
Dawn, Gary and Corey.
Lenora, Anna and Christena*

A brief update on our children: Christena Evelyn is married to Brandon Isaacs, who is a doctor in Casper, Wyoming and they have five children. Lenora Kay is married to David Hansen, and they have four children. Dawn is married to Mike Anderson and they have two children. Our son, Corey, born 26 February 1971, served a mission in Switzerland from May 1991 to May 1993. He has never married and has no children. He lives in Massachusetts and attends the University of Massachusetts. He's so far from home, but keeps in touch by phone, e-mail and his FLICKER photo journal. We got Laddie eight years ago for Corey when he came home to live with us for awhile. Corey left, Laddie stayed.

Our "adopted" son Lane Mason and his daughter Ashley, helping us celebrate our 44th anniversary



MINNIE MARTHA CALKINS

Minnie Martha born. 14 October 1914
 Married..... 7 November 1933
 To: Leon Poorman. 29 August 1907
 Children:
 Joan. 10 March 1934
 Jeannette..... 18 July 1935
 Ruth..... 5 April 1939
 Dennis Mel..... 12 November 1940
 Douglas E..... 13 July 1945
 Married..... 6 May 1976
 To: John Leland Fowler..... 5 December 1913



Minnie

Minnie tells her story:

On 14 October 1914, another daughter was born to Orson Booker and Mary Elizabeth Owen Calkins, bringing a total of eleven children born to this fine couple—two sons and nine daughters. William (Bill), Albert, Edna, Pearl, Rose, Elizabeth, Clarice, Clara, Grace, Lenora and myself. Clara died 19 October 1908. She was one year old. The family was living in Grace, Idaho, at that time. In 1913 they moved to a dry farm north of Soda Springs. Our folks, along with the other settlers named the place Meadowville. The name must have been chosen because of the swampy area just to the south. In the spring the meadow would be covered with beautiful lavender flowers. We called them “Rooster Heads” because of their shape. My parents also helped to establish a school and the church.

I was born in “Meadowville” on a cold October day. The house had four rooms and was cold and drafty. It was heated by a big cook stove in the kitchen and a heater in one of the other rooms. Wood was the only fuel used. We had a big barn. One part for the cows and the other for the horses, harnesses and other equipment used on the farm, a nice granary. The inside was so smooth and clean. It made a perfect play house for us kids in the summer before the harvest began (a pretty good chicken house because we always had chickens) and a cellar where our vegetables and canned foods were kept. It also served as a cooler for the milk and cream. Most important was our “two-holer” outhouse. This was a little distance from the house separated by a huge wood pile. Dad spent many hours chopping wood besides all his other work.

There was quite an age span between my brothers, older sisters and me so I have very few early memories of them. I do have a memory of our **BIG** dining table. We all sat down together at meal time. Dad sat at the head of the table. A blessing was always asked, either by Dad or one he would call on. Each was given a turn asking the blessing. This big table became our “entertainment

center” in the long winter evenings. We younger ones played games or worked on developing our various “talents”. It was also the social center. Callers would be seated in the chairs by the table. Almost always there would be a big bowl of popcorn or homemade taffy to partake of. Sometimes my older sisters’ friends would come and spend the evening “pulling taffy”. We made our own valentines and Christmas cards. At this time Mother would bring some lovely scraps out of hiding; lace, ribbons, cloth or colored paper. We made some pretty nice ones too, and always wrote a verse on the inside. Summer evenings some of the neighbor kids would come to our place and spend the evening playing out door games like “kick the can,” “run sheep, run,” “hide and seek” or “ante-I-over.” That was my favorite. We would choose up sides, one group on one side of the house and the other on the opposite side. A ball would be thrown over the house to be caught by one of the players, then they would run to the other side. Anyone caught by the team would then become a member of that team. Very active and lots of fun. Our clothes were “home made.” Flour sacks and sugar sacks were used to make our underwear. The material was tuff and sturdy. Sometimes the label wouldn’t completely wash out. I remember some flour being “Red Rose Flour.” It would end up somewhere on our underwear. Clothes were handed down from the older to the younger—sometimes being remodeled to fit. Being the youngest I usually ended up with what was left. We did have a new dress for Christmas. Mother knit our winter socks, mittens and caps. We were always warmly dressed. Our winter underwear and overshoes were ordered from a catalogue in the summer. The underwear always had long sleeves, long legs and a high neck. I didn’t like them, but they did keep me warm. The folks would make a trip to Soda Springs and buy our winter supply of things we didn’t raise.

Mother always made our soap. This was made with tallow or grease and lye. The lye and grease were heated to just the right temperature, then poured into a flat pan. When cooled it was cut into bars, laid in the sun to dry until hard. Our clothes were washed on a “wash board.” There were two tubs and a “boiler.” The white clothes were washed first, then put in the “boiler” with plenty of soap to boil for a few minutes, rinsed and hung on the line to dry, winter or summer. In the winter the clothes would freeze so stiff. Clarice remembers that a severe wind came up. It was so cold it broke some of the arms and legs off the heavy underwear. The girls had to find them and Mother spent several evenings sewing them back on. Our clothes were always white. The older girls would have a little fun sometimes. They would bring the frozen underwear and nightgowns in and stand them around the heater to dry. Then giggle and laugh as they watched them thaw and droop in different shapes. They didn’t always get away with that.

In reading Mother’s life sketch, she said I was born prematurely, and to keep me warm she took my blankets off and held my body close to hers. She felt she saved my life. The house was so cold and drafty. She said that I was never very strong and was quite sickly as a child. I do remember having severe headaches and sinus infection. They weren’t even heard of at that time.

My early recollections of my childhood are happy ones. My sweet sisters spoiled me badly. Dad never seemed too tired in the evenings to take Lenora and I on his knees and sing as he bounced us. Our favorite song was “The Preacher and the Bear.” We never tired of it and dad always added

a bit more each time just to hear us laugh.

Lenora and I were very close. As we grew older we had our chores to do. Each day we would fill the big water tank of the cook stove. It was called a "reservoir". That was our hot water. The heat from the stove while cooking would heat the water in the big tank. We didn't just run out and turn on a faucet. We pumped it by hand from the well close to the house. There had to be plenty of water for cooking, drinking and washing. We carried wood to fill our huge wood boxes. I'm sure Dad helped us, too.

My thoughts go back to him now. Not only did he farm our ground and care for the stock but each summer during sheep-shearing time he would haul wool into Soda Springs. In later years he helped with the lambing. He spent much time in the fall going into areas where there were trees to cut down for fuel. He hauled it home in the sleigh, then spent many hours chopping it into stove lengths with an axe. Always a big pile for use both winter and summer. How hard he must have worked! I can't remember the boys being there to help. They must have gone elsewhere looking for employment. Clarice became his right-hand-man. She helped with the farming and care of the stock, besides helping to milk the cows.

Lenora and I always had such fun together. We had a pretty bay mare we called "Toots". She was so gentle, so easy to control and ride. We spent many happy hours riding around the farm. The only problem was Lenora always had to ride in front. "Toots" died one summer with brain fever. We were absolutely devastated. We never had another horse like her.

I attended school in Meadowville until the seventh grade. Our first school house was one large room with a folding divider in the middle to separate the lower classes from the higher ones. For special occasions the divider was pushed back. Church meetings, Christmas programs and other events were held here. In the spring of 1920 it burned down. That was such a traumatic sight! Dad had taken us over to get the report cards as it was the last day of school. The other people were there too, but there was nothing they could do. We kids were all crying. (Our noses were running pretty good, too.) I understand the tests had to be taken over the next year to receive your final report card.

A new school house was built that year. It was of light colored brick, and had two rooms with a hallway between. It seemed like a large building to me. The hallway had sixteen hangers in it, so I suppose that was as many that attended our school. I just can't remember. Our rest rooms were to the west, one for girls and one for boys. A windmill on the south



*Clarice, Pearl and Minnie
- A nostalgic moment in 1999
Remembering our school days*

furnished our water. Our teachers lived in a little cottage to the north. My first teacher was Miss Stromberg whom I idealized. Miss Boyer taught the upper grades and was also the principal. I started school before I was six and did well but because of being ill so much I was held back in the second grade.

Christmas was a special time in our little community. We always had a big tree at the school, but seldom one at home. We made decorations for the tree. We made beautiful chains out of colored paper, threaded pop corn and cranberries on cord string and wound them around the tree. It was always a beautiful tree. On Christmas eve we all gathered there for the Christmas program. Santa would come with a little sack of candy, peanuts and maybe an orange for each of us. Everyone joined in the festivities. All the chairs would be pushed back. Some one with a fiddle or harmonica and one who could play the piano would furnish the music. Everyone would dance. I remember dancing with Dad. I had to hold onto his suspenders as I couldn't reach his shoulder. How he could waltz! What a fun time!

We never received many presents. I can't even remember what they were. Mostly home-made items but we were always so excited on Christmas morning. And so happy over our gifts. Always we had some candy and nuts in our stockings. I remember Dad taking us to the Christmas party in our big sleigh. It was piled high with clean straw. Heavy quilts laid over the straw. We would heat rocks and put under the quilts. They kept warm for a long, long time. I remember the horses plodding through the snow. The vapor from their nostrils was like big white clouds. The jingle of the sleigh bells would ring so loud and clear. The sound carried for miles on that clear cold air. Christmas was the only time we had the sleigh bells. I believe our good old horses even enjoyed this special night.

The girls began getting married and leaving home. Too soon there were only three of us left, Grace, Lenora and I. Clarice had gone to stay with Edna at Humphrey, Idaho. Edna's husband, Jim, was night watchman on the railroad. Edna had two little girls then, Mary and Vera. Clarice came home one summer to visit. Fred came to see her. He had a car, a Model T Ford, I believe. We just thought he was the most handsome and charming fellow. She left soon after to be married to him.

In those days there was no government subsidies or crop insurance. If all things cooperated we would have a good crop. No rain in the spring and summer meant sparse crops. A sudden hail storm in late summer would wipe out an entire crop in a very few minutes. Dad and several others lost their homesteads and were forced to move. He took a place to the east of our homestead. I don't know how long we lived there. My job was to herd the cattle and keep them from straying. Those darned critters always wanted to go back home. They kept me on the go almost all day. I had to take the horses to water at a ditch some distance from home. The little horse I was riding dumped me into the fence. It cut two large holes in my upper right arm and simply riddled my new dress. I hurried to the closest neighbor and she wrapped my arm up. Mother took care of it when I got home and I never had any trouble with it (only left a couple of scars).

Elizabeth, George and their little son came and lived for a while, then moved to Gunnison, Utah. It was the last time we saw her. Clarice left from here.

Dad took the Thatcher place and we moved there. It was about five miles from our old home. Grace got a job working for the mine Superintendent's wife in Conda and left home. She came to visit occasionally. She brought us our first taste of grapefruit. I couldn't see why anyone would like that bitter fruit except for the powdered sugar we used on it. We heard from Elizabeth. She was pregnant and having some trouble. She was working in the beet fields with George. Mother and Dad were going to send Grace to her and were getting the money needed for train fare. A messenger from town brought the message that Elizabeth had passed away and was already buried. Such heart breaking grief Mother and Dad suffered, as well as us girls. My heart breaks even now and the tears come readily. Dad was breaking up another plot of sage brush ground and we were all working very hard. Crops had to be planted if we had anything for the coming winter. We had no mail service in those days and had to go into Soda Springs to the Post office to get our mail. It took a long time to get letters or messages back and forth. That was the way it was then.

We weren't in the Meadowville school district now, so had to go to Soda Springs to school. We walked about three quarters of a mile to catch the school wagon—it wasn't a bus. That wasn't too bad until winter. Some days Dad would take us. I missed all my dear friends and saw very little of them because of no transportation. Being so shy, it was hard for me to make friends in the new school. Going from about three in my class to over twenty overpowered me. I was also very near-sighted, so I did have a few troubles. But time passes on.

Lenora and John got married and moved to a little house closer to Conda. John worked in the mines. I was so lonely after she left.

We moved to another place further on north. There was no water on this place except a spring for the cattle and horses. We hauled house water from Conda. We had a big touring car then—a Dodge, I think. About once a week we made the trip to Conda. These were special times. I enjoyed visiting Pearl and Rose in their lovely homes. Mother would take eggs and butter to sell. She had a steady market for them because they were always so fresh. She bought things we needed. We would fill two 10 gallon milk cans with water to take back home. There was a hill just before we got to our gate. Dad could never find the brake but would pull back on the steering wheel. We would whip into the gate full speed. The milk cans and I would be thrown back and forth. I really hung on to the milk cans. I didn't want to lose the water. I learned to drive and Dad willingly turned the driving over to me. I think he was very relieved—I was very happy and Mother breathed a little easier.

One day, when Mother and I topped the hill coming home, we could see our cattle in the alfalfa field. They had broken through the fence and were all dead but two. Fresh alfalfa was deadly to cattle. Our old "Bob" was pretty smart and she was ok. One beautiful heifer was saved by Dad "sticking" her to let the gas out. She was never any good after that and I think Dad sold her.

While living here, Dad took on another place. There was no house or water so we went back and forth to farm it. I helped Dad some. I could handle the four horses on the harrow so that was my job. I think Dad got very tired of me always asking what time it was. I got so tired of just going round and round and it was hot and dusty. Poor Dad, he never did have much help from me. I did

not like farming, and I totally disliked cows. Can't remember how long we were here.

Dad took the Thatcher place back so we moved again. Mother and Dad were not getting along very well and rarely ever talked to each other. I couldn't stand the quiet evenings and began staying in town with any of the girls who would invite me. That first winter I went to live with Lenora and John. She had little Shirley then and needed a little help. It was fun being with her. They got along so good and little Shirley was such a doll. I just loved her. They had a battery radio and we spent long evenings listening to it. Our special program was "The Sons of the Pioneers" with Stewart Hamblin. We would stay up late to hear them.

The winter of my Junior year Mother and I moved into town. Our neighbors, the Gunnells, had rented a big house. They had two extra rooms, one big one and a small one. Mother rented them for the winter. She went to work at the Enders Hotel doing maid work and helping in the kitchen when there was a dinner party. One time Mother had a couple of days off so she took the train to Montpelier to do a little shopping but mostly to just get away and rest. She was gone over night so of course, I had a party. I had a few kids over. We played games, popped corn, giggled and laughed until about 9:00 p.m.. One of the boys sprinkled pepper on the stove. Talk about cough and sneeze! They all scattered for home. Mr. Gunnell was really mad and lost no time telling Mother about it. We nearly lost our happy home. It was such a dumb thing to do.

I came to Idaho Falls in 1932 to live with Grace and Edna. I graduated from High School here. I met and married Leon Poorman from Auburn, Wyoming. I have lived in Idaho Falls all my married life, except for about a year when we lived in Enterprise, Oregon.

I worked for the Safeway Store from June 1955 until about July 1962. I worked for the city of Idaho Falls, in their record department from July 1962 until 1977. I took early retirement at that time. Leon worked for the Sacred Heart Hospital and for the City of Idaho Falls. He retired about 1968. He bought a little second hand store in Blackfoot and operated it until his death. He passed away 12 March, 1975 from a massive stroke or heart attack.

May 6, 1976, I married John Leland Fowler. He was Joan's husband's uncle whom I had known for some time. He had four married children and they became my second family.

Lee and I had a good life. We went to Hawaii on our Honeymoon. Then on a Caribbean Cruise. We spent two winters at Desert Hot Springs, California. We both loved to be outdoors and went on many short trips to places of interest to us both. We had many good friends. We began a Family Home Evening Group and had ten present at our meetings for several years. Lee's health began to deteriorate. He had mini-strokes, causing him to fall and to be forgetful. He wandered from home if I wasn't watching closely. Upon the advice of his doctor I placed him in a care center. That took the worry of him possibly being seriously injured. He lived there just one year and one day when he passed away. I still miss him. He was a good companion. He passed away June 17, 1995.

I enjoy my home and my yard. It really keeps me active and busy. Dennis takes care of the heavy work which is a great help. I'm so glad to have him here.

My family is just the dearest family anyone could ever have. They have been such strength and comfort to me, and tremendous help.

We have a family tradition; the last Friday before Christmas we have our Family Christmas Party. All my family who live close enough will come. For a few years we met at Joan's home. We quickly outgrew that and now reserve the church. We had about 60 last year. We have a great time. We have a nice program, which the younger ones participate in, play fun games and have lots of good food. This gets all the younger ones out and keeps them in close contact with one another. They stay very close and enjoy this time to get together. Everyone helps. Truly a FAMILY AFFAIR.

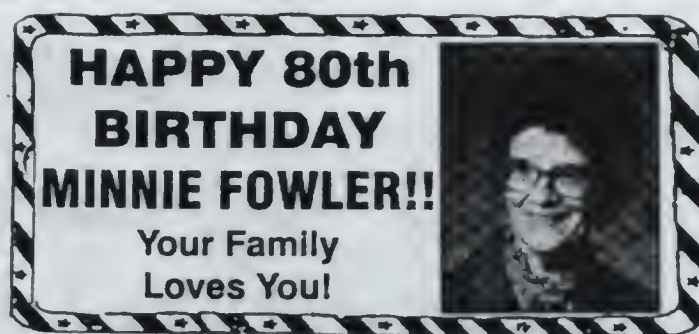
Joan has never remarried. She is very active and talented. We go many places together. Last summer we went to Jeanette's at Kennewick. They took us on to the Oregon Coast—Rock-a-Way Beach. For five delightful days we played in the sand and water.

On the fifth of June 1999, Ruth and Richard and some of their family took me with them to Nauvoo. We traveled in three cars and visited many points of interest I have read about. I enjoyed seeing all of them. We spent nine days traveling and sightseeing. Each day was filled with interesting sights and activities.

I attend our church and enjoy the friends and neighbors I have. I have lost many good friends and I really appreciate the ones I have left. I have been a teacher in the Junior Sunday School, teaching the CTR 1 and have been a visiting teacher for some thirty years. The sisters I visit are most special. The Temple is a source of comfort and strength to me.

As I have gone down "Memory Lane" I have gained a greater appreciation for my family and the courage and strength of my father and mother. I cannot even imagine the hardships they endured and overcame.

Thank you, dear Father and Mother, brothers and sisters, for this great legacy. I love you dearly and pray that I will meet you again someday!



Friday, October 14, 1994

Post Register Wednesday, October 12, 1994

FOWLER 80th: The family of Minnie Fowler of Idaho Falls will honor her with an open house in celebration of her 80th birthday Saturday from 3 to 5 p.m. at the Shadow Canyon Apartments Clubhouse, 1325 Hoopes Ave., in Idaho Falls.

She was born Oct. 14, 1914, at Meadowville, to Elizabeth Mary Owens and Orson Brooker Calkins. She graduated from high school in 1932.



Fowler

On Nov. 7, 1933, she married Leon Bancroft Poorman at Idaho Falls. He died March 12, 1975. On May 8, 1976, she married John Leland Fowler at Idaho Falls.

She worked nine years for Safeway Grocery and 14 years for the city of Idaho Falls utility division. She retired in 1976.

She enjoys gardening, quilting, fishing, activities in her church and spending time with her family.

She is the mother of Mrs. Joan Fowler, Mrs. Ruth Poole and Douglas Poorman, all of Idaho Falls; Mrs. Jeanette Heffling of Kennewick, Wash., and Dennis Poorman of Springville, Utah. Her stepchildren are Mrs. Maxine Baker of Boise, Mrs. Connie Campbell of Idaho Falls, Mrs. Sharon Jackson of Meridian and John Fowler of American Falls.

She has 22 grandchildren, 23 step-grandchildren, 35 great-grandchildren, and 30 step-great-grandchildren.



*Back row: left to right: Lamar, Joan, Jack, Jeanette, Richard, Ruth, Dennis, Lynne, Douglas
Front row: Minnie and Lee*

Joan married Lamar Fowler from Shelley, Idaho. They have four children: Michael, Kristy, Monty and Karry. Lamar passed away 24 November 1995, from a brain tumor. They have sixteen grandchildren and three great-grandchildren. She lives about 6 miles south-west of Idaho Falls.

Jeanette married Jack Heffling from Enterprise, Oregon. They have three children: Brian, Dianna, and Angela and four grandchildren. They live in Kennewick, Washington.

Ruth married Richard Poole from Menan, Idaho. They have five children: Rick, Ryan, Randy, Roxanna, and Russell. They have eighteen grandchildren and live in Menan, Idaho.

Dennis married Lynne Astwood from Enterprise, Oregon. They had five children: RaeLyn, Matthew, Jeffrey, Nathan and Joseph (Joey). They have four grandchildren. Dennis and Lynne are divorced. She still lives in Springville, Utah. He lives with me in Idaho Falls at this time. He served in the Northern States Mission from 1963 to 1965.

Douglas E. married Lauretta Schiller from Omaha, Nebraska. They had two children: Perry and Paul. They divorced and Douglas remarried. Douglas E. married Sharon Bochety from Idaho Falls. She had two children by a previous marriage: Christa and Cari. One daughter, Sherry, was born to them. He now has seven grandchildren, and five step-grandchildren.

Douglas joined the Air Force the year he graduated from High School and took his basic training at the Lackland Air Force Base in Texas. He finished his training at the Offut Air Base in Omaha, Nebraska. He served four years in the Strategic Air Command—one year overseas duty in Vietnam. He was an avid fisherman and hunter. He loved the outdoors.

Douglas passed away 4 August 1999, from a lingering illness. We love him and miss him. Perry and family live in Menan, Idaho, right at the present time. Paul and family live in Idaho Falls, Sherry and family live in Pocatello, Idaho.



*Clarice, Albert, Grace, Bill, Edna and Pearl
Rose, Father Orson, Mother Mary, Minnie and Lenora
50th Wedding Anniversary 1946*

THE PREACHER AND THE BEAR

(as Lenora and I remember it)

Oh, the preacher went a huntin’

‘Twas on one Sunday morn.

Of course, ‘twas agin his religion

But he took his gun along.

He shot himself some mighty fine quail,

And one little grisley hare,

Then on his way feelin’ fine and gay,

He met a great grizzly bear.

Now the bear sat down upon the ground

To watch this “coon”, you see,

And the “coon” got so excited

He climbed up a cinnamon tree.

Now the bear marched out in the middle of the road

And the “coon” climbed out upon a limb.

He cast his eyes to the God in the skies,

And these words said unto him:

Chorus:

Oh, Lord didn’t you deliver Daniel from the lion’s den

Also, Jonah from the belly of the whale.

And then drew three Hebrew chillun from the fiery furnace

So the Good Book do declare

Oh, Lord, if you can’t help me

For goodness sake, don’t you help that bear’.

Now just about then the limb gave way

And the “coon” came tumbling down!

You should have seen him get his razor out

Before he hit the ground!

He hit the ground a cuttin’ right and left

And put up a very game fight

But just about then the bear hugged the “Coon”

And he squeezed him a little too tight.

Chorus:

(I think there is more to it but we can’t remember.)

FLOUR-SACK UNDERWEAR

When I was a maiden fair

Mama made our underwear.

With five tots and Pa’s poor pay,

How could she buy lingerie?

Monograms and fancy stitches

Were not on our flour-sack britches.

Panty waists that stood the test,

With “Gold Medal” on the chest.

Little pants the best of all,

With a scene I still recall:

Harvesters were gleaning wheat,

Right across the little seat.

Tougher than a grizzly bear

Was our flour-sack underwear;

Plain or fancy, three feet wide,

Stronger than a hippo’s hide.

Through the years each Jill and Jack,

Wore this sturdy garb of sack.

Waste not, want not, we soon learned,

Penny saved, a penny earned.

Bedspreads, curtains, tea towels too,

Tablecloths to name a few.

But the best beyond compare,

Was our flour-sack underwear.

JOAN POORMAN

Joan born. 10 March 1934
Married:. 10 November 1951
To: W. LaMar Fowler. 8 January 1933
Children:
Michael Leon. 29 August 1952
Kristy Jeanette. 30 December 1957
Monty LaMar 10 December 1959
Karry Jo. 4 October 1963

I was born in the L.D.S. hospital on Memorial Drive, next to the Idaho Falls Temple. Dr. West delivered me at 10:30 p.m. I weighed six pounds and had blond curly hair and blue eyes. I was the firstborn to Leon Bancroft and Minnie Martha Poorman.

I have two younger sisters, Jeanette and Ruth and two younger brothers Dennis and Doug. I love them all dearly.

In my beginning years, we lived in a small up stairs apartment. When I was two months old my aunt came to visit us, bringing her son Bob, who had measles. It was not long after that I came down with the measles. Mother said I was completely covered. She kept me in a dark room, to protect my eyes. Jeanette was born sixteen months after me, so mother was very busy with two little ones. When I was three I nearly drowned. We lived on the Fox Farm west of Idaho Falls. There was a very deep ditch that went through the back yard. I went out to be with my father. I stopped on the bridge to see him, fell over backwards into the ditch and was completely covered with water. Mother just happened to look out the window; she couldn't see me, only the water. She came running and pulled me out. I was a very scared little girl.

Jeanette and I, (only sixteen months apart), looked a lot alike. Mother would take us to town and people would stop and ask her if we were twins.

I began the first grade at Hawthorne Elementary. I loved my first grade teacher. Miss West put on a musical program "Mother Goose Garden Party" on 6 May 1941. I'll never forget my part in Boston Town or my costume. I guess that was the beginning of my love for drama. I attended Hawthorne, Eagle Rock, and Eastside Schools. When I was in the third grade we moved to Salt Lake City, Utah. We were only there for a short time and then returned to Idaho Falls. We left in the spring of the next year and moved to Vancouver, Washington. It was now close to the end of the war



in 1943. My father worked in the ship yards. I have lots of memories of Vancouver. Jeanette and I walked to school. I was in the fourth grade. Because of the war they had warning sirens. When they went off you found cover, laid down on the ground until the siren went off that it was clear. At school when the sirens went off we got underneath our desks and stayed until the siren let us know it was okay to come out. We had black outs; when the siren went off there could be no lights on at all. Mother would put a quilt over the table lamp that went clear to the floor. We would do our homework under the quilt. Our food was bought with ration stamps. I remember the margarine. It was white in a plastic bag with a yellow capsule inside. Jeanette and I would kneed the capsule until the margarine would turn a pretty yellow.

In 1945 we came back to Idaho Falls where I finished my education at O. E. Bell Jr. High and Idaho Falls High School. There I was President of Girl's Federation. At this time I started to work at J. J. Newberry downtown on Shoupe and A Street. That was the beginning of my working career. I was a junior in high school and would you believe it, I'm still working. Only now, I'm a supervisor at Idaho Supreme Potatoes, Inc.

In 1950, I met LaMar and he became my very best friend. My girl friend and neighbor Bea was dating LaMar's uncle Mel. He and LaMar were the same age. Lamar loved to roller skate. The four of us went almost every Friday night. My parents owned a drive in and LaMar loved my Dad's fried onions. Every Friday he would come up from Pocatello and eat a hamburger and fried onions.

On 4 July 1951 LaMar and I got engaged. In November we decided to elope and get married. Mel and Bea decided they would get married, too. So on the 10th of November the four of us eloped and were married in Shelley by Bishop Randel Anderson.

We told my parents and later moved to Pocatello, Idaho. Lamar worked for Don Ranberg, who owned Idaho Automotive. Don and his wife Ruby took us in and became our God Parents. In 1952 our first son Michael Leon was born and we named him after my father. He was born on my Father's birthday. Mike was the first grandchild.

In 1953 we purchased our first home on McKinley and Pine in Pocatello Idaho. In 1957 our second child Kristy Jeanette was born with red curly hair. In May 1958 the State Highway purchased the Idaho Automotive shop that LaMar had worked for, for 12 years. In 1958 we sold our home and moved to Woodville. We rented LaMar's grandparent's (the Morris family) home. I didn't like



Joan and LaMar

Woodville in the beginning, but we made some wonderful and lasting friends. In December 1959 our third child Monty LaMar was born. He had blonde and very curly hair and we didn't cut it until he was about three years of age.

On 1 May 1962 we went to the temple with two other families; Roy and Bertha Madsen, and their three sons and Del and Carol Taysom and their three sons. This was a real special time for all of us and we have been lasting forever friends. In October 1963 our fourth and last child, happy little strawberry blonde Karry Jo, was born.

In 1964 the family sold the Morris home. We moved into Idaho Falls. Our stay was only two years and then in early spring of 1966 we purchased the farm. Now we are back home in Woodville. It is now forty-three years later and I'm still here in Woodville. My children still live close around me.

In 1974 LaMar started his business, the L. & M. Body Shop in Shelley. This was our life long dream. In 1985 LaMar was diagnosed with a brain tumor. Going through this adversity our family grew very close together. LaMar was doing well at this time. All of our children were married and we enjoyed our eleven grandchildren.

In 1987, LaMar was diagnosed with another brain tumor. We were able to have him for another seven wonderful years. On 24 November 1995 my very best friend and companion passed away.

Today in 2009 LaMar and I are blessed with sixteen grandchildren, seventeen great grandchildren and my life is wonderful.

I have served in many different callings in the LDS Church; Stake Drama and Speech director, counselor in four different Relief Society Presidencies, counselor in three different Young Women presidencies, director of the *Ten Virgins* and the *Women at the Well* programs since 1999.

Our son Michael is married to Barbara Hardy and they have four children and seven grandchildren. Our daughter Kristy Jeanette is married to Randy Madsen and they have five children and six grandchildren. Our son Monty LaMar is married to LuAnne Clark. They have five children and two grandchildren. Our daughter Karry Jo is married to Frank Goldsberry and they have two children and three grandchildren.



Minnie and Her Family Taken 28 September 2008

Those in attendance are: Minnie in the very center and other family members listed below.

Karry and Frank Goldsberry Family

Jeff,

Leesa and Justin Mitchell Family

Hunter, Houston, Harley

Mike and Barb Fowler Family

Bryce and Mandie

Matthew, Halley

Katie and Derek Dooley

Lynzie

Heather and Dalles Black

Addison, Austin

Stephanie and Travis Reed

Dalton

Monty and LuAnn Fowler

Trent and Lindsay

Jared and Cody

Troy and Carrie

Katlin, Kaylie,

Michelle

Kristy and Randy Madson Family

Cassie and Devin Ball

Droston

Brittney and Aaron Torgenson

Mandie and Tyler Borg

Debbie, Rhetta, Alexis

Brady and Angie

Brandon and Candie

Dash

JEANETTE POORMAN

Jeanette born. 18 July 1938
Married. 19 February 1955
To: Jack Melvin Heffling. 7 April 1935
Children:
Brian Keith. 2 September 1956
Dianna Joan. 14 December 1957
Angela Ruth. 30 January 1960

I was born at my parents' home which was a small fox farm in Idaho Falls, Idaho. I weighed a little more than six pounds. I was the second child born to Leon and Minnie Poorman. Their first child was my older sister Joan. We had a younger sister Ruth, and two brothers, Mel Dennis and Douglas E.

At age three I was hospitalized for about three weeks with a ruptured appendix and spent my fourth birthday in the hospital. My grade school years were mostly spent at Eastside and Hawthorne Elementary in Idaho Falls. Junior high years I attended O. E. Bell Jr. High and high school years at Idaho Falls High School graduating in May 1953. We were the first graduating class from this new school.

During my high school years I worked at Montgomery Ward in the lay-away department of the credit office and as an usher in our local movie theaters. In 1954 my parents and younger sister and brothers moved to Enterprise, Oregon. I left my full time employment at Wards and moved with them. My sister Joan was married at that time and she and her husband LaMar lived in Pocatello, Idaho.

We were staying with my dad's sister and brother-in-law (Norma and Vir Basim.) I began employment at the First National Bank of Portland in Enterprise. I went to one of their Saturday night dances at lake Wallowa where I met my future husband, Jack. We were married 19 February 1955 and started our home in Enterprise, Oregon. Our son Brian and first daughter Dianna were born there at the Wallowa County Memorial Hospital.

Jack was a logger and in 1958 we found it necessary financially to leave Enterprise. He worked for George Pierson Logging at Kooski, Idaho. My second daughter Angela was born at Grangeville, Idaho (about 20 miles from Kooski.) In 1960 we moved to Portland, Oregon and Jack became a long haul truck driver. I returned to work for First National Bank of Portland.



Jeanette

Jack had a good truck driving opportunity in Pasco, Washington so we left Portland and moved to Pasco in 1962. I returned to banking at Seattle First National Bank (Bank of America) in Pasco that same year. I worked for about eight years and left the bank for a short time returning in about 1972. I retired from Seafirst in December 1989. I worked for Winco Foods in their bakery for about five years and in the bulk food department about three years.

In July 2005 my husband was diagnosed with lung cancer. I left my job at Winco and stayed with him through all his treatments and until his death 25 March 2007. He was baptized and became a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints on 15 January 2006.

Since his death I have spent most of my time with my mother in Idaho Falls and as a part-time employee of WalMart on Utah Avenue. My oldest daughter and her family are living in my home in Kennewick, Washington. I will return there this spring (2009).

My son Brian is married to Karen Petersen and they have no children. Dianna is married to Russell Millsap and they have two children and two grandchildren. Angela has two children.



Jack and Jeanette



Jack and Jeanette



Karen and Brian Heffling



*Inset: Brian Heffling and Travis Abel
Jeanette, Dianna Millsap, Angela Perry
Phillip Jack (PJ) Millsap, Russell Millsap
Chelsey PerryBecca Millsap
Tanner Millsap*

RUTH POORMAN

Ruth born. 5 April 1939

Married. 31 May 1957

To:

Richard Lee Poole. 11 February 1937

Children:

Rick Lee. 24 January 1959

Ryan Dee 2 December 1960

Randy C. 15 October 1965

Roxanna 6 February 1968

Russell Allen. 15 June 1971

I was born 5 April 1939, the third child to Leon Bancroft and Minnie Martha Calkins Poorman, in Idaho Falls, Idaho.

I went to Hawthorne Elementary, O.E. Bell Junior High School and graduated from Idaho Falls High School in May of 1957. I also took many

classes at Ricks College. During my sophomore year in high school we moved to Enterprise, Oregon. I loved it there. I had many friends and enjoyed being part of a school where everyone was friends. Before my junior year in high school we had moved back to Idaho Falls. We lived on Highland Drive and I attended school at Idaho Falls High School where I graduated in May of 1957.

I met Richard Lee Poole the summer before my senior year. We dated and two weeks after high school we were married in the Idaho Falls Temple on 31 May 1957. During that first year and a half I worked for General Electric at the north end of the Atomic Energy site. I caught the bus on the highway a few miles from where we lived. After our first son was born, we left for a short time for Richard to attend college at Ricks College in Rexburg, Idaho. We lived in an apartment and after finishing one semester, we moved back to the farm and lived there until Richard went to work for the Bonded Produce in Idaho Falls as a delivery and sales person. We moved to a rented home on Sunset Drive in Idaho Falls. I went to work at the Bank of Commerce and worked there until I was six months pregnant with our second son. Before he was born we moved to an apartment on Lake Avenue. A few months later we moved to another apartment across the street. We lived at that address until our oldest son was six years old. We then bought our first home at 1020 Ada Avenue. It seemed like a mansion after living in apartments for so long. At that time my husband had gone to work for the Pepsi Cola Company and worked there for the next 32 years.



Ruth and Richard

Randy C Poole, our third son was born 15 October 1965. Our daughter Roxanna was born 6 February 1968 and our fourth son and last child, Russell Allen was born 15 June 1971. All were born while we lived on Ada Avenue.

Just before our oldest son was a senior in high school we moved to a home in the country in Ucon, Idaho. We lived there until all of our children had graduated from Bonneville High School and all but our youngest was married.

We sold our home and moved to an apartment on Woodruff Avenue in Idaho Falls. We wanted to decide for sure where we wanted to live and felt like living in an apartment would give us a chance to look around. I had emergency back surgery while living there so it put us behind in finding a home. Our youngest son had also married by that time. My husband had retired from Pepsi Cola and had the chance to manage Shadow Canyon Apartments so we moved into the Manager's apartment. When my husband's father passed away, none of his family wanted the family home in Menan, so we made the decision to move to Menan and take over the home. We remodeled the home and have lived here for 12 years. We just recently purchased a town home in Idaho Falls and will be moving shortly.

I have worked a great deal during my life and have learned and grown from each experience. I began at General Electric at the Atomic Energy Site. After our first son was born I went to work at the Bank of Commerce and worked there until I was six months pregnant with our second son. I was a stay at home Mom, except for a short time that I worked for J.M.J. Elevators in Iona doing their bookkeeping. I did most of the bookkeeping at home so I didn't have to leave the children. After we moved to Ucon all of our children were in school, so I went to work at Fairview South Elementary as a teacher's aide. Our youngest was in kindergarten there at the time. I then had the chance to go to work for Clayton Trucking in Ucon and did that for the next thirteen years. After that, I applied and was hired on at Ricks College. I began work at the college as the department secretary for the Education Department. While at the college I applied for and was given the job as Division Secretary to the Division Chairman of the Behavioral and Social Science Division. I traveled a great deal while serving in that position and loved all of the people I worked with. When my boss retired I then worked for the new Division Chairman. He was part of the History/Geography Department so as I served with him I also worked with that department. Again I worked with wonderful people. When Ricks College changed to BYU-Idaho my boss was asked to become the Dean of the College of Education. He asked that I transfer with him and I served as the College of Education Secretary until he left that position, at which time I retired. I spent nearly fifteen years at the college. I learned so much from my work experiences. I grew in knowledge and have so many memories of that time in my life.

I spent the first summer of my retirement at home, which I enjoyed so much, but my husband

was hurt on his job as Water Master and most of the summer was spent taking him to physical therapy and helping him recover. That winter I went to work part time for Snake River Log Homes. I enjoyed that position as it was just four hours a day and not a high stress job. Eventually they asked that I go full time. I did not want to work full time again so I interviewed and was hired for a part time position with Miskin and Associates, a CPA firm in Rigby, Idaho. I learned so much and enjoyed working with the people there but it became much more than part time and I finally made the decision to retire completely, which I did on 31 January 2009.

I have served in many positions in the church. I have taught nearly every class in Primary, Den Mother for several years as our boys grew, served as a counselor in the Primary, a counselor in the Young Women, Relief Society President, teacher in the Relief Society, secretary in the Stake Relief Society and the last position I held was as a Relief Society Advisor at BYU-Idaho in the Fifth Stake. I loved it and felt it was a great opportunity but our Stake President decided to discontinue using Advisors in his stake so I was released from that position.

Our son Rick is married to Kendra Jo Wade and they have four children. Ryan is married to Dianne Hunting and they have two children. Randy is married to Sharee Clayton and they have four children. Roxanna is married to Bartt Adamson and they have four children. Russell is married to Suzanne Noel Ellis and they have six children.

We have twenty grandchildren

and two great-grandchildren. Three of our grandchildren are married and we have five now attending college. We feel we have been truly blessed as a family and have enjoyed all of the experiences in our life and hope to have many more in the years to come.



*Back left to right: Ryan, Richard and Rick
Front left to right: Randy, Ruth, Roxanna and Russell*

DENNIS MEL POORMAN

Dennis Mel born. 12 November 1940
 Married:. 1 June 1967 (Div)
 To: Lynn Astwood. 12 November 1942
 Children:
 RaeLynn. 28 June 1969
 Mathew Mel. 14 May 1971
 Jeffrey Lee. 25 December 1973
 Nathan Benjamin. 7 January 1979
 Joseph Andrew. 29 November 1983



I was born 12 November 1940 in Idaho Falls, Idaho. In 1948 I started my first grade in school at Hawthorne Elementary. In 1954 my family moved to Enterprise, Oregon. Here I finished the sixth grade before my family returned to Idaho Falls, Idaho. I then attended O. E. Bell Junior High and Idaho Falls High School. I graduated on 26 May 1959.

I attended and graduated from Ricks College. I returned from school to prepare for and accept an L.D.S. mission call to the Northern States Mission, Chicago, Illinois from 1961 to 1963. At the end of my mission I returned home very spiritually attuned to living with my fellow beings. I later moved into the field of Landscape and Horticulture and attended Utah State and BYU-Provo.

I met Lynn Astwood and we were married 1 June 1967. We were later divorced. All of our children were born and raised in Springville, Utah. I never was ordered or had the opportunity of signing up for military duty.

In 2004 I moved back to Idaho Falls and assisted with maintenance and landscaping for Lily Syringa Assisted Living.

On 12 December 2007, my youngest child Joe passed away from complications of a bad fall that he took the previous year.

My daughter RaeLynn is married to Ken Harrison and has two children. Jeffrey is married to Michelle and has two children. Nathan Benjamin is married to Jill and has two children.



*Back left to right: Dennis, Jeffrey, Lynne, RaeLynn and Matthew
Front: Nathan Benjamin and Joseph Andrew*

DOUGLAS E POORMAN

Douglas E born 13 July 1945
Married 28 July 1966
To: Laurretta Edna Shiller. (Div)
Children:
Perry Leon. 17 February 1967
Paul Edward 26 February 1968
Married 13 September 1978
To: Sharon Lee Bochetey. (Div)
Daughter:
Sherry Lee 2 November 1979



Douglas

Douglas E Poorman was born 13 July 1945 (Friday 13th), in Idaho Falls, Idaho. He was the second son and last child born to Leon B and Minnie Martha Calkins Poorman. He weighed in at about eight pounds. He was dearly loved by his older sisters, Joan, Jeanette and Ruth and by his older brother Dennis.

He learned very fast. He walked at the age of ten months and walked fast. He never took tumbles as other children did. He loved his Grandpa Calkins and his Grandpa loved him.

He started school in September 1951 at Hawthorne Elementary School in Idaho Falls. In 1954, the family moved to Enterprise, Oregon. He attended the third grade there. The family moved back to Idaho Falls the next year. He attended Riverside Elementary and O. E. Bell Junior High and Idaho Falls High School. He was a good student. He was a member of the high school choir and had the solo in the “Messiah.”

He did many things during the summer vacation. He loved spending time with his sister Joan and her husband Lamar Fowler. Lamar taught him how to use and care for a gun and for his car. There was always something to do there at their home in Woodville, Idaho. Part of one summer was spent with his sister Jeanette and her husband Jack Heffling at their home in Kennewick, Washington. He spent some warm summer days swimming and relaxing with some friends he met there. This same summer he went with some friends to San Francisco, California. He became very ill and was diagnosed as having “Spinal Meningitis.” It was later determined to be a virus contracted while in Washington.

The summer between his junior and senior years he worked for Leavitt Grover on his farm

in Hamar. This same summer his MIA leader and his assistant took the group on a trip down the Middle Fork of the Salmon River.

He graduated from Idaho Falls High School in May of 1964. That fall and winter he worked for May 1964. That fall and winter he worked for Searle's Service Station.

He enlisted in the Air Force 19 August 1965 and served his basic training at Lackland Air Base, San Antonio, Texas. He was assigned to Offut Air Base, Omaha, Nebraska. He was trained in a technical training school as an Administrative Specialist with the Strategic Air Command, 1964th Communications Group. He excelled as a rifleman and received that award. On 18 June 1968 his unit was sent to Ton Son Nhut Air Base, Saigon, Vietnam.

On 10 June 1969 his unit was returned to San Francisco, California. He received an honorary discharge at the "Travis Air Base" in San Francisco. He received the "Bronze Star Medal of Honor", -the Rifleman's Award. He helped to earn the "Air Force Outstanding Unit Award" for his unit.

On 28 July 1966 he married Laurretta Edna Shiller. Two boys were born to them. They returned to Idaho Falls, Idaho, then later moved to Blackfoot, Idaho.

He was employed for several months by Petersen's Furniture Company. This was all office work which he did not care for. It kept him indoors too much.

He was employed by V-I Oil company as their "Route Man." After several years he and Laurretta took over the management of the V-I Oil Company's convenience store and service station in Blackfoot. He and Laurretta divorced about 1973.

He was employed by Monroc Cement Company on the gravel crusher for several years. He moved back to Idaho Falls where he met and married Sharon Lee Bochetey Phillips 13 September 1978. He left the cement company and began driving truck for Simplot Company. They bought a little farm in the Rose area. Sherry Lee was born there 2 November 1979. In about 1995 they divorced. He moved to a small place out of Ririe and he continued driving for the Simplot Company.



Doug's son Perry and wife Nekol with Michael, Steven and Brooke

His health began to deteriorate. He went to the Veterans Hospital in Salt Lake and was diagnosed as having "Lupus" of the skin. As he became worse he had to give up his driving. Other problems began and he fought a good fight. He passed away 4 August 1999.

His son Perry married Nekol Ann Wellard and they have three children. His son Paul Edward married Kristie Lynn Stears and they have three children.

His daughter Sherry Lynn is now married to Jarod Kenneth Brown and has two children.






*Doug's son Paul with his wife
Kristie, Karli and Dee Jay
and the bride and groom Randi
and Coleman*

*Sherry and Jarod with
Jake and Shyann*



CLARK COUNTY RECORDS
IDAHO

		8 Israel CALKINS Sr.
4 Israel CALKINS Jr.		
No Picture		B: 7 Jun 1766
		9 Mary GRIGGS
2 Horatio Palmer CALKINS	B: 1 Sep 1804 P: Hebron, Washington, New York, USA M: Abt 1834 P: D: Aug 1864 P: Payson, Utah, Utah, USA	No History
		B: 1770
B: 8 Oct 1837 P: Alabama, Genesee, New York, USA M: 18 May 1859 P: Payson, Utah, Utah, USA D: 23 Sep 1903 P: Ogden, Weber, Utah, USA	5 Lavina WHEELER	10 Simon D. WHEELER
		No History
		B: Abt 1792
		11 Martha PALMER
		No History
		B: 1795
1 Orson Booker CALKINS		12 Samuel MANWILL (MANUEL)
		
B: 30 Sep 1865 P: Payson, Utah, Utah, USA M: 24 Mar 1896 P: Blackfoot, Bingham, Idaho, USA D: 27 Sep 1948 P: Idaho Falls, Bonneville, Idaho, USA	6 John Wortley MANWILL	No History
		B: 30 Jun 1762
		13 Molly Or Mary WORTLEY
		No History
		B: 25 Aug 1766
		14 Samuel TRACY
		No History
		B: 30 Jun 1762
3 Mary Elizabeth MANWILL		15 Elizabeth Whitecar GETCHELL
		
B: 6 May 1844 P: Houston, Shelby, Ohio, USA D: 8 Mar 1900 P: Grays Lake, Caribou, Idaho, USA	7 Martha or Patty TRACY	
	No Picture	
		B: 26 May 1807 P: Durham, Androscoggin, Maine, USA D: 20 Jan 1847 P: , Van Buren, Iowa, USA
		No History
		B: 16 Sep 1762

**ANCESTORS
OF
ORSON BOOKER CALKINS**

HORATIO PALMER CALKINS

Horatio Palmer born. 8 October 1838
 Married 18 May 1859
 To: Mary Elizabeth Manwill. 6 May 1844
 Children:
 Martha Lavina. 8 July 1860
 James Palmer. 7 August 1862
 Elizabeth L. 10 June 1864
 Orson Booker 30 September 1865
 Caroline Melvina 14 May 1868
 Eva L. 22 July 1870
 John Israel. 22 November 1872
 David Farrington 13 October 1875
 Horatio Vernon 22 November 1879
 Albert Manwill. 29 July 1882
 Sarah Emily 20 May 1884



Horatio Palmer Calkins

Anna Rae Poppleton, who is a great granddaughter of Horatio Palmer Calkins, has compiled the following history from family records and memories. Horatio Palmer Calkins, the second child and first son of Israel and Lavina Wheeler Calkins, was born in Alabama, Genesee, New York, on 8 October 1838. Records indicate three children were born here; Helen Mar was the oldest born 27 June 1835, then Horatio Palmer and Indamora who was born 28 October 1840, just a few weeks after Horatio's second Birthday.

Israel and Lavina embraced the new, hated religion of "The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints," or "Mormons," just two years before he was born, so all of Horatio's childhood would have been one of upheaval and persecution as the Saints were being driven from one location to another.

During the year 1839 and 1840, the Saints started settling a swampy piece of land on the banks of the Mississippi River in Illinois, a piece of land no one else wanted. In time they made the place so beautiful, the city was named Nauvoo, which means "beautiful." As the Saints moved in from many places, this city became the largest in Illinois at that time.

Horatio's father and mother became intimately acquainted with the Prophet Joseph Smith and were counted as his friends and very close followers.

After the death of the Prophet Joseph in 1844, persecution became even worse for the Saints in Nauvoo. They hurried to finish their lovely temple and in December 1845, they started receiving endowments in the nearly completed temple. In the Nauvoo Temple records for 25 December 1845, we

find the names of Horatio's parents, Israel Jr. and Lavina Wheeler Calkins. Also Horatio's grandfather, Israel Calkins, Sr. and his second wife, Hannah Calkins. The four had their sealings completed on 7 February 1846 by Brigham Young.

Many Saints began leaving Nauvoo at this time, but just when the Calkins family moved out is not known. In 1849, they headed their covered wagon drawn by three oxen and a cow toward Utah. But Horatio's mother wasn't very well, so they only journeyed as far as Winter Quarters, Iowa. Here a son, Israel, was born on 1 July 1849. Another baby, Caroline Clarissa, joined the family at Winter Quarters on 7 January 1851. In April they again began the weary trek towards the Great Salt Lake and Zion. They left Kanesville, Iowa 1 May 1851 with the company led by Captain John G. Smith. The company consisted of 150 wagons and was divided into three, fifty wagons each. Roswell Stevens acted as Captain of the first, Abraham Day of the second and Lewis A. Shurtliff of the third fifty. Which of these three, Horatio and his parents were with, we do not know. In order to avoid crossing the larger streams, which at that time of the year were much swollen, the company took a new route following the divide between the Missouri River and the Elkhorn for a distance of nearly 200 miles in a north-westerly direction. They then turned westward, and after traveling 10 days longer, they came to the Elkhorn, which they bridged and crossed, and finally reached Loup Fork, which they forded on Saturday, June 14, being then six weeks out from Kanesville. From Loup Fork they crossed sand hills by hundreds, and numerous creeks and sloughs which they bridged with grass and brush. Strange to say, no deaths or serious accidents occurred in this exceedingly hard and wearisome journey, and only four head of cattle were lost.

By taking this route, Captain Smith's three companies were not robbed by the Pawnee Indians, as they had passed before the pioneers had taken their position on the road. Later companies, including Orson Pratt and Orson Hyde reported large amount of thefts and damage committed by the Indians. Accounts are meager, concerning these companies but President Brigham Young in a letter to Apostle Parley P. Pratt, said: "The emigration of the Saints from the east has closed for the season, with general prosperity, and little sickness or loss, compared with previous years. Probably 550 or 600 wagons may have come in, besides a good supply of merchandise—more than there is gold to pay for it."

The Calkins Family arrived in Salt Lake City, Utah on 23 September 1851, just before Horatio's thirteenth birthday. Before he was nineteen, Horatio had made the trip back to St. Louis twice to help drive covered wagons to bring other Saints to the Salt Lake Valley.

Horatio's father and mother were among those who were called by Brigham Young to settle the town in southern Utah called Payson. Here Horatio married Mary Elizabeth Manwill, daughter of John Wortley and Martha (Patty) Tracy Manwill, on 18 May 1859.

For fifteen years, Horatio and Mary Elizabeth lived in Payson and seven children were born to them here. Martha Lavina was born 8 July 1860 and James Palmer was born 7 August 1862. On 10 June 1864 another baby girl was born. She was named Elizabeth L. However, Elizabeth only lived a few months, dying on the 22 November 1864. Then Martha, not yet five, died on 4 February 1865.

The last major war with the Indians, called the Ute Black Hawk War, began in 1865 and ended in 1868. Horatio was an officer and a minute man. A story is told by his son, Palmer, from memories as a child, about Horatio putting tobacco juice in his eyes so they would hurt so badly it would be impossible for him to fall asleep while on guard duty, which "would have brought a heavy penalty and maybe death to many.



Orson, Caroline and James Palmer

Orson Booker was born 30 September 1865 and Caroline Melvina joined the family 14 May 1868, she being the only daughter to live to adulthood in this large family. Eva L. was born 22 July 1870 but only lived a year and three months, dying on the 12 October 1871. John Israel was born 22 November 1872.

Horatio and his brother-in-law, David Dollen Sullivan (Caroline Clarissa's husband), felt they needed more land and cattle than they had, so in 1873 they made a trip into Idaho, located some land and came home to get ready to move. During the winter, they bought about 70 head of cattle and in May 1874 started towards Idaho, arriving in Gentile Valley 6 June 1874. Horatio took Mary and his four remaining children with him, but David Sullivan's family stayed at Payson until later.

Horatio and Dave built a two room house and fenced part of their land, put up a lot of wild hay and in every way prepared for winter. Dave stayed part of the winter and then left for Payson to make preparations for moving his family north. At this time

there were only about six families in Gentile Valley.

There were three families of apostate Mormons living in this valley. Harold King being the Postmaster, had the right to name the Valley, so he named it Gentile Valley, to show they wanted nothing to do with the Mormons. Gentile Valley, today, takes in a string of little places along the way from Riverdale north of Preston, where the highway crosses the Bear River, on to Treasureton, where again, one crosses the Bear River into Mound Valley, a beautiful green valley. At that time, it would be wild hay and much green pasture land with perhaps some grain. The part of Gentile Valley called Mound Valley, is where Horatio settled his family. Their cattle did well and the beef they produced was of the very best, but living was hard, so many miles to go for supplies, ditches to dig, land to plow and the crops weren't much of a success because of frost. Little fruit was raised, but vegetables, the hardy ones, grew very well.

David Sullivan made the "plumb line" that was used to survey many of the ditches. Those running north from Spring Creek were made by David, Horatio, James McGreager, David Brown, and Orson Cutler. Those running south were made by Robert Willlams, Hyrum Bennett, Ephraim Bennett, Alexander Harris and Robert Williams Jr. Every man worked until the entire ditch was completed.

Here at Mound Valley, four more babies were born. David Ferrington on 13 October 1875, Horatio Vernon on 22 November 1879 and Albert Manwill on 29 July 1882. The eleventh and last child, Sarah Emily, was born 20 May 1884 but only lived one day.

About 1887 Horatio sold his farm to Joseph Schvaneveldt and moved to the north end of Grey's Lake, in Bonneville county near the outlet. He bought up the farms of three families who were discontented there and built a large log house. Here they had more grazing land where there was plenty of feed to run sheep, cattle and horses.

Palmer, Horatio's oldest son, married Alice Allsop on 10 December 1888 and settled in Lago, Bannock county, so Horatio's three younger boys, David, Vernon and Albert stayed with Palmer and Alice in Lago, to attend school. However, during the summer, they spent their time with their parents. It was here at Lago on 7 January that Albert, who was only sixteen years old, died with pneumonia. Horatio and Mary Elizabeth came back to Lago for his funeral and buried him in the Lago cemetery.

It was said of Horatio, that he was a natural born nurse, like his Mother, and that he could quiet a child when his wife couldn't and she was one of the best. Horatio was shy and didn't like to take part in church affairs, but he made himself do anything the Bishop asked him to do.

In early January 1900 both Horatio and Mary Elizabeth were ailing. Mary had suffered a stroke and Horatio was having trouble with his stomach. So, Palmer moved his wife, Alice and their four children to Grey's Lake to be near his parents. Palmer's daughter, Alice, remembered her grandmother as a small little lady with a shawl around her shoulders. When her grandmother took the last of three strokes, Alice recalls her grandfather and her mother lifting her onto the bed. Little Mary Elizabeth died at the Grey's Lake ranch home on 8 March 1900. Her body was taken by bob sleigh south to Soda Springs where the necessary burial clothes and a casket could be bought, then on to Grace, where she was clothed at Caroline Clarissa's home. Services were held there and she was taken to Lago, to be buried by the side of her son, Albert.

Horatio was very ill by this time, with cancer of the stomach. He only lived three more years, dying on the operating table, in a hospital, at Ogden, Utah, on 23 September 1903. He was buried at Lago, by the side of his little Mary Elizabeth and their son, Albert.

So ended the earthly lives of two wonderful people I am proud to call my ancestors.

Anna Poppleton

MARY ELIZABETH MANWILL



*Mary Elizabeth with her two sons,
Orson and Palmer*

Mary Elizabeth born. 6 May 1844
 Married. 18 May 1859
 To:
 Horatio Palmer Calkins. 8 October 1838
 Children:
 Martha Lavina. 8 July 1860
 James Palmer. 7 August 1862
 Elizabeth L. 10 June 1864
 Orson Booker. 30 September 1865
 Caroline Melvina. 14 May 1868
 Eva L. 22 July 1870
 John Israel. 22 November 1872
 David Farrington 13 October 1875
 Horatio Vernon. 22 November 1879
 Albert Manwill. 29 July 1882
 Sarah Emily. 20 May 1884

Mary Elizabeth was born in Houston, Shelby County, Ohio, the youngest child and only daughter of John Wortley and Patty Tracy

Manwill. However, another baby daughter was born and died in December of 1846. Due to complications of the premature birth, her Mother died just a month later. Mary's four older brothers were; Daniel, age thirteen; John, age eleven; James, age nine; and Orson age four. The family had joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints and in 1845 were in Nauvoo, Illinois. They were living in Van Buren County, Iowa at the time of her mother, Patty's death.

There was great unrest in Illinois following the death of Joseph and Hyrum Smith and the governor of Illinois had issued an extermination order against the Saints. Mobs plundered and persecuted the Saints as they prepared to move to the west.

The Manwill family traveled with the company headed by Captain Henry Bryant Manning Jolley, leaving Kaneshville, Iowa early in June of 1852. Their three month's travel across the prairies of Nebraska and Wyoming was arduous, but no deaths were reported along the way. They arrived in the valley 15 September 1852.

Brigham Young had sent groups to settle the area of Peteetneet Creek in 1851. This was the beginning of the town of Payson. This was fertile territory and Mary's Father, John moved his family south following their arrival in Salt Lake City. Israel Calkins had brought his family to the area a year prior to the Manwill's arrival. This was the setting of Mary and Horatio's youth. They

were married in May of 1859, when Mary was just fifteen.

In the beginning the Indians had seemed well pleased with the coming of the white men. There were some incidents of aggression, but Brigham Young had advised the saints to feed them rather than fight them. However, the Indians began to feel that the white men were encroaching upon their lands, fencing their feeding grounds and catching the fish from their streams. There were years of unrest as the settlers began digging canals, building saw mills and hauling lumber for homes and schools. The Walker Indian War ensued with a rifle shot which killed a settler, and others began organizing themselves for retaliation. Years of conflict followed in which Government and church leaders were involved. The Black Hawk war began in 1865 and was the longest and most destructive conflict between pioneer immigrants and native Americans in Utah History. Horatio was an officer and a minute man serving for several years in the conflict.

Horatio's parents, Israel and Lavina, were still living in Payson during these years. Israel died in 1864 and Lavina maintained a boarding house for travelers. David Sullivan had stayed at the Calkins' home and met Horatio's sister, Caroline and they were later married.

Horatio and Mary Elizabeth had seven children born in the fifteen years they lived in Payson. Martha was the first born, then Palmer, and then Elizabeth. Before Orson's birth in 1865 both Martha and Elizabeth had died. Caroline was born in 1868 followed by Eva who lived just over a year. John was a baby when Horatio and his brother-in-law, David Sullivan, decided to look for better grazing lands and room for more cattle. They made a trip to Idaho and decided to move in the Spring.

In May of 1874, Horatio took Mary and his four remaining children and they left for Idaho, arriving in Gentile Valley, 6 June 1874. Beginning again was difficult with little children and living conditions were hard for Mary. Four more children were born while they were living there: David Ferrington, Horatio Vernon, Albert Manwill and one more baby girl. Sarah Emily was born 20 May 1884 but lived only one day. Of the five girls born in the family, Caroline was the only daughter to survive to maturity. Albert, the youngest son, died at the age of sixteen, of pneumonia.

A niece of Mary's, Julia Sullivan Greene, had this to say of her Aunt Mary: "She was very religious and a very cheerful person but she liked to play jokes. She was a wonderful mother, always found the time to play with her children. She was always neat and clean, kept a very clean house. She was a perfect washer, always keeping her clothes snow white. She worked hard in the church,



*Orson, Caroline and Palmer
Perhaps taken about 1871*

was first counselor in the first Primary organized in Gentile Valley.”

Mary was frail and was ill a great deal and had always had a very hard time during the birth of her children, but even though she suffered much she remained cheerful and never complained.

In the summer she and her sister-in-law, Caroline Sullivan, would take a wagon box full of children and go after wild strawberries or chokecherries. One fall, they took eleven children between them and drove the team and wagon to Payson for a four week visit. They had a lot of fun and lots of worries, too. The team of horses were gentle, but one horse would get his tail over the line and when he did this, he would kick. This caused the women some anxious moments.¹ Mary was in her late fifties, when her health began to fail. She received tender care from her son Palmer and his wife during her last days. She died in Grey's Lake 8 March 1900 and was buried in the Lago Cemetery in Lago, Idaho.

Horatio's health was also failing. He had cancer of the stomach and died on the operating table in Ogden, Utah 23 September 1903.

Horatio and Mary are both buried in the Lago Cemetery and the grave of their son Albert Manwill Calkins is nearby. The inscription reads “Albert, son of Horatio and Mary Calkins, born July 29, 1882, died Jan 7, 1898. He passed like a fragrant flower from the coarse rugged scenes of time.”

Loren and I took a trip in 1997 to find the burial place of his great grandparents. Lago was an unfamiliar place for us. We had to stop and ask directions several times, but it was a clear fall afternoon, the grass was green, the sky a vibrant blue—it was just a beautiful drive.

Carolyn Calkins



Albert Manwill, David Ferrington, John Israel and Horatio Vernon with their only living sister Caroline. Orson and Palmer were living away from home at this time.



¹ Anna Poppleton's history of Horatio and Mary Elizabeth.



LAGO VIEW CEMETERY

HORATIO P.
CALKINS
BORN
OCT. 8, 1840
YORK STATE
DIED
SEPT. 23, 1903
OGDEN, UTAH

SHELTERED AND SAFE
FROM SORROW

MARY E.
MANWILL
CALKINS
BORN
MAY 6, 1844
DIED
MARCH 8, 1900
GREY LAKE, IDAHO

I GO TO PREPARE
A PLACE
FOR YOU

CALKINS ANCESTRY - ISRAEL CALKINS, JR.

Israel, Jr. born..... 1 September 1804

Married..... abt 1834

To:

Lavina Wheeler..... 24 June 1814

Children:

Helen Mar. 27 June 1835

Horatio Palmer..... 8 October 1837

Indamora 28 October 1840

Israel III 1 July 1849

Clarissa Caroline..... 7 January 1851



*Replaced Headstone for Israel, Jr and
Lavina Wheeler Calkins in Payson City Cemetery*

Carolyn Calkins compiled the following history:

Israel Calkins Jr. didn't keep a journal or a diary so we have no personal records to tell his story. We do have some facts and remembrances shared by others. However, memories are often passed down from generation to generation without having documentation. This makes it difficult to determine the actual facts. I have tried to research and compile all of the available records to help his descendants know more about his life and who he really was.

Kenneth W. Calkins, editor and publisher of the book, *Calkins Family in America*, has written the following as an introduction to the background of the Calkins family, printed here with his permission.

"It has been well established that Hugh and Ann Calkins, with at least four of their living children, came to the New World between 1638-1640, as members of the 'Welsh Company' under the leadership of Reverend Richard Blynman. The exact date and the ship that they came on have not been clearly determined. It is also well established that this group departed from Chepstow, Monmouthshire, one of the border counties between Wales and England. These facts have led many writers to conclude that Hugh and his family were born in Chepstow. However, thorough searches of the Parish Registers and Bishop's Transcripts of the area around Chepstow have been unsuccessful in finding any indication that anyone named Calkins, by any spelling variation, lived there around the time that Hugh or members of his family would have been born. By comparison, similar searches conducted in other areas have located a number of families, with a spelling variation of the name Calkins, in counties to the east and north of Monmouthshire. In particular, the name has been found in the early 1600s in Gloucestershire, Cheshire, and Staffordshire.

"As a result of these early searches, and following some additional clues provided, in 1998 Mr. Roy Edwards of Hayes, Middlesex, England, initiated intensive research on the records of the

area near Chester, Cheshire. Mr. Edwards found clear evidence that Hugh Calkins was the son of Rowland and Elen {Ellen} (Payne) Calkins, christened on 8 April 1603 in Waverton, a village south and east of Chester. He also found records of the christening of Hugh's three oldest children in Waverton, within a few years after the birth dates that were deduced from later records. An article describing the research and the proof is being prepared by Mr. Edwards for submission to a recognized genealogical publication.

"The origin of Hugh's wife Ann is even less well known. Her surname has often been given as Eaton, Easton, Eston, or a similar variation. To our knowledge, there is no evidence—other than frequent repetition—to support any of these names. The research by Mr. Edwards described above provided no evidence on Ann's family name¹."

The Calkins name was first recorded in this country in 1640. A "noted historian" of the 1800s, **Francis Manwaring Caulkins**, in her book *History of New London* states, "Hugh Caulkins was one of the party that came with Mr. Blinman in 1640 from Monmouthshire, on the borders of Wales. He brought with him his wife Ann and several children, and settled with others of the party, first at Marshfield, and then at Gloucester." Reverend Blinman had been a minister in England and may have come as early as 1639 seeking religious freedom. In 1659, Mr. Blinman returned to England but his followers remained in New London, Connecticut. In 1660, Hugh "with a company of proprietors associated to settle Norwich, and a church being organized at Saybrook previous to the removal, he was chosen one of its deacons²."

In her introduction, Frances has written "Mr. Richard Blinman, minister in Chepstow, Monmouthshire, England, having been silenced for non-conformity to the established church, immigrated to this country, and is supposed to have arrived at Plymouth in the autumn of 1640. He was accompanied in his voluntary exile by several members of his church, with their families, and all taken together were styled the 'Welch Party.' Monmouthshire borders upon Wales, and probably most of them were of Welch origin, but English appears to have been their native language. The exact time of their arrival is not known, but a part of them, including Mr. Blinman and Hugh Cauken, were propounded for freemanship at Plymouth, March 2, 1640; which was too early for any immigrant vessel to have arrived that year.

"In the first New England record the family name is written as above, Cauken, and it may be interesting to notice here the changes which have taken place in the spelling of this surname, since it first appears in the old country. It has been heretofore stated by a writer in the pages of the REGISTER, that the original name was probably Colkin. William Colkin lived in King John's reign, 1199-1216, and founded a hospital in Canterbury, which bore his name." [Editor's note: Ken Calkins has stated, "Another statement that has often been made is that Hugh Calkins was a direct descendant of Sir William Colkin, who was one of the Magna Carta Barons, and who was a member

¹ Kenneth W. Calkins Ed. Calkins Family Association, *Calkins Family in America* p 3

² F.M. Caulkins, *History of New London*, p 158.

of a family who founded a hospital in Canterbury. Again, there is no known evidence to support this statement as a fact³.”]

“The Caulkins and Gookings, with the different variations and changes, in the spelling and pronunciation of the names, are all supposed by the writer referred to, to have descended from a Colkin. At the present time, there is great diversity, even among acknowledged relatives of the same stock, in spelling the name; some using u and s, and others rejecting one or both of these letters.

“The ‘Welch party’ located first at Green’s Harbor, near Marshfield, Mass., but the previous settlers not harmonizing with the new comers, the latter removed the next year to Gloucester, near Cape Ann, in the ‘Massachusetts colony.’ Hugh Caukin is on the list of persons nominated as freemen of Massachusetts, at Salem, Dec. 27th 1642. He was deputy to the general court from Gloucester in 1650-1, and served as one of the selectmen in that town from 1643 to 1651. In 1645 ‘Hugh Cawking appointed to end small causes for ye towne of Gloucester for this yeere ensuing.’ May 23, 1652, Hugh Calkin, deputy from Gloucester, having moved out of the colony, is to have the place supplied.

“The Rev. Mr. Blinman removed from Gloucester, where he had been a minister for eight years, to New London, then called Pequot Harbor, in the fall of 1650. He seems to have been accompanied on his first visit by Obadiah Bruen, a man of unusual intelligence and education, and sound mind and judgment. He was clerk or recorder of Gloucester for several years, and held the same office in New London during his entire residence in that town, which was sixteen years. Hugh Calkin and several others, who came from the old world with Mr. Blinman in 1640, followed him to New London, and strengthened the little colony there by the addition of about twenty families. Oct. 19, 1650, the records show grants of land to Mr. Blinman, ‘Hughe Caukin,’ and six others, and, under the same date six house lots were pledged to them, which were laid out in March of the following year, mostly in ‘New Street,’ a narrow road on the west side of the town which was opened to accommodate the Gloucester immigrants, and acquired from them the familiar name of ‘Cape-Ann Lane,’ by which it is still quite generally known, though now designated on the city map as Ann Street. Hugh Calken had the first lot on the south and east end of this street set off to him. It consisted of six acres, and the precise spot can easily be identified at the present time.

“He was chosen a deputy to the general court at Hartford in September, 1651, and was at that time the deputy to the general court of Massachusetts from Gloucester. He does not appear, however, to have been present at the session in Hartford. He was also selectman in 1651 in both towns. It is evident from these facts that he was esteemed a man of unusual good judgment and capacity, whose services New London, then called Pequot, was anxious to secure, and Gloucester unwilling to lose. While residing in New London he held the office of selectman, or townsman as it was then generally called, without interruption; being chosen annually for ten or eleven successive years. He was also their representative to the general court for twelve sessions, from 1652 to 1660.

³ Kenneth W. Calkins Ed. Calkins Family Association, *Calkins Family in America* p 3

‘It cannot positively be stated that he was a member of the church in New London; for the records preserved do not commence until 1670, or ten years after his removal. The business of hiring a minister and providing for the worship of God was all done by the town in its corporate capacity in those days, consequently church records were of less importance. There can be no reasonable doubt, however, that with the arrival of a minister and many of his faithful flock, who seem to have followed him not only from the old country but also in all his removals in New England, a church was regularly formed and all the ordinances administered. Indeed, it is hardly possible that it could have been otherwise, as Mr. Blinman is uniformly styled ‘Pastor of the church.’ When he removed to New London, the town had been on the lookout for some time for a minister, and in 1648 the Rev. Sam’l Dudley, son of Gov. Dudley, and son-in-law of Gov. Winthrop, had some thoughts of settling there. It is likely that the little community felt themselves too feeble to undertake the support of a minister until after the accession of the colony from Gloucester.

“Mr. Blinman was a man of good repute in New England, and is spoken of by Gov. Winthrop as ‘godly and able.’ The town pledged him a salary of 60 pounds per annum, to be increased with their ability, and liberal donations of land. The records show that they abundantly fulfilled the last pledge, and he was probably quite acceptable to the people, as they built him a new house on a high, pleasant lot, now Granite street, west of the first burial ground. The reasons for relinquishing his charge are not given but he left New London early in 1658, and removed to New Haven, where he resided about a year. He embarked from New London in 1659, for England, *via* Newfoundland, and was living in ‘the castle,’ city of Bristol, January, 1670-1.

“Soon after his pastor removed, Hugh Calkin joined a Saybrook company, who had associated themselves for the purchase and settlement of Norwich, and a church being organized at Saybrook for the new town, he was made a deacon. He seems not to have removed immediately, but to have alternated in his business enterprises between the two towns for a couple of years. He owned some large tracts of land in the vicinity of New London which he retained for several years, but sold his house, barn and home-lot on ‘New Street’ to William Douglass, in February, 1661. An incident which gives us some insight into the habits and customs of the people of that day may here be mentioned. In February, 1672-3, Deacon Caulkins, of Norwich, was served with a writ from Mr. Leake, of Boston, for 3 pounds, 10 shillings, the amount due to William Rogers from the town of New London, for the rent of a building that had been used for a meeting-house, some fifteen years before, and for which Mr. Caulkins was the surety. The endorser satisfied the debt and applied to the town for repayment. The obligation was acknowledged, but hardly with the promptitude which would be expected at the present time; as appears from the following note on the town records: ‘Upon demand, by Hugh Calkin, for money due to Mr. Leake, of Boston, for improvement of a barn of Goodman Rogers, which said Calkin stood engaged for to pay, this town doth promise to pay one Barrel of Pork to said Calkin some time next winter.’ Hugh Calkin took a prominent part in the

town and church affairs of Norwich, and died there about the year 1690, and as he was by his own deposition 72 years old in 1672, he must have been about 90 at his death. He was doubtless interred in the old burial ground in that town.

"Of his wife we only know that her name was Ann. Hugh and Ann Calkins are believed to have been the common ancestors of all persons bearing the name in the United States. They had six children: Sarah, Mary, John, Rebecca, Deborah and David."⁴

Hugh and his family stayed in the Norwich/New London, Connecticut area where the Calkins family name was recorded for four generations, with the line coming from Hugh to John to Samuel, and then to Samuel Jr.

Ken Calkins has compiled records of great importance in his book, *Calkins Family in America* and we are deeply indebted to him for the following information on the generations of the Calkins lines. Samuel Jr. married Damaris Strong, and their children were all born in Connecticut. David was the fifth child born to Samuel and Damaris. He married Jemima Wright about 1756. Two children were born to David and Jemima before her death in Dutchess County, New York in 1758.

David was twenty three years old, and recently widowed with two children, when he married Priscilla Burgess about 1759. She was born 17 November 1737, in Yarmouth, Barnstable, Massachusetts and was about twenty-one at the time of their marriage. David and his family were living in Scipio, Cayuga County, New York by the year 1762.

There were ten children born to David and Priscilla, the last six born in Oblong, Dutchess, New York. Israel Sr. was born 7 June 1766 and was the sixth child in the family. His mother, Priscilla, evidently died after the birth of her tenth child. David later married Mary Peck and two children were born to the couple in Mt. Washington, Massachusetts.

During the 1700s there were many changes in the colonies. There was great political upheaval with France, England and Spain fighting for the riches of the "New World." Native Americans were still fighting to hold on to their lifestyle and African slaves had been brought to American soil. An industrial revolution was taking place and colonists were fighting to proclaim their Independence from Britain.

In the beginning of the year 1700 the population had grown to 250,000 in the English Colonies. Ninety percent of these people were living on small farms or plantations making membership in a parish church almost impossible and the struggle for survival had to be the top priority. With these conditions there had been a general falling away from organized religion. It was in this period of time that a "religious revival movement" began in Massachusetts, which was the beginning of the "Great Awakening⁵." This was not one continuous revival, rather it was several

⁴ F. M. Caulkins published by H. D. Utley 1895 *History of New London* p iii - vi.

⁵ www.historyplace.com.

revivals in a variety of locations. It began in 1734, lasted for ten years and spread to all of the American colonies. One of the major results of this was a unification of Christian beliefs. Baptists, Methodists and Presbyterians took root and grew. To many there was a sense that there was a greater purpose behind the revivals, that God's Kingdom must be near. There was also a greater focus on education and a desire that schools be made available for all. The Bible was used as a reading tool in the schools.

By the year 1800, population in the United States was 5.3 million people and it had "quadrupled to 23.2 million by 1825⁶." New territory was opening up—the 1820 Land Act allowed settlers to purchase eighty acres of land from the government for \$100 or \$1.25 an acre. Much of this growth was the result of European emigrants seeking to trade famine and war for a "land of opportunity." Land was plentiful, as was work in America's growing factories and industries, where conditions were frequently better than those in Europe. As the population grew there was a need for more space. People began moving westward as new land was available. Primitive trails had been somewhat improved and became roads for traveling. However, water had great advantages for moving produce, linking communities and uniting the frontier. Work on the Erie Canal was completed in 1825 and by 1840 more than thirty-three hundred miles of waterways were constructed. However, steam power soon took over and the railroad by 1880 had decreased the need to have freight delivered by waterways.

This was the setting of Israel Sr.'s life. His parents had moved often before his birth on 7 June 1766, but at the time of his marriage he was again living in Oblong, Dutchess, New York. He was nineteen years of age in 1785 when he married Mary Griggs, who was seventeen. She was born about 1768. During the next twenty one years they seem to have moved often, perhaps in the search for better land or better growing conditions for crops. From the birth records of their children we can conclude that they lived in Holland, Erie, New York where their first child Samuel was born in 1786; Swanton, Franklin, Vermont where Richard was born in 1789; Westfield, Chautauqua, New York where Rachel was born about 1790 and Phoebe about 1792, Hebron or Hartford, Washington, New York where four children were born; Martha Minerva, 7 March 1795; Chauncey Ira, 2 January 1799; Mary, 4 January 1801; and Israel Jr. 1 September 1804. William Cyril was born 1 February 1807 in Swanton, Franklin, Vermont where mother Mary Griggs died, possibly in childbirth.

At the time of Mary's death, there would have been five or six of the children still at home. About 1808, Israel Sr. married Hannah Calkins. She was the youngest daughter of his Uncle Aaron and his wife Hannah Cole Calkins. Hannah was born 4 September 1773, had married Elijah Rowley previously and had been left a widow. She was thirty-six and Israel Sr. was forty-two when they

⁶ Chad M. Orton and William W. Slaughter, *Joseph Smith's America* p 96.

were married⁷.

Israel Sr. and Hannah must have established roots in the Onondaga County area from 1809 to 1816. Their four children, David born about 1809; Deborah born in 1811; Charlotte born in 1813 and Luman Hopkins born 15 June 1816 were all born in Marcellus, Onondaga, New York. Israel Jr. was probably about three years old when his mother Mary died, and his father remarried shortly thereafter. His youth was probably spent farming in Onondaga, New York.

"In the summer of 1819, the religious revivals of the Second Great Awakening swept western New York like a firestorm. The fury of religious experiences caused the area to be dubbed the 'Burned Over District.' Various denominations, including Methodists, Baptists, and Presbyterians, held revivals in at least ten villages within twenty miles of Joseph Smith's home. Lucy Mack Smith, [Joseph's mother] recalled that 'many of the world's people, becoming concerned about the salvation of their souls, came forward and presented themselves as seekers of religion.' Countless Americans were asking themselves which church was right for them to join.⁸" It was in this period of time that Joseph Smith announced that he had been visited by an angel, (who called himself Moroni), and that a restoration prophesied by the prophets of old was about to take place. In the year 1829 the Book of Mormon was translated and subsequently published. On 6 April 1830, in a farmhouse in Fayette, New York, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, was officially incorporated.

A great granddaughter, Iris LaDell Calkins Raat, has written that Israel Jr. was a friend of the prophet, Joseph Smith, before the Church was organized.⁹ Marcellus, Onondaga, New York, where the record of children's births indicates the family lived from 1809 to 1816, was about 35 or 40 miles away from Palmyra, New York. The prophet's family had moved to Palmyra in 1816, having been forced to leave Vermont because of freak summer weather. At this time, Joseph Smith would have been eleven years old and Israel Jr. one year older. A friendly relationship could have begun during this period of time. We might assume that Israel Jr. spent his youth in this area acquiring skills in farming, logging and building homes.

The next record we find of Israel Jr. is his marriage to Lavina Wheeler in 1834. She was born 24 June 1814 in Ovid, Seneca, New York. Israel would have been almost thirty and Lavina about twenty. They had three children born in Alabama, Genesee county, New York; Helen Mar, born 27 June 1835; Horatio Palmer, born 8 October 1837, and Indamora born 28 October 1840.

⁷ Kenneth W. Calkins, ed. Calkins Family Association, *Calkins Family in America*. p 58 .

⁸ Chad M. Orton and William W. Slaughter, *Joseph Smith's America* p 106.

⁹ Daughter of James Palmer Calkins, granddaughter of Horatio Palmer Calkins. History on file at International Society of Daughters of Utah Pioneers, Salt Lake City.

After the Church was officially organized in 1830, missionaries began spreading the message of the restoration. Israel was baptized in 1836 by Elder Hutchens and Lavina was baptized by Elder Moses Martin in 1837¹⁰. Both of these missionaries labored in New York.

Membership in the church was suddenly exploding and large numbers of people were moving to live together under the prophet's guidance. Joseph Smith's life was threatened in Ohio and a move was made to Missouri. "By their numbers, [possibly 150,000 at this time] the Mormons embodied a threat to the existing economic, social, and political order of western Missouri. Their willingness to work and stick together, in the midst of a culture that stressed autonomy and individuality, set up tensions and suspicions between the Latter-Day Saints and their neighbors¹¹." Slavery was also a big issue as the Saints had strong leanings toward the North.



Indamora Calkins

With the ensuing persecution, the Saints were forced to leave Missouri in the dead of winter and found refuge and a gathering place on the bend of the Missouri River named Commerce, Illinois. The town was given the name of Nauvoo, which is a Hebrew word for Beautiful.

Evidently, Israel and his young family were among those who moved with the saints, as the next record we have of Israel Jr. and Lavina is the Membership Record of Nauvoo Wards¹². Israel and Lavina, with children Helen Mar, Horatio Palmer and Indamora are listed as members of the third ward in Nauvoo between the years 1841 and 1844. The membership records of the Church also list Israel and Hannah Calkins and their son Luman and his wife, Mehitabel Calkins as members of the third ward during this period of time. [In the book, *Nauvoo Deaths and Marriages 1839 - 1845* we find a marriage listed on the 28th of August 1841, for Luman H. Calkins and Mehitabel Cox, both of Bennington, Wyoming, New York, by Almon Babbitt¹³.]

[We also find James and Lucinda Pace, Horace and Elizabeth Rawson and Arthur Rawson, ancestors who would be a part of the family in later years, listed as members of the Nauvoo Third Ward between the years 1841 - 1844.]

¹⁰ UVRFHC film # 1913092 Missionary Index. Elder Martin labored in New York until Apr 1837.

¹¹ Chad M. Orton and William W. Slaughter *Joseph Smith's America*, p 135.

¹² Lyman De Platt *Nauvoo Early Mormon Records Series Volume I*.

¹³ Lyndon W. Cook compiler, Grandin Book Company, Orem, Utah.

Family tradition tells us that Israel Jr. was a bishop in Nauvoo. Quoting from a history written by Iris LaDell Calkins Raat: "Great-grandfather [Israel Jr.] was a Bishop in a Nauvoo Ward and Great-Grandmother [Lavina] was a leader of the choir. She had a beautiful soprano voice and it has been said of her that she was the belle of Albany and was always very popular as a young lady. She always led the singing in church affairs and on sleighing parties but they say that great grandfather was so quiet and shy that they couldn't understand how the two of them ever got together, but that Lavina evidently knew a good man when she saw one and therefore held fast on to Israel through thick and thin."

The High Priest Quorum was organized in Nauvoo in 1840 and both Israel and Israel Jr. were received into the High Priests Quorum 4 February 1844. There has been some difficulty in documenting if both of them were bishops. However, in her *Membership Records of Nauvoo* Susan Easton Black states that Israel Sr. was a bishop¹⁴.

In the minutes of the Nauvoo High Council Meeting, August 20th, 1842 we read:

The High Council, in session, "Resolved that the city of Nauvoo be divided into ten [ecclesiastical] wards, according to the division made by the temple committee; and that there be a bishop appointed over each ward; and also that other bishops be appointed over such districts immediately out of the city and adjoining thereto as shall be considered necessary. Resolved that . . . Israel Calkins, of the district east of the city and south of Knight street:¹⁵"

And at a conference held in the city of Nauvoo on October 7th 1844, conducted by Brigham Young:

"[It was] Moved and seconded, that Johnathan H. Hale, Isaac Higbee, John Murdock, David Evans, Hezekiah Peck, Daniel Garns, Jacob Foutz, Tarlton Lewis, and Israel Calkins, be sustained as bishops in their several wards. Carried unanimously¹⁶."

Israel Sr. was 78 years old in 1844 and his son Israel Jr. was 40. Records show that Israel Jr. owned property in Nauvoo. His thirteen and a half acres were east of the city and south of Knight street across the street from the farm owned by Joseph Smith¹⁷.

Iris Raat has also written in her history of Israel and Lavina . . . during the time in Nauvoo . . . "sickness broke out among the Saints. People were sick everywhere. The Prophet Joseph Smith

¹⁴ Susan Easton Black *Membership records of Nauvoo* p 341.

¹⁵ History of the Church Vol. V pp 119-120.

¹⁶ Ibid. Vol. VII p 298.

¹⁷ Hancock Deed Book L p 198 in Land Records Office researched by Nancy Calkins.

came to see if great grandmother [Lavina] would go and help in the homes of the sick. She hesitated, thinking of her own three little ones. The Prophet said to her, 'You go, Sister Lavina and I will give you a blessing.' He did, saying to her, 'You help wherever your help is needed and the Lord will bless your family that they shall not contract the disease, and you shall be blessed in your labors. You shall heal and comfort the sick and as long as you shall live this power will remain with you, and your posterity, as long as they shall live upon the earth.' There are many, many nurses among our people. Even my grandfather had what was called a 'power' with the sick."

"Israel was ordained to the office of High Priest and was actively engaged in work on the temple and establishing a home in Nauvoo. The assassination of the Prophet on 27th of June 1844, did not stop the work. Although devastating to the members of the church the work on the temple continued and all worthy members anxiously awaited their turn to receive their endowments. Israel and Lavina, Israel's brother Chauncey Ira and his wife, and Israel's father, Israel Sr. and Hannah all received their endowments at the temple on December 25, 1845. Israel, Jr. and Lavina were sealed on 7 February 1846¹⁸."

"After the Prophet had been killed my great grandparents [Israel and Lavina] were in a meeting and some questions arose as to whom the authority of leadership should be given. Great grandmother has told repeatedly of how Brigham Young arose to address the Saints and that his voice, his looks and his clothes seemed that of the Prophet. No longer was there a doubt in her mind as to whom rightly belonged the leadership of the church. She had seen the mantle of Joseph placed on the shoulders of Brigham and ever afterwards they were loyal supporters of the new President¹⁹.

With the persecution that followed, Israel and his family prepared to start west in 1849 but with Lavina's delicate health they went only to Winter Quarters. Israel III was born in Council Bluffs, Iowa 1 July 1849 and a baby girl, Clarissa Caroline was born 7 January, 1851. Israel, his wife and five children, "left the outfitting station at Kanessville, Iowa on their journey west 7 July 1851 . . . in the company of Captain John Brown²⁰."

Upon their arrival in Utah, "at the request of Brigham Young, Israel moved his family to Payson. Here, Israel built a nice two room house of adobe. It also had two rooms in the basement. In one of these Lavina did her weaving and spinning, the other room was used to store vegetables and fruits. They had quite a large orchard of peaches, apricots, apples and cherries and many fruit bearing shrubs. Around this home he planted many shade trees and flowers²¹." "His home was

¹⁸ Caroline Sullivan Merriam's History states "sealed by Heber C. Kimball."

¹⁹ Iris Ladell Calkins Raat History on file at ISDUP in SLC.

²⁰ Caroline Sullivan Merriam History on file at ISDUP. (Variation 1 April 1851).

²¹ Julia Sullivan Greene History on file at ISDUP in SLC.

one block from Douglas' store. Israel was a thrifty frugal man who took good care of his home and land. When Helen and Indamora were married, he gave each of them one fourth of a block to build their home on. This they did and lived there all their lives. These homes were still standing in 1933 and were in good condition with nice lawns and flowers and happy children playing as his grandchildren had done.

"Israel was a strong supporter of the Union. He loved Abraham Lincoln and rejoiced when the North was victorious in the civil war. He always taught his children to love their country and honor its flag by being good citizens. His son Horatio's wife, [Mary Elizabeth Manwill] had this to say of her father-in law, 'He was just one of the kindest, most pleasant men that ever lived and he always had the patience of Job. He was one of those people who never seem hurried and yet accomplished so much²².'"

Israel Jr. died in August of 1864 of Erysipelas and was buried in the Payson cemetery. In 1865 a young man by the name of David Sullivan stopped in Payson looking for a place to stay for the winter and stopped at the inn in Payson kept by Mrs. Lavina Calkins. He found the young lady of his dreams. He returned a few years later and married Clarissa Caroline Calkins when she was seventeen²³.

Lavina's son Horatio and her son-in law David Sullivan went to Idaho looking for more land and cattle. Lavina sold her home in Payson (in about 1875) and also went to Idaho living with her unmarried son, Israel. Her son Horatio and son-in law David built her a home of her own but she later lived with members of her family until her death 24 October 1882 in Soda Springs, Caribou, Idaho. Her body was transported home to be buried in the Payson cemetery beside her husband Israel.

Israel Sr. received his patriarchal blessing from Joseph Smith Sr. in Freedom, Cattaraugus, New York on July 7th, 1836. Israel Jr. received his patriarchal blessing from John Smith, Patriarch on August 1st, 1845 and a copy is included with this history.

²² Iris LaDell Calkins Raat History on file at ISDUP in SLC.

²³ David Dollen Sullivan's biography ISDUP *An Enduring Legacy* Volume IV p 241.

An interesting note is found in the Journal of the History of the Church, published in October of 1854 which tells us of the farming experiences in the valley.

26 Oct 1854 J.H.

Profitable Farming

Bro. Israel Calkins of Payson, raised on a little less than one acre of ground belonging to Bishop Cross, the following produce this season, viz: 150 bushels of potatoes; 30 bushels of onions, 150 good cabbage heads, besides 300 which were destroyed by the grasshoppers; cucumbers enough for 3 barrels of pickels, and quite a quantity of mellons, squashes, peppers & etc.

The above is another evidence that a small piece of ground *well tilled* gives more profit, and satisfaction, with less labor, than the usual mode of skimming over large surfaces and taking half care of the produce.

Sugar Beets

Brother George Crainer of Tooele brought in 4 sugar beets which weighed 72 ½ lbs. One of them weighing 20 lbs.

These were about average in a crop on half an acre.

The Sugar Works quoting from Deseret News Weekly

Green Tomatoes

Peeled and stewed to a proper consistencee for sauce, with sugar enough to make it palatable, will keep well until warm weather next season, and aside from making a healthy and very agreeable sauce, are in this condition a ready and excellent ingredient for bolsters, mince pies and etc.

NAUVOO TEMPLE ENDOWMENT REGISTER (Chronological Listing)

 67
 (continued)

Name	Priesthood or sex	Birth Date				Temple Ordinance Dates		Comments and Additional Information
		Date	Town	County	State	Waiting and Anointing	Endowment	
Behunin, Elmina	f	23 Apr 1811	Soponias	Cayuga	New York	25 Dec 1845	25 Dec 1845	Almina Tyler Behunin in
Chace, John D.	b.p.	10 Aug 1815	Bristoe	Addison	Vermont	25 Dec 1845	25 Dec 1845	John Darwin Chace in el
Calkins, Israel Jr.	h.p.	1 Sep 1801	Harford	Washington	New York	25 Dec 1845	25 Dec 1845	
Calkins, Lavina	f	24 Jun 1813 ¹	Ovid	Seneca	New York	25 Dec 1845	25 Dec 1845	Lovina Wheeler in elg r
Smith, Francis	sev	15 Oct 1816	Preston	Halifax	Nova Scotia	25 Dec 1845	25 Dec 1845	
Smith, Isabella	f	3 Oct 1821 ²	Glasgow	Leamington	Scotland	25 Dec 1845	25 Dec 1845	Isabella Ray Bond in el
Williams, Sally	f	20 Sep 1813 ³	Russell	Hampden	Massachusetts	25 Dec 1845	25 Dec 1845	Sally Marinda Williams
Loveless, Sarah Ellen	f	5 Jul 1827 ⁴	Fairfield	Fairfield	Ohio	25 Dec 1845	25 Dec 1845	Sarah E. Loveless in v-o
Terry, Parrish	h.p.	30 Sep 1778	Youngtown	Niagara	New York	25 Dec 1845	25 Dec 1845	Parrish Terry in elg re
Terry, Hannah	f	8 Oct 1785 ⁵	Ooshen	Ulster	New York	25 Dec 1845	25 Dec 1845	
Company								
Cannon, George	sev	11 Jan 1827	Liverpool	Lancashire	England	25 Dec 1845	25 Dec 1845	
Chace, Elizabeth	f	11 Sep 1811	Peel		Isle of Man	25 Dec 1845	25 Dec 1845	Elizabeth Keighin in elg
Grover, Arish C.	sev	13 Jan 1817 ⁶	Phelps	Ontario	New York ⁷	25 Dec 1845	25 Dec 1845	Arish Coats Grover in TTB
Grover, Margaret E.	f	28 Sep 1818 ⁶	Palmyra	Wayne	New York ⁷	25 Dec 1845	25 Dec 1845	Margaret Elizabeth Mussey
Farnham, Augustus A.	sev	20 May 1815 ⁸	Andover	Essex	Massachusetts	25 Dec 1845	25 Dec 1845	Augustus Farnham in elg r

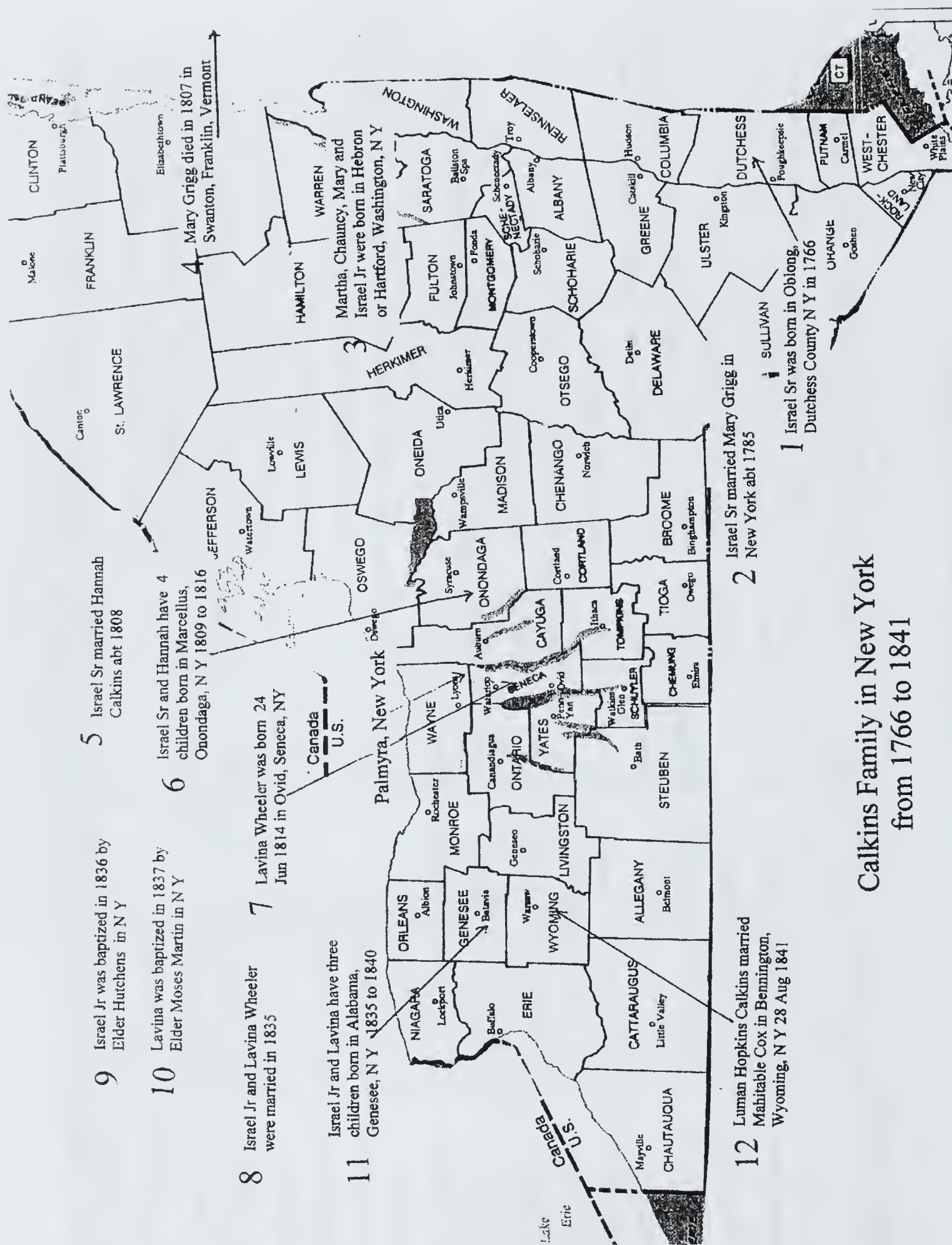
1: 24 Jun 1814 - elg record. 2: 4 Oct 1820 - elg record. 3: 2 Jul 1829 - elg record. 4: 8 Oct 1785 - elg record. 5: 8 Oct 1785 - elg record. 6: v-a record only. 7: TTB (unverified). 8: 20 May 1805 - elg record.

NAUVOO TEMPLE ENDOWMENT REGISTER

First Column continued

Name	First- hood or sex	Birth Data			State	Temple Ordinance Dates		Comments and Additional Information
		Date	Town	County		Washing and Anointing	Endowment	
1. Calkins, Israel Sr.	b.p.	7 Jun 1766	Oblong		New York	25 Dec 1845	25 Dec 1845	
2. Calkins, Hannah	f	4 Sep 1773 ¹	Oblong		New York	25 Dec 1845	25 Dec 1845	
3. Cox, Frederick W.	b.p.	20 Jan 1812	Plymouth	Chenango	New York	25 Dec 1845	25 Dec 1845	Frederick Walter Cox in slg rec
4. Cox, Emeline	f	23 Jan 1817 ²	Nelson	Portage	Ohio	25 Dec 1845	25 Dec 1845	Emeline Whiting in slg record
5. Cole, Ernest	b.p.	16 Mar 1796	Guildhall	Essex	Vermont	25 Dec 1845	25 Dec 1845	
6. Cole, Phoebe	f	8 Jan 1809 ³	Springfield	Erie	Pennsylvania	25 Dec 1845	25 Dec 1845	Phoebe Van Alstine in slg record
7. Perry, Stephen	b.p.	12 Aug 1805 ⁴	Chester	Windsor	Vermont	25 Dec 1845	25 Dec 1845	
8. Perry, Roby	f	23 Jul 1794	Windsor	Windsor	Vermont	25 Dec 1845	25 Dec 1845	Roby Edwards in slg record
9. Demill, Freeborn	b.p.	3 Mar 1795	Plata Hill	Ulster	New York	25 Dec 1845	25 Dec 1845	
10. Demill, Anna	f	5 Mar 1804	Halifax	Windham	Vermont	25 Dec 1845	25 Dec 1845	Anna Night or Knight in slg rec
11. Taylor, Nathaniel	b.p.	15 Mar 1778 ⁵				25 Dec 1845	25 Dec 1845	
12. Taylor, Surriah	f	15 Jan 1782 ⁵				25 Dec 1845	25 Dec 1845	
13. Parker, Harriet	f	31 Jan 1806 ²				25 Dec 1845	25 Dec 1845	
14. Miller, Joshua L.	b.p.	4 Jan 1827		Monroe	Tennessee	25 Dec 1845	25 Dec 1845	Joshua Lewis Miller in slg rec.
15. Miller, Elizabeth Ann	f	29 Apr 1827		Hendricks	Indiana	25 Dec 1845	25 Dec 1845	Elizabeth Ann Anderson in slg r
16. Leland, Sophia	f	5 Apr 1800 ⁵				25 Dec 1845	25 Dec 1845	Sophia Leyland in v-a record
17. Miller, Elizabeth	f	7 Apr 1817 ⁶	New Canaan	Fairfield	Connecticut	25 Dec 1845	25 Dec 1845	Elizabeth Bouton in slg record

1. 8 Jan 1803 - slg record. 4. 12 Aug 1795 - slg record. 5. 12 Aug 1795 - slg record. 6. 12 Aug 1795 - slg record. 7. 12 Aug 1795 - slg record. 8. 12 Aug 1795 - slg record. 9. 12 Aug 1795 - slg record. 10. 12 Aug 1795 - slg record. 11. 12 Aug 1795 - slg record. 12. 12 Aug 1795 - slg record. 13. 12 Aug 1795 - slg record. 14. 12 Aug 1795 - slg record. 15. 12 Aug 1795 - slg record. 16. 12 Aug 1795 - slg record. 17. 12 Aug 1795 - slg record.



Calkins Family in New York
from 1766 to 1841

ISRAEL CALKINS

1 August 1845

No. 966 Aug 1st A P Blessing by John Smith, Patriarch, upon the head of Israel Calkins, son of Israel and Mary, born Sept 1st 1801, Washington Co., New York.

Bro. Israel, I lay my hands upon thy head in the authority of my office and in the name of Jesus Christ I seal a Father's blessing upon thee. Thou art of the house of Jacob, and of the family of Levi, and a lawful heir to all the blessings and privileges of that Priesthood, and in due time thou shalt be exalted to be a priest after the order of Enoch. The Lord hath blessings in store for thee and inasmuch as you continue to stand in thy lot and station as his servant, he will pour in the riches of the earth with the best fruits thereof and fill thy store house, that there shall not be room enough to contain the blessings he will pour upon thee. Thou shalt have plenty to supply the wants of the poor and needy when they call upon thee for relief thou shalt not be under the necessity to send them away empty, and thy name shall be honorable among the saints as a father to the poor and needy, and as the Lord's steward, and thou shalt be useful in thy day in rolling forth the cause of Zion, with mighty power, for thou shalt humble the rich by thy voice and exalt the poor. Thou shalt be filled with wisdom and prudence, light and understanding and shall be able to discern between him that serveth God and him that serveth him not, and you shall not be deceived; shall convince many of the truth, and have charge of the Lord's storehouse forever.

[You shall] have numerous posterity, they shall be esteemed as the excellent of the earth, shall be satisfied with every good thing; the number of thy days shall be according to the desire of thy heart even to see Israel gathered from every quarter of the earth, and island of the sea, and all things fulfilled which the Lord hath spoken concerning Zion; inasmuch as thou art patient and abide in the truth and suffer not your faith to fail in times of trouble, these words shall not fail, for I seal them upon thee and posterity in common with thy companion forever, Amen.

Albert Carrington Recorder

ISRAEL CALKINS SR.

7 July 1836

Volume 2, page 165

A father's blessing pronounced on the head of Israel Calkins, who was born in Dutchess County, State of New York, in the year 1766.

Brother, in the name of Jesus Christ, I lay my hands upon your head, as an orphan and pronounce a father's blessing upon you, according to thy faith, and confirm on thee the order of the Melchisedec Priesthood, that thou hast received by others, and all the power of that order. Thine eyes shall see the Lord in the flesh, and thou shalt go forth in the power of Jesus Christ, and none shall be able to stand before thee or harm thee; and thou shalt bring in many, if thou art faithful, and desirest it; Thy days shall be one hundred and twenty years. Thou shalt have power to be translated. Thou shalt be delivered from pain, and from prison; have understanding and be a man of counsel, and have an inheritance in Zion. Thy children shall be given to thee, for thou art of the seed of Israel and of the tribe of Ephraim, and are blest in thy posterity. All these blessings I seal upon thee if thou art faithful, and seal thee up into eternal life. Done under the hand of Joseph Smith, Senr. In Freedom, Cattaraugus county, New York, July 7th, 1836.

John Gould Scribe

LAVINA WHEELER

Lavina born. 24 Jan 1814
Married abt 1834
To:
Israel Calkins, Jr..... 1 September 1804
Children:
Helen Mar. 7 June 1835
Horatio Palmer. 8 October 1837
Indamora 28 October 1840
Israel III. 1 July 1849
Clarissa Caroline..... 7 January 1851

Julia M. Sullivan Green who is a daughter of Caroline Calkins Sullivan recorded the following history of her grandmother, Lavina Wheeler Calkins.

My grandmother came from a long line of ancestry who were brave, sturdy and frugal. On her father’s side they were among the landed gentry of England and history states that the name “Wheeler” is among the oldest surnames in the world. My great grandmother Martha de Palmer’s forefathers left France and went to Acadia the year 1604 where they lived alternately under French and English rule until 1755 when many French colonists were forced to leave Acadia. They drifted down into what is now the United States and settled in numerous places around the Great Lakes. My grandmother’s people settled in what is now Michigan near Lake Erie and after, moving to Seneca County, New York. Here her grandparents and parents lived for many years.

Lavina Wheeler was the daughter of Symond D. Wheeler and Martha Palmer (the “de” in the Palmer name had been dropped by this time) born 24 of June 1814 in Ovid, Seneca County, New York.

Grandmother was tall and very slender, walked gracefully and carried her head high, not so much in pride as in real courage. She had dark brown, snappy eyes, and dark brown hair that waved around her face, and a rather fair complexion. She very much favored in looks and disposition her French ancestry. She loved the beautiful in nature and in clothes and brought to Utah several nice silk and linen dresses, fine shawls and one beautiful robe made of bright hued material resembling paisley which was lined with royal purple satin, hand quilted, with heavy cord and tassels for a belt. To my childish mind this was her most beautiful dress, and one that I always liked to see her wear.



Grandmother lived for a while in Albany, New York, and while there attended a school for girls where she was taught to sing, to cook and was given some lessons in sewing.

Grandmother had a good soprano voice and was made chorister in one of the wards of Nauvoo, and grandfather, Israel, Jr., was a bishop at the same time.

One of grandmother's girl friends when she was at Albany, New York was Mrs. Harriet Williams, a Utah pioneer of 1847. She and grandmother lived the latter part of their lives in Soda Springs, Idaho, often visiting each other and telling of things that happened in Nauvoo. When only a young girl, I loved to visit grandmother Williams and hear her tell about the good times she and grandmother had had. She said grandmother was considered the belle of Albany and was always a very popular young lady. She could always lead the singing in church or on a sleighing party, but grandfather Calkins was so plain and quiet that she always said, "I thought Lavina would marry some younger and more attractive man, but she evidently knew a good man when she found him, so held on to Israel through thick and thin." Grandmother Williams was right. Israel was the kind of man that any girl should hold on to—loving, kind, bighearted and true. He always was so patient with his wife and family. My mother has often told us children about how it always grieved grandfather if they were not kind and gentle with each other, so if they were mean and hateful no tales of woe were ever poured into his ears.

Grandmother was not so patient and she had a way of settling things "right now" that was astonishing. Even the one crazy man of the town would mind her, and many times when he was beating people's hogs or burning their wood, grandmother would be sent for, to come and get him back home and locked up.

Grandmother was always a kind, loving mother, friend or neighbor. She often went out nursing the sick and would never take pay for her services. Grandmother often told us of the time when she lived in Albany, New York where they had cleared off a small farm, and that neighbors were often two, three or even more miles away. She often went to visit the sick and would go home late at night. One night she went to stay with a neighbor who was sick and had a very sick child. She made the mother and child comfortable and about two o'clock in the morning decided that she had done all she could and would go home. The man of the house tried to persuade her to stay, but she didn't have any fear so started for home. She said when she was quite a distance from the house she started to sing, and was singing along when all at once she was right by what she supposed was one of those huge, black timber wolves. She said she thought that every drop of blood in her body would freeze and she shook with fear until her teeth rattled. Then the thought came to her, "can't run away from him, I'll walk up and touch him," and she did—a burnt stump. I have heard her tell this many times and say that was the only time she ever felt afraid in her life.

When they lived in Nauvoo and had four little children, Scarlet Fever broke out among the Saints and her help was needed. The Prophet Joseph Smith came to see if she would go and help in the homes where they were sick. She thought of her own little children and hesitated and the Prophet said to her, "You go, Sister Lavina, and help where your help is needed and the Lord

will bless your family that they shall not take the disease and you shall be blessed in your labors. You shall have power to comfort the sick as long as you shall live, and this power shall remain with you and your posterity as long as they shall live upon the Earth". Many times I have seen this promised blessing come true. I think it is a blessing our whole family has, some in greater degree than others, for in her family have been many successful nurses and doctors.

My grandparents were in the meeting of the Saints in Nauvoo after the death of the Prophet, and some question arose as to whom the authority of leadership should be given. Often did grandmother tell of the time when Brigham Young arose to address the Saints and that his voice, his looks and even his clothes seemed those of the Prophet. No longer was there a doubt in her mind as to whom rightly belonged the leadership of the Church. She had seen the mantle of Joseph placed on the shoulders of Brigham, and ever after they were loyal supporters of the "Modern Moses" and followed him to Utah in 1851, and moved south to Payson at his request.

President Young often visited them in Payson, I can remember, and how I always thought him a great and handsome man.

The first of Grandmother's children, Helen Mar married Amasa Potter. Horatio Palmer married Mary Elizabeth Manwill of Payson. Indamora married Newell Potter, of Payson. Israel III married Mary Elizabeth Foreman of Gentile Valley in Idaho. Caroline Clarissa married David Dollen Sullivan, of Payson.

These children had very few advantages in public schools as they were always on the frontier and moving from place to place. This, grandmother always regretted .

In 1874-1875 two of her children moved to Idaho. Grandfather had died in 1864 and Grandmother was living alone. [In David Sullivan's history, it is noted that Lavina had a boarding house or hotel of sorts. David came and stayed and fell in love with Lavina's daughter, Caroline. He came back later when she was older to claim her as his bride.] Two years later, about 1877, she sold the old home in Payson and came to Idaho with Uncle Israel. Grandmother lived with Mother (Caroline Sullivan) all summer but moved into her own home that my father (David Sullivan) and Uncle Israel had built near ours. They lived there a year and then Uncle Israel bought a place about a mile away. It was while here that Uncle Israel married Mary Elizabeth Foreman, a very fine, loveable young woman whom we loved very much. Aunt Lizzie and grandmother were very congenial and no daughter was ever kinder to a mother than she was to Grandma Calkins, and she and my mother, Caroline, were truly sisters. How we used to enjoy visiting back and forth. Aunt Lizzie would sing and play the accordion while grandmother sang hymns. One of her favorite hymns was "Guide Me, Oh Thou Great Jehovah."

Grandmother was a sincerely religious person and did all in her power to instill into the hearts of her children the principles of truth and righteousness, and in the closing hour of her life she called all her family to her bedside and bore her testimony as to the truth of the gospel and asked God to ever bless us and help us to see and understand and hold fast to the principles of truth of the Doctrine and Covenants.

She died 13 October 1882 at the home of Uncle Israel near Soda Springs, Idaho. Her body was taken for burial to Payson, Utah.



IN
MEMORY
of

LAVINA
Wife of Israel
Calkins

Born Genesee Co.
N.Y. June 21 1818
Died Soda Springs
UT. Oct. 30 1882

EPITAPH

Know thou O stranger to the
Fame

Of this much loved
much honored name
For none that knew her
need be told
A warmer
heart, Death
ne'er made cold.

Lavina was buried beside her husband, Israel, in the Payson City Cemetery. This is the original grave marker. The stone had deteriorated, was broken and on the ground. The sexton gave Loren permission to preserve it by cementing it in the ground. Loren Calkins, his wife Carolyn, and their son Gordon and daughter Sylvia took buckets and shovels and put it beside the new marker for Israel and Lavina in 1993.

LAVINA WHEELER CALKINS

1 August 1845

No. 967 Aug 1st

A Blessing by John Smith, Patriarch, upon the head of Lavina Calkins, Daughter of Simon & Martha Wheeler, born June 24th 1813, Seneca Co., New York.

Sister Lavina,

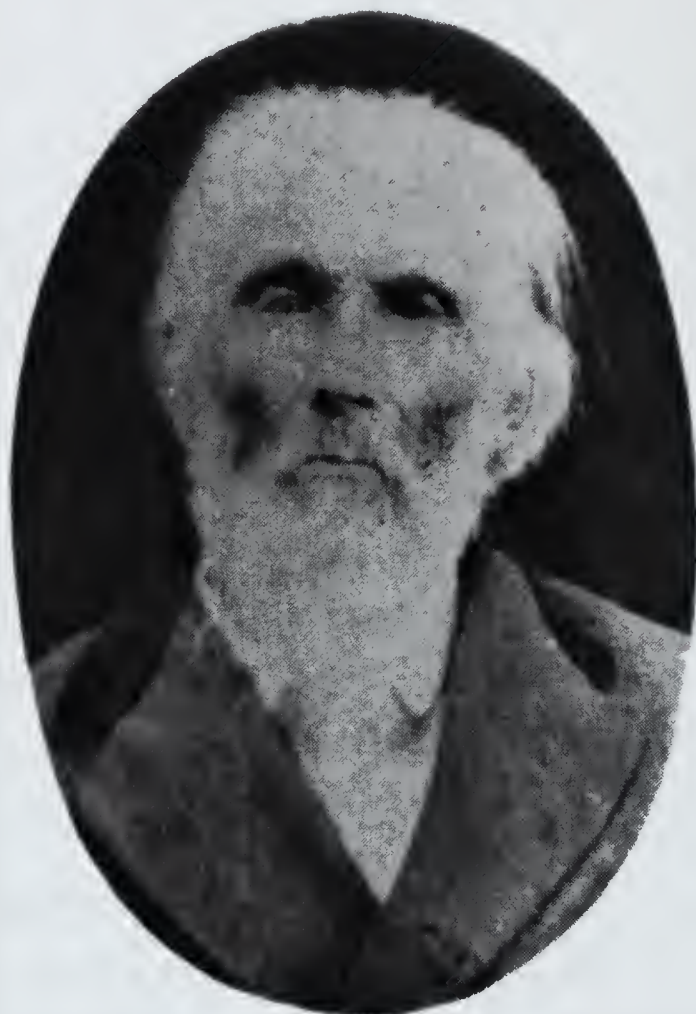
I lay my hands upon thy head & seal upon thee a father's blessing in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, & I ask my Heavenly Father to give me words of wisdom to bless you with the same blessings that he would place upon you if he were present himself; thou art a Daughter of Abraham, & a lawful heir to all the blessings which were sealed upon the Sons & Daughters of Joseph, for thou shalt have an endowment in the house of the Lord with thy companion, unfolding unto thee all the mysteries of the Redeemers Kingdom in common with him; thou shalt be blest in thy family with a numerous posterity & with health, peace & plenty in all thy borders, shall have faith to rebuke the destroyer, he shall have no power to destroy thy children; they shall grow up about thy table like olive plants & shall become exceeding numerous, & shall hold the priesthood which is sealed upon thee & thy companion through all their generations; thou shalt be mistress in a large house & have many servants to do thy business & all things which are desirable to happify life; shall be a comfort to thy companion in all his days, have part in the first resurrection, & if your faith does not fail shall inherit eternal lives in common with thy companion & no power shall take it from thee, even so.

Amen.

Albert Carrington recorder

JOHN WORTLEY MANWILL

John Wortley Manwill born..... 8 May 1791
 Married..... 21 May 1822
 To: Susannah Booker..... 12 October 1800
 Who died. 24 April 1824
 Married..... 26 March 1826
 Martha (Patty) Tracy. 28 May 1807
 Children:
 Daniel Booker. 22 September 1830
 John Ferrington. 2 December 1832
 James Booker..... 5 October 1835
 Orson Moroni..... 6 March 1840
 Mary Elizabeth..... 6 May 1844
 Edith - born and died. December 1846
 Patty died. 20 January 1847
 John married 18 December 1853
 To: Losana Bentley. 4 April 1813
 Losana died. 25 September 1870
 John married.. 3 December 1870
 To: Ann Elizabeth Challis 24 April 1804
 Ann died..... 12 September 1887



John Wortley Manwill

Iva Alene Manwill Weywill and her husband Kelvin Thomas Weywill from Canada have done extensive research on the life and history of John Wortley Manwill. A copy of her research with complete documentation was microfilmed in 1990, and is available at the Family History Library in Salt Lake City, Utah.

The information for this history of John is taken from histories printed by family members and documentation from the Weywill's research.

Some three hundred years ago, dating back seven generations, we find a John Wortley who was born in 1653, in Bedfordshire, England. He married Martha Bailey, a daughter of Robert and Martha Clark Bailey. They had nine children, all born at Bedfordshire, England.

Thomas, the third son of John and Martha Bailey Wortley, was born in 1691. Not being too congenial with his step-mother and being of an adventuresome disposition, he ran away from home at the age of 14 years, stowing away on a ship sailing to America and landing at Salem, Massachusetts, in 1705. Seeking employment he moved about to Londonbury, Worcester, Weare, Massachusetts and other places.

He met and married Mehitable Yarrow of North Yarmouth, Maine. The date is unknown. They settled at Weare, Massachusetts., and were the parents of eight children. He later married Mehitable Ordman. Thomas was a public spirited citizen and builder of Weare, Massachusetts, and lived to the age of 108 years.

They named their second child, John Wortley after Thomas' father. He was born in February 1740 at Litchfield, Maine. His mother was Mehitable Yarrow. John served as Captain in three divisions of the Revolutionary Army of 1776.

To him and his wife Martha, twelve children were born. He died June 7, 1810, and Martha died June 14, 1817 at Weare. Mary or "Molly" Wortley was the fourth child of John and Martha, and was born 25 August 1766 at North Yarmouth, Maine. She first married Abner True of Litchfield, Maine. Molly had two daughters, Susannah and Martha True. After Abner's death, Mary or Molly as she was called, married Samuel Manuel of Bakerstown, Maine, in 1790. (The change of the Manuel name came at this time).

Samuel Manuel was the son of Anthony Manuel who was an Arcadian and a Frenchman. He had two brothers, Nathaniel and James Manuel of Poland, Maine. As there were five or six families by the name of Manuel or Manual, much public confusion was caused. Samuel Manuel who was known by various surnames decided to adopt the name of Manwill, which he did legally. Anthony Manuel, Samuel's father, died in 1800, at the age of 90. James and Nathaniel kept the name of Manuel, and therefore lost their identity with their brother, Samuel Manwill and his descendants. Thus Samuel Manwill of North Yarmouth, Maine and Mary (Molly) Wortley True became the parents of great-grandfather John Wortley Manwill, born 8 May 1791, Litchfield, Lincoln County, Maine.

During the war of 1812, John enlisted as a private in the U. S. Army, in defense of his country. He served with Captain Nathan Stanley's Company of U.S. Volunteers. He volunteered on 6 November 1812 and served for 391 days until 1 December 1813. At the end of the war he was honorably discharged as a Corporal and had received timber grants in Maine (a total of 160 acres) (Bounty land warrant # 11816) for his military Services, by the government. [In the military records at Washington, D. C., he is listed as private John Wortley Manwell, Litchfield, Maine, but nowhere in the records of Maine or Church history is the name Manwill spelled with an "e".]

John Wortley Manwill, later of Poland, Maine, first married Susannah Booker and she died in 1824. We have no records to indicate if she died of complications of childbirth and there is no known record of any children. After her death, John married Martha (Patty) Tracy of Durham, Maine, on March 26, 1826. She was the daughter of Samuel Tracy and Elizabeth Getchell of Brunswick, Maine. [A note of interest is that John and Patty gave two of their sons Susannah's maiden name as their middle name.]

John and Patty had acquired valuable timber lands and mills in Maine. They kept a country

store on West Purgatory Creek for the convenience of their timber and mill crews and families. It is apparent that they were prosperous citizens of Durham, Maine and yet they left in 1838 selling their lands and material goods at a great sacrifice.

We do not know when missionaries brought them the message about the restoration of the gospel of Jesus Christ, but their son Orson Moroni was born 6 March 1840, in Spring Creek, Miami County, Ohio. It might be assumed that they had affiliation with the church at this time by the name they gave their son. Orson Pratt was one of the most energetic missionaries in the history of the church and it was the angel Moroni who Joseph Smith said had appeared to him bringing about the restoration of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. In May of 1843, Mary Elizabeth was born in Houston, Shelby County, Ohio.

In December of 1845, both John and Patty received a patriarchal blessing in Nauvoo, from John Smith, a Patriarch in the church, recorded in church records. These were years of great persecution for church members and an exodus had begun from Nauvoo, following the murder of Joseph and his brother, Hyrum Smith and an "extermination order" from Governor Boggs.

The Manwill family were subjected to the trials and persecution, but continued in their dedication to their beliefs. The next record we find of John and Patty is the birth and death of a premature baby daughter, Edith, in December of 1846 in Van Buren, Iowa. Patty died in January of 1847, and John was left with four sons, Daniel, John, James and Orson and one daughter Mary Elizabeth.

Great preparation was necessary for the journey to the west. Many people stayed in Iowa for years, raising crops and building wagons. In June of 1852, John, with his five children made the trip to the valley of the mountains, with the company headed by Captain Henry Bryant Manning Jolley. They left Kanessville, Iowa early in June 1852 with a company of nearly 350 people, arriving in Salt Lake Valley 15 September 1852.

John took his family to Payson, Utah, which at that time was a new and developing area, and established a home and business there. He married Losana Bentley, a widow, 18 December 1853. She was born at Sugar Creek, Pennsylvania. They were married for almost seventeen years before her death, 25 September 1870.

John married Ann Garrott 3 December 1870. Ann had been twice widowed. Her first husband was George Willis who died in Illinois.



*John Wortley and his wife
Ann Elizabeth Garrott Manwill*

Her second husband was John Challis who died 27 August 1868 in Payson, Utah Territory.

Travel was slow in the years before the railroad was built through Utah Valley. Sometimes only a few miles could be covered in a day because of muddy roads or other weather conditions and travelers needed a stopping place. Hotels and inns were springing up as people opened their homes to the public. Teamsters were needed for supplies being brought in to Payson, as well as carrying a number of items, such as chickens, pork, eggs, butter, flour, meat, candles, leather, handmade shoes and straw hats out of Payson. There were government contracts awarded for hauling freight between Utah and California as well as Missouri. John was an enterprising man and worked as a teamster, as well as farming the area and was instrumental in the settlement of Payson.

John's son Daniel Booker married Mary Shumway. John Ferrington married Emily Sophia Brown, 22 June 1856. James Booker married Sarah A. McClenllan, 25 February 1863. Orson Moroni married Alice Crandall, 16 November 1863 and John's daughter, Mary Elizabeth, married Horatio Palmer Calkins, 28 May 1859.

John lived to be 91 years of age and had been a most successful farmer and business man in Utah for more than twenty-five years. He died 12 September 1887 in Payson. He is buried in the Payson City Cemetery. Losana and Ann are buried there, also.



On left:

In memory of Losana
daughter of T & B Bently
born Apr 4 1813
DIED Sept 25 1870

Front facing:

In memory of John
Manwill
son of S & P
Manwill
Born May 8 1791
DIED
Mar 10 1882

On Right:

In memory
of Ann Garrett
wife of J Manwill
BORN Apr 14 84
DIED 18__

MARTHA or PATTY TRACY

Martha (Patty) Tracy born. 28 May 1807
 Married 26 March 1826
 To:
 John Wortley Manwill. 8 May 1871
 Children:
 Daniel Booker. 22 September 1830
 John Ferrington. 2 December 1832
 James Booker. 5 October 1835
 Orson Moroni. 6 March 1840
 Mary Elizabeth 6 May 1844
 Edith born - died December 1846

Not much information is available about Patty Tracy. We have only a few facts from other's research in the past, but with modern technology this would give us a good starting point for the future.

According to the research done by Iva Alene Manwill Weywill, we know that Patty was the daughter of Samuel and Elizabeth Getchell and they lived in Durham, Maine. Iva has written, "the ancestor of the Tracys came from Normandy with William the Conqueror". . . "Lieut. Thomas Tracy, born about 1610 married in Wethersfield, Connecticut 1641, the widow of Edward Nason, and lived in Saybrook fourteen years. He settled in Norwich, Connecticut about 1655." From these records we see the Tracy family were early immigrants to America.

Records indicate that John and Patty were married 26 March 1826 by Thomas Pierce, a Justice of the Peace, in Durham, Maine. Their first three children, Daniel, John and James were all born in "Letter B" Oxford County, Maine and John and Patty left there, selling all their property, in 1838. The next record we have is the birth of Orson Moroni, their fourth son, 6 March 1840 in Spring Creek, Miami County, Ohio. It is reasonable to assume that they had received the message of the restoration of the gospel prior to his birth by the name they had given him. He might have been named after Orson Pratt who was a great missionary in that era and the Angel Moroni, brought the message of the restoration to Joseph Smith. Mary Elizabeth, their first girl was born, in 1844 in Houston, Shelby County, Ohio.

In 1845, the family was in Nauvoo, Illinois where John and Patty received Patriarchal Blessings from Patriarch John Smith, an uncle of the Prophet.

A second daughter, Edith, was born in December of 1846, but did not survive. Patty died the next month in Van Buren, Iowa, from complications following the premature birth. The family had begun preparations to travel west with the Saints to escape the persecution and bloodshed in Nauvoo and after Patty's death, John and his five children continued with their plans to follow the Saints west.

Dec 19th 1845.

A blessing by John Smith, Patriarch, upon the head of Patty Manwill,
daughter of Samuel and Elizabeth Tracy, born May 28th 1807, Durham, Maine.

Sister Patty,

I lay my hands upon thy head by the authority given me of Jesus Christ to bless the fatherless in his name. I seal a father's blessing upon you, even all the blessings of the new and everlasting covenant. The Holy Priesthood in fulness shall be sealed upon you in due time. When thou hast received thy washings and endowment with thy companion, mysteries shall be revealed unto thee which have been kept hidden from the foundation of the world.

Thou shalt have power to heal the sick in thine house to preserve thy children from the destroyer. And they shall prosper about thee exceedingly and shall be very numerous and a very wise people. And thou shalt have plenty of the fruits of the earth to sustain them and no good thing shall be withheld from them.

Thou shalt be satisfied with favor and shall forget thy former troubles and they shall pass away as a dream of a night vision. And thy heart shall be filled with joy and gladness, and thou shalt live to see Zion established in peace and Saints flocking to it out of every nation under heaven. Thou shalt share in all the blessings and glories thereof, and in the end of thy probation obtain eternal lives.

This is thy blessing Sister, that I seal upon thee in common with thy companion. And thy posterity shall partake of the same. There, abide faithful in thy callings and it shall not fail for thou art of the house of Joseph, even so, amen.

Albert Carrington, Recorder.

Dec 19th 1845.

A blessing by John Smith, Patriarch, upon the head of John Manwill, son of Samuel and Polly Manwill, born May 8th 1791, Lincoln Co., Maine.

Brother John, I lay my hands upon thy head in the name of Jesus of Nazareth, and seal and confirm on thee a father's blessing. Thou art of the house of Jacob through the loins of Joseph and a lawful heir to the Holy Priesthood and all the blessings of the new and everlasting covenant.

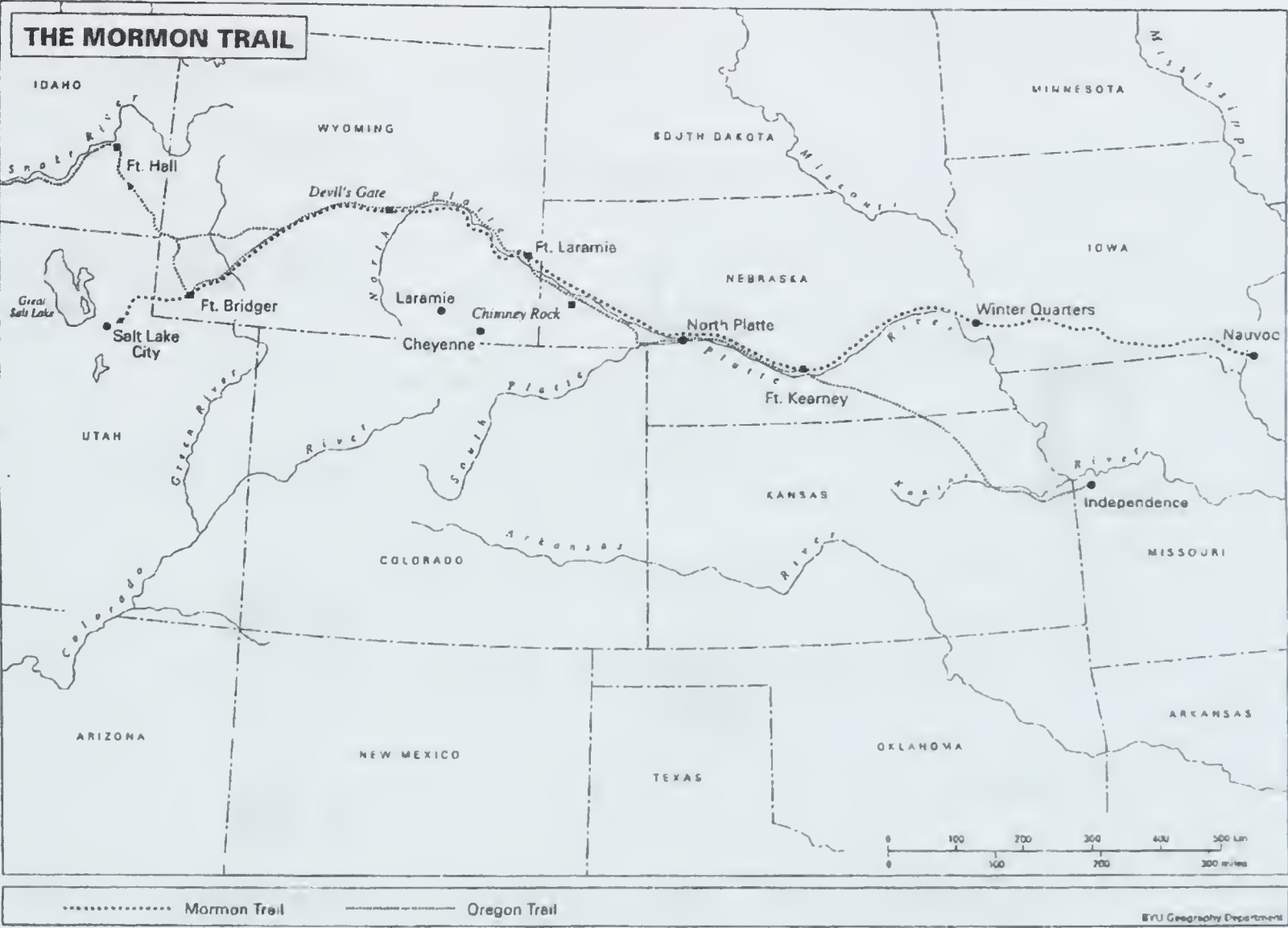
Thy calling is to be a counselor in the House of Israel. And as for preaching, it is your privilege to go to any place you please and preach to any people that seemeth thee good. Thou shalt be blest in thy laws and be instrumental in bringing souls into the kingdom, shall be filled with wisdom and understanding, and be able to instruct this generation in all things pertaining to life and salvation, and the Saints to bring up their children in righteousness before the Lord, and to love one another with a pure heart, to deal justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly before the Lord, to visit the widow and the fatherless.

Thou shalt be blest in thy family with health, peace, and plenty. They shall increase and become exceeding numerous so they cannot be numbered. Thy table shall be well supplied with the best fruits of this earth, even corn, wines, and oil in abundance.

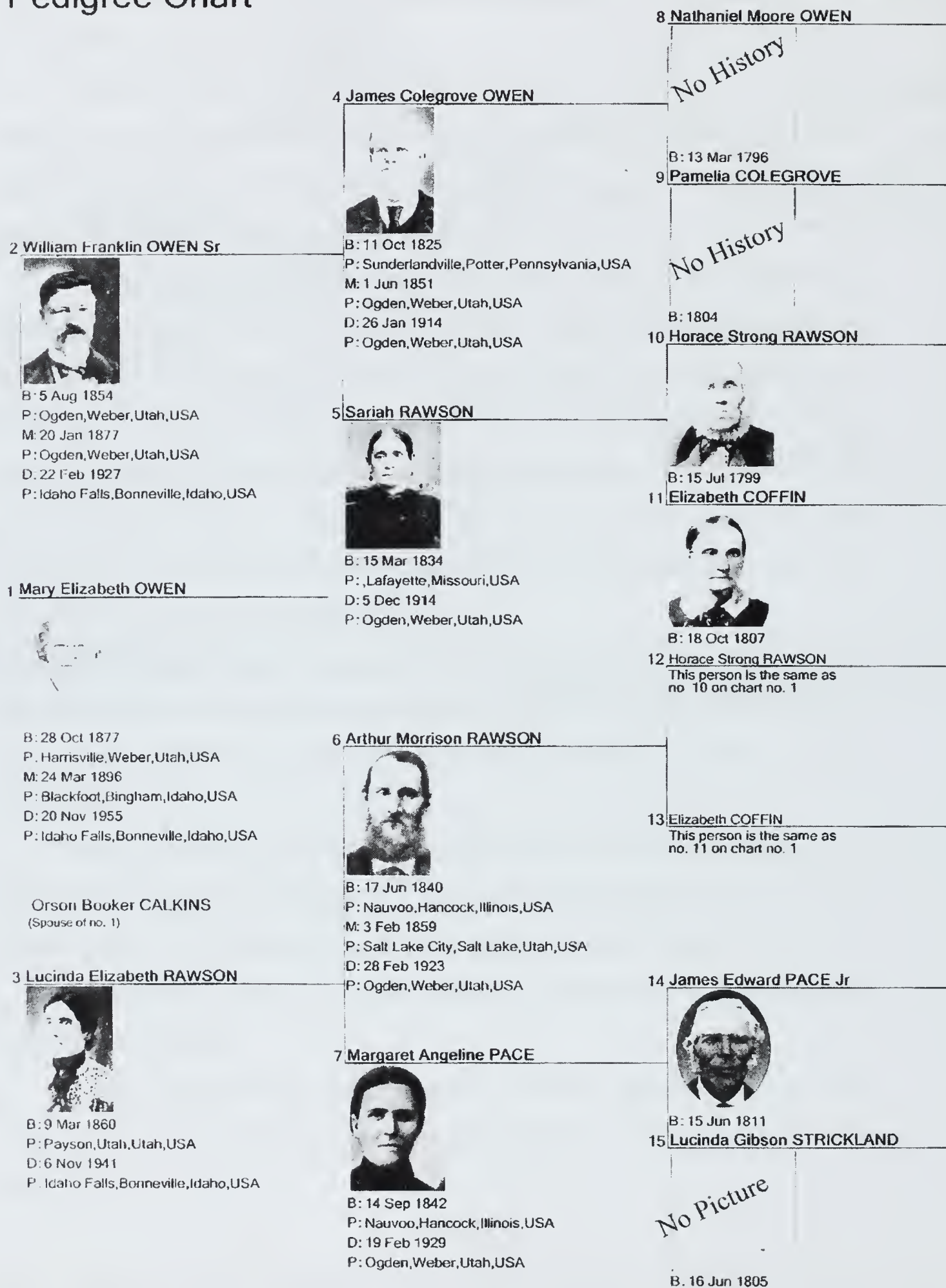
Thou shalt have an inheritance in the land of Zion with thy brethren. Be satisfied with riches and inasmuch as you live faithful in the cause of truth and righteousness, thou shalt enter into the marriage supper of the Lamb with those who are found worthy and partake of all the blessings which the Lord hath in store for such forever and ever.

This is thy blessing Brother, sealed upon thee and thy posterity. And inasmuch as thou art obedient to the commandments, it shall not fail, even so, Amen.

(Historian's Office, The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Patriarchal Blessings, Vol. 9, Page 523, No. 1534.)



Pedigree Chart



**ANCESTORS
OF
MARY ELIZABETH OWEN**

WILLIAM FRANKLIN OWEN

William Franklin Owen born..... 5 August 1854
 Married..... 20 January 1877
 To: Lucinda Elizabeth Rawson 9 March 1860
 Children
 Mary Elizabeth..... 28 October 1877
 William Franklin, Jr..... 13 November 1879
 James Arthur 23 November 1881
 Heber John..... 30 February 1883
 Daniel Bert 10 March 1886
 Margaret Sariah..... 19 July 1888
 Joseph Leroy 21 October 1890
 Horace Edward 9 November 1892
 Lenora 18 November 1894
 Lucinda Ellen 4 July 1897
 Eugene 28 June 1903
 Loren (or Jack)..... 22 March 1908

*Will and Elizabeth Owen*

For nearly half a century William Franklin Owen was connected with the varied interests of life

in the Utah and Idaho area of the Great West. He was born 5 August 1854 in Ogden, Utah, son of James and Sariah Rawson Owen, who were natives of Pennsylvania and Illinois. They emigrated from their native states to Utah in 1850, being among the large number of families who fled from persecution in the East to the wild section of sage covered land which now constitutes the wealthy, enterprising and productive state of Utah¹.

William's father, James Colegrove Owen was a member of the Mormon Battalion and after fulfilling his responsibility in California, returned to Utah and then to Council Bluffs, Iowa. In 1850 he joined the Wilford Woodruff Company which was preparing to leave for the move west. The family members of his Mormon Battalion companion, Daniel Rawson, were traveling in the same company. Daniel and his 19 year old sister, Samantha had left in the Silas Richards Company in 1848, but the remaining seven children with their father Horace and mother Elizabeth were a part

¹ History written by Charles M. Owen.

of the Woodruff company².

James and Sariah Rawson became acquainted during these months on the trail and were married eight months after their arrival in the Salt Lake Valley. William was the second of eight children born to James and Sariah.

Quoting from the book, *Progressive Men of Idaho*, we read the following synopsis of William's life written by a grandson, Charles M. Owen.

"They [the Owens] were people of high character, strictly moral and deeply religious principles, and in their life at Ogden they were regarded among the leading people of the colony and venerated for their numerous good qualities.

The father for a number of years has been a High Counselor of the Mormon Church and is still maintaining his home at Ogden, although retired from active life. The mother was a daughter of Horace and Elizabeth Rawson of English ancestry, while the father can trace his ancestry back through many generations of American life to the sturdy little country of Wales.

[He has been] . . . a faithful son and diligent laborer at every employment that came to hand from the days of his boyhood. Since he attained the age of twenty three years, William Owen, of this review,

has been known as one of the most reliable and enterprising business men of this section of the state.

Each successive year has brightened his reputation in business circles, and in every relation of life he has manifested the characteristics of loyal charity and devotion to principles. His interest in matters pertaining to the public welfare has made him a most valued citizen, and not to be acquainted with him indicated that the person is himself unknown in Bingham County, for among



The Old Rock Home built by Will Owen circa 1893

² Dorothy Wallace Walker, *Life Stories of James Colegrove Owen and Sariah Rawson Owen*. [Printed here with her permission.]

its representative men he holds a marked prestige. The records of the leading men of the county would be decidedly incomplete without the story of his life, for his name is engraved high on the roll of those whose efforts, energy and directive power have advanced the intellectual, material and religious interests of the community.

In 1885, Mr. Owen made his residence in Oneida County, now Bingham County, Idaho, taking up a homestead, which after years of intelligent and discriminating labor he has developed into one of the finest homes to be found in many a mile of distance. It is very pleasantly located immediately adjoining the village of Ammon, and consists of 160 acres of extremely fertile soil.

Upon this fine estate he has erected an elegant residence of modern style and construction, fitted up with all of those improvements that the civilization of the twentieth century considers the indispensable attachments of the modern home. Further than this, the place is attractive from the number and variety of its outbuildings, which are constructed and arranged in perfect conformity with the demands of the agricultural labors of which this farmland is the headquarters.

Nor are his interests confined to his ranch, as a productive lime kiln is in steady operation upon his property, and he is also extensively engaged in stock raising, being one of the leaders in this industrial activity.

In politics, Mr. Owen gives his hearty support to the Republican party, and he has ever been active in the promotion of its cause, manifesting a lively interest in everything that concerns the welfare of his country, of which he is an honored pioneer.

In 1900 he was nominated as a Republican candidate of county commissioner, and receiving a highly complimentary vote at the polls, he was triumphantly elected. This office he filled to the full satisfaction of the people and in 1902 he was elected to the state legislature by a handsome majority.

On January 1, 1877, at Ogden, Utah, occurred the marriage of Mr. Owen and Miss Elizabeth Rawson, who was born at Ogden on March 9, 1860, a daughter of Arthur M. Rawson and Margaret Pace Rawson, who were natives of Illinois.

A prominent member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Mr. Owen holds the office of High Counselor, while he has been for years an influential trustee of the schools of his ward, being also one of the pioneer leaders in the construction of the irrigating canals of the county.

In this connection we would remark as an instance of his interest in educational affairs that he assisted in the construction of the school house of his neighborhood before he built his home.

Mr. And Mrs. Owen have eleven [twelve] children; Mary Elizabeth (Mrs. Orson B. Calkins) of Gray's Lake Valley, William F., Arthur, Heber J., Daniel B., Margaret J., Leroy, [Horace Edward], Lenora, Lucinda, Eugene and Loren.

Mr. Owen numbers many warm personal friends in all circles throughout this state and Utah.

He has ever been a prominent factor in the promotion of these enterprises that have tended to build up the community and county and to advance local property. His business methods have

ever conformed to the strictest ethics of commercial life, and he is held in the highest esteem of all classes, being staunch in his friendships, just and charitable in his judgment of his fellow men and possessing unbounded hospitality.”

This story was taken from the book “Progressive Men of Idaho” by a grandson, Charles M. Owen of 810 Catherine Street, Salt Lake City, Utah, who is a son of William F. Owen, Jr. and Edith Vernetta Shurtliff Owen.)

William Franklin Owen passed away on February 22, 1927 in Idaho Falls, Idaho. He was buried in Rose Hill Cemetery in Idaho Falls, Idaho.

The rock home Mr. Owen built at Amon is still standing, although some of the other buildings have since been torn down.

William Franklin Owen, Sr.

Another son of James C. and Sariah came from Ogden with his father and brothers. He homesteaded one hundred sixty acres in Bingham county—joining Ammon town-site on east between the plot of town and Thomas Hiatts. William had the first threshing machine, which was a great convenience to the homesteaders.

In 1900 he became Republican candidate for County Commissioner and he filled the office well. In 1902 he was elected to the state legislature by a handsome majority. He married Miss Elizabeth Rawson January 1, 1877. He served on the High Council of the LDS Church. He helped in the construction of the first school house before he built his own home. He did much in the construction of irrigating canals in the county. He built the first shingle-roofed house in Ammon. He was a very community spirited man.

THE LIFE OF WILLIAM F. OWEN, SR.

As given by J. A. Taylor at his funeral service

When we speak of W. F. Owen we speak of one of the real pioneers of Idaho and Snake River Valley. Mr. Owen has been practically the full history and growth of this valley. He came to the valley in 1885 and has lived here ever since. He has been identified with practically the building of every public project since he came.

When he came to the valley there were no roads and few bridges. There were but few established homes and farms. Idaho Falls was but a small settlement. Great stretches of sage brush greeted the eye where there are now splendid homes and farms.

When he came there were but two school houses and two teachers in what is now Idaho Falls and one at Willow Creek. And if I remember correctly, there were but two churches, one Baptist and one Mormon. There are now forty two splendid

school districts and 169 teachers and probably twenty churches.

When he came there were but two or three bridges. Now every stream and canal is spanned by splendid concrete, steel and other types of substantial bridges.

When he came in 1885 there were probably 1500 people in what is now Bonneville County, and when the shops were moved away in 1887, there were only left about 400.

The roads were just cow trails that left in different directions out through the sage brush. The assessed valuation of what is now Bonneville County was when he came about \$10,000,000. It is now over \$17 million and the actual value probably over \$75 million.

In all of this Mr. Owen has had a great part. He built the first shingle roofed house in Ammon. He was a member of the Board of Directors of the Old Eagle Rock and Willow Creek Canal Company, which board was made up of such pioneers as Honorable James B. Steele, H. W. Keefer, George P. Ward, J. S. Mulliner, now deceased, and B. J. Briggs.

This board held the lines for our wonderful irrigation system for over twenty years. In 1897 the people wanted to throw up the old ditches, together with the priorities and build a new system but these men prevailed and held the company in tact, and as I said, piloted the irrigation system until the organization of what is now the Progressive Irrigation District.

You will appreciate what this has meant to this locality when you learn that those early water rights now irrigate practically all of the farms east of Idaho Falls, including Willow Creek, Iona, Lincoln, Ammon and Taylorsville, or about 50,000 acres of the best land in the valley.

Mr. Owen was always very public spirited. He served as county commissioner, starting in 1902 and in the legislature in 1904.

He was a practical builder and mechanic. When the threshing machines went wrong he was the one called to help fix them up. Even when the big construction companies were building the dams and bridges his wisdom was sought to help them out of their difficulties. He was a splendid farmer and built up and owned one of the best farms in the valley. He came from a splendid parentage.

His father, James Owen, was a member of the famous Mormon Battalion which was called into service while these pioneer westerners were on their way in search of a new home in the mountains. His father settled in Ogden, Utah. Ogden was the birthplace of our Mr. Owen and where he spent his childhood.

It has been my pleasure to have known him practically all my life. I worked for him when I was a boy. I have always loved and admired him. In fact the

stubbornness attributed to me in public office was learned and acquired from him.

To Mr. Owen death must have been sweet. He has been a cripple and an invalid for the past five or six years, just hanging between life and death.

The world and particularly this valley is better for his having lived. It has been indeed gratifying to see how his friends and the people have rallied and joined in showing their appreciation for his great work.

He leaves a wife and ten living children, of twelve born to him and his wife. His contribution has been a real inspiration to those of us who now live in the valley.

(This is from the files of Mr. Owen's grandson, Charles M. Owen of Salt Lake City, Utah.)

LUCINDA ELIZABETH RAWSON

Lucinda Elizabeth born. 9 March 1860
 Married. 20 January 1877
 William Franklin Owen. 5 August 1854
 Children:
 Mary Elizabeth. 28 October 1877
 William Franklin, Jr.. 13 November 1879
 James Arthur. 23 November 1881
 Heber John 30 February 1883
 Daniel Bert. 10 March 1886
 Margaret Sariah 19 July 1888
 Joseph Leroy. 21 October 1890
 Horace Edward. 9 November 1892
 Lenora 18 November 1894
 Lucinda Ellen 4 July 1897
 Eugene 28 June 1903
 Loren (or Jack). 22 March 1908



Elizabeth Rawson

Lucinda Elizabeth Rawson was born 9 March 1860 at Payson, Utah County, Utah. Her girlhood days were largely spent there, all but seven years spent in St. George, Utah. She came to Ogden with her parents, Arthur Morrison and Margaret Angeline Pace Rawson. Her education was limited, not having a great chance at going to school and not liking it when she went.

Her father was a carpenter by trade. He worked at this and farmed at the same time. Elizabeth, as she was called, married William Franklin Owen on 20 January 1877. She was seventeen at the time. She and William lived on a farm in Harrisville, near Ogden, for eight or more years. Five children were born there; Mary Elizabeth, William Franklin, Jr., James Arthur, Heber John, and Daniel Bert. Mary was just nine years old when her brother Bert was born. She was a great help to her mother with the four boys born before their move to Idaho. The farm in Ogden belonged to William's father, James Colgrove Owen. They were paying for it as they could, but when his parents decided to go back on the farm, William and Elizabeth willingly released their rights, feeling they could start anew easier than his parents.

They went to Idaho, settling on a homestead in what is now Ammon, which at that time was nothing but sagebrush. Their fifth child was only three weeks old when they moved from Farr West to Idaho. The trip was made in a lumber wagon, trailing another wagon and horses behind.

Idaho Falls was called Eagle Rock. It consisted of the Anderson Brothers' Store, (which was

also the bank and post office), ZCMI, the railroad shops and a few crude dwellings.

The family slept in a wagon box as the log house was not completed. William was away most of the time building a canal and cutting wild hay, leaving his wife and five small children. They lay terrified at night as the coyotes came right to the wagon, howling, waking the children who would scream and cry with fright.

Arthur and Margaret Rawson, Lucinda's parents, moved from Ogden to Ammon where her father was made Bishop, serving for twenty five years.

Will Owen was a farmer and also ran a dairy. He, in connection with his son William F. Jr., owned a coal yard, dealing in coal, ice and lime. The lime was furnished from a kiln on their own ranch. All of these responsibilities made a lot of work for Elizabeth, also. Will and Dr. Wilson were the first County Commissioners of this county and for one year, school was held in their homes, both summer and winter.

They owned two homes in Idaho Falls, and after moving from the stone house lived on Eastern Avenue.

Elizabeth was First Counselor in the Relief Society organized in Ammon and served as a visiting teacher in Relief Society from the time she was seventeen years old. She was the mother of twelve children. She and Will lived together for just over fifty years before his death 22 February 1927. She was sixty-seven years old at that time. Will had been an invalid for five or six years preceding, hanging between life and death.

Four years after Mr. Owen's death, Elizabeth married a second time to William Rawson on November 19, 1931.



Edith (wife of David F Calkins) and her son, Edna Stagner, Mary Elizabeth, Lenora, Orson with Great Grandmother Elizabeth Owen seated.



*Back row left to right: Daniel Bert, James Arthur, Heber John and Margaret Sariah
Center: Joseph Leroy, Father William Owen, Horace Edward, Mother Elizabeth holding Eugene.
Front Lenora, Lucinda*

(circa 1904) Margaret Sariah was married 16 October 1904.

*Not in picture, Mary Elizabeth who married in 1896 and had five children by October of 1904
William Franklin, Jr. may have been working away from home. He was married in November of 1904.
The youngest child, Loren was born in 1908*

JAMES COLGROVE OWEN

James Colgrove Owen born. 11 October 1825
Married:. 1 June 1851
To: Sariah Rawson. 15 March 1834
Children:
James Albert. 2 November 1852
William Franklin. 5 August 1854
Joseph Henry. 14 October 1957
Daniel Warren. 5 October 1859
Horace Nathaniel. 8 January 1862
Sariah Emily. 4 February 1864
Mary Elizabeth. 1 January 1867
Charles Hanford. 13 August 1869



James Colgrove Owen

Dorothy Wallace Walker researched and compiled the following *Life Stories of James Colgrove and Sariah Rawson Owen* [Printed here with her permission.]

James was born in Pennsylvania, the eldest of eleven children born to Nathaniel Moore and Pamela Colegrove Owen. His parents moved from New York to Pennsylvania shortly before he was born. His Owen ancestors had resided in various parts of New York state for about 150 years. Other ancestral lines have been traced back to early New England and the Dutch in early New York.

When James applied for a pension for service in the Mormon Battalion in the War with Mexico, he stated that he was born in “Potter or Tioga County, Pennsylvania. My father’s farm was in both counties.” These counties are in northern Pennsylvania and border New York state.”

James was about eighteen years of age when he married Mary Whipple in Pennsylvania. Little is known of Mary except they had a child, age and sex unknown. James was baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints on 17 December 1844. It can be assumed that Mary was also baptized and soon after they traveled to Nauvoo, Illinois to be with the other members of their faith. They were in Nauvoo for two years, witnessing persecution and mob violence.

As the westward trek began in July of 1846, U.S. Army officials met with Brigham Young and requested five hundred volunteers to serve in the Mexican War. James signed up on 16 July 1846 and was assigned as a private in Company D. His pay as a private was \$7 a month. Four days later, the company known as the “Mormon Battalion” began the 2,000-mile “walk” to California.

The march began westward through Kansas, to Santa Fe and on to Tucson. They pioneered a new wagon road to California, mapped a potential railroad route, and dug wells along the way. As

the Battalion neared Tucson, Mexican soldiers and residents chose to flee rather than fight. They continued to Los Angeles, arriving there January 1847, having fought no battles, but having completed the longest march in military history. They were given a variety of garrison responsibilities until their discharge on 16 July 1847. James was one of about 335 of the original 500 to complete the journey.

After discharge from the military service in Los Angeles, the Battalion members were anxious to return to their families, wherever they were. A few, however, remained there, and a few re-enlisted at the request of the Government. Preparations to leave required purchasing animals and supplies. (Each man received \$31.50 at discharge). Most of the Battalion members chose to go to the Salt Lake Valley by way of Northern California. Some followed the coast; others took an inland route to Sutter's Fort in the Sacramento Valley. They still traveled in groups, but as they traveled, they separated into smaller units.

James was in a group that took the inland route going through wild and seldom traveled country, and crossing large streams with rafts. After a 600-mile journey, James with about forty other Battalion members arrived at Sutter's Fort.

James had become good friends with a Battalion companion, Daniel Berry Rawson, and they probably continued their travels together.

Final preparations were made at Sutter's Fort for their journey to the Great Salt Lake Valley. Presumably, James and his friend Daniel Berry Rawson may have still been traveling together. Daniel, in his autobiography, stated that his group, after crossing over the Sierra mountains, were met on September 6th by Captain James Brown from the Salt Lake Valley with letters and news from the Church. Included was a letter from Brigham Young dated August 7, 1847, to the Battalion members, advising only those with adequate provisions (and who had families in the Valley) should come. Those who intended to continue traveling back to their families in Winter Quarters could also come. The others were encouraged to stay in California and work until the next spring. With winter coming, there was a scarcity of provisions in the Salt Lake Valley, and Brigham Young knew that the extra money the Battalion members could earn would help out significantly with much needed supplies.

Since neither James nor Daniel had family in the Salt Lake Valley, they returned to Sutter's Fort. They and about a hundred others, who were turning back, gave their animals and supplies to those continuing on to the Valley.

Mr. John Sutter had planned to build a flour mill, six miles away from the fort, and a saw mill, about 45 miles up in the foothills. Mr. Sutter welcomed laborers, since they were in short supply, so he hired about eighty of the group. With plows, picks, spades, shovels and scrapers, these former Battalion members went to work. James worked on the mill race. Captain Sutter, as he was called, was kind to them. Along with their pay, their animals were to be herded with the Captain's, free of charge.

Gold was first discovered on January 24, 1848, in Coloma, California, at the site of the saw mill then under construction. A second site of gold was soon discovered by the Mormons on an island in the American River between the saw mill at Coloma and Sutter's Fort. The island became known as Mormon Island because of the many Mormons—ex-soldiers and men from the ship *Brooklyn*—all

panning for gold. The Mormons were ideally situated, being on site at the beginning of the gold rush, and working with friends before the onslaught of the "Forty-Niners."

As a result of the gold discovery, the shortage of laborers became worse for Mr. Sutter. By the end of May all work on the grist mill had stopped, and the sawmill was shut down soon after it had begun operations. Some of the Mormons, however, remained with Mr. Sutter to finish their jobs.

It was in the spring of the next year that James left for the Salt Lake Valley. Captain Sutter didn't have the cash to pay the men, so he paid them instead with cattle, wagons, plows, picks, shovels, seeds, etc., that they could use while traveling to, or on arrival in the Salt Lake Valley. When James arrived in the valley in 1848, he was asked by Church leaders to go to St. Louis, Missouri, to assist other members coming to Utah. Many emigrants crossing the ocean would arrive in New Orleans, travel up the Mississippi River, and stop at St. Louis, where they would make necessary preparations to travel west.

In accepting this assignment, James may have thought that it would give him a chance to try to find his wife and child. There is no known record of Mary Whipple and a child after their leaving Nauvoo in 1846. [James was unable to ever locate them. It is assumed that she returned to her family because of the persecution of the Saints.]

James apparently remained in the St. Louis area until the spring of 1850, when he went to Council Bluffs, Iowa. Here he joined the Wilford Woodruff Company to continue the journey to the Salt Lake Valley. In the same company was the Horace Strong Rawson family—the family of his Mormon Battalion companion.

Daniel Rawson, with his sisters Mary Ann and Samantha had already gone ahead to the Salt Lake Valley. The rest of the Rawson family made preparations for travel with their other seven children—William, 18; Sariah, 16; Chloe Ann, 13; Arthur M., 10; Sarah Urinda, 6; Cyrus, 4; and Horace Franklin, 1 ½.

Many problems plagued this company—sickness, death, breakdowns, problems with cattle, problems with teamsters and more. When just a few days on the trail, they came upon unmarked graves of those whose journey had ended just days before. And then outbreaks of Cholera affected their company with a death toll of 12 more deaths on the trail, with burials hurriedly done in the rain and storms. The company arrived in the valley October 14, 1850 after traveling 127 days from Council Bluffs, Iowa.

Upon arrival to the Great Salt Lake Valley, the Rawson family settled in Ogden, about forty-five miles north of Salt Lake City. There were only a few families there at that time, and Ogden had recently been surveyed to become a city. James also went there and stayed with Bishop Isaac Clark.

James Colgrove Owen and Sariah Rawson were married on 1 June 1851 by Bishop Clark, some eight months after their arrival in Salt Lake Valley. Their sealing took place 21 September 1855 in the Endowment House.

In 1852, James got a call to go back once again to help bring emigrants from Council Bluffs, Iowa. He and four "unnamed persons" returned with the 21st Company under Captain Allen Weeks. Information on other trips that James may have taken is not available. From what has been written

about him, he went back "several times", and one time "Sariah went with him".

James had a farm in Ogden where the Union Depot stands today. He and Sariah belonged to the Ogden LDS 2nd Ward. By trade James was a stone mason and assisted in building the first Sunday School house erected in Ogden. He also helped build the old City Hotel on Grand Avenue.

James ran the hotel (which he helped build) for a few years until he received an appointment as the first Chief of Police of Ogden. He filled this position during a very challenging time, during the time the railroad was being built through Utah. The railroad construction project brought plenty of rough and lawless characters to the area. His obituary states that he was "considered one of the best officers in the entire west and coped with the trying conditions successfully". James served the city three years as constable, seven years as justice of the peace, and was a school trustee.

In 1885, at age 60, James applied for a homestead claim, along with his five oldest sons, in what is now Ammon, Idaho. (The youngest son was too young to apply for a claim.) Whether James and Sariah actually lived on this homestead is not known. It may have presented too many problems for them in their aging years. They later sold their land to the town of Ammon.

On October 29, 1887, James applied for a pension from the Government for his service in the Mormon Battalion. He received increases from \$8 to \$20 to \$30 a month during his 27 years of receiving a pension. His application number was 12612.

About 1888, James rented his property on Grand Avenue in Ogden and bought a farm in Harrisville, Weber County, Utah. They lived in Farr West area of Harrisville, residing there until the spring of 1902 after which they then returned to Ogden to retire from active life. They built a home at 514 Cross Street between Ninth and Tenth streets, in the Ogden 8th Ward.

James was a prominent church worker, and was a member of the Weber Stake High Council. He was a ward teacher [former name for home teacher], and for many years was a teacher in the Sunday School. His granddaughter, Lois Owen Chapman said of him: "Grandfather was a deeply religious man. I remember my mother told me that Grandfather always said, when the tenth load of hay or grain was being loaded on his farm, 'Pile it up high boys, this is the Lord's load'."

James had a patriarchal blessing from Patriarch Isaac Morley on November 20, 1854. He received a Father's Blessing on July 15, 1887, from his father-in-law, Horace S. Rawson who was also a Patriarch. These blessings are recorded in the Patriarchal Blessings file of the Church.

James died January 26, 1914, age 88 in Ogden, being one of the last survivors of the Mormon Battalion. A tribute is given to James in *The Biographical Record, State of Utah* as follows:

"Mr. Owen began life empty handed and has been very successful hewing his own way by hard labor, and winning and retaining the highest respect of all with whom he has been associated."

Both James and Sariah are buried in the Ogden City Cemetery. One son Joseph Henry, preceded them in death.

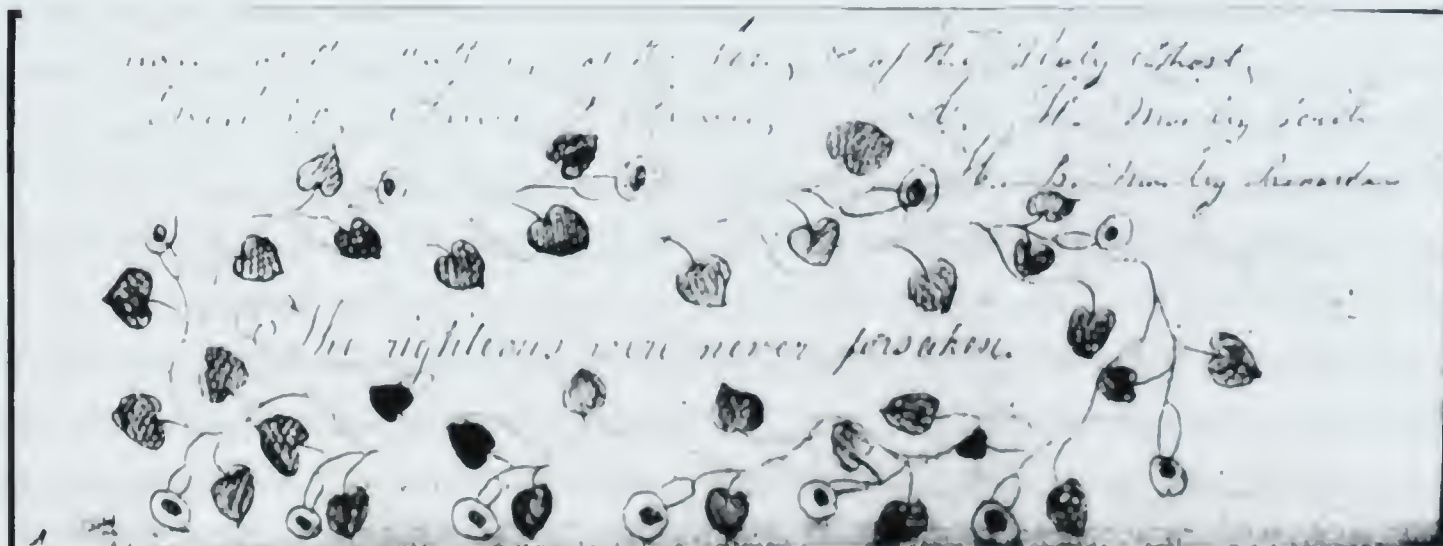
Augden [Ogden] City November 20th 1854

Blessing given by Isaac Morley Patriarch on the head of James Owen, son of Nathaniel and Pamela Owen, born Oct. 11th 1795, Tioga Co. Pennsylvania.

Brother James, In the name of the Lord Jesus, I place my hands upon thy head & by the authority of the Holy Priesthood conferred upon me, I place this seal upon thee which is a principle of promise of patriarchs & Fathers upon their children. Under this seal thou shalt rejoice before the Lord. For thou art now with the sons of Abraham to become a legal heir to the blessings of the everlasting priesthood, which priesthood shall rest upon thee & thy posterity after thee & under this Seal, I Seal upon thee by promise to confer the blessings of the Everlasting priesthood upon thy posterity that they may obtain the keys of power whereby they with thee may be saved in the Kingdom of God. Thou art blest with a name registered in the Lamb's book of life, because thou hast yielded obedience to the mandates of Heaven in the ordinances of salvation. Thou wilt have a work to do for the Salvation of thy fellow man before thy garments are fully cleansed from the blood of this generation & remember my son, many souls will be given thee as seals of the ministry in the gospel of salvation. Thou wilt experience an opposite that will bring thy faith & faculties into requisition before the Lord & remember while in thine administrations no spirit will oppose thee & prosper & thy faith will be sufficient to thy day. As to thy labors that thou wilt be called to extend in regard to thy welfare & to the welfare of thy family, The Lord will crown thy table with the blessings of the earth. Thou hast the blood of Ephraim & a legitimate heir to the Priesthood, thy Tithing & offering will be acceptable before the Lord. I now seal upon thee the blessing to exalt thy family where they will be seated upon thrones & dominions having thy robes washed & made white in the blood of the Lamb. I place this seal upon thee by virtue of the Priesthood in the name of the Father, of the Son & of the Holy Ghost. Even so, Forever & Amen,

A L Morley Scribe

H C Morley Recorder



SARIAH RAWSON

Sariah Rawson born..... 15 March 1834
 Married..... 1 June 1851
 To: James Colegrove Owen..... 11 October 1825
 Children:
 James Albert..... 2 November 1852
 William Franklin..... 5 August 1854
 Joseph Henry..... 14 October 1857
 Daniel Warren..... 5 October 1859
 Horace Nathaniel..... 8 January 1862
 Sariah Emily..... 4 February 1864
 Mary Elizabeth..... 1 January 1867
 Charles Hanford..... 13 August 1869

*Sariah Rawson*

Some excerpts are printed here from *a Book of Remembrance published by Lois Owen Chapman, in 1970*. Sariah Rawson, and her twin brother Oriah, children of Horace Strong and Elizabeth Coffin Rawson, were born 15 March 1834, in Lafayette County, Missouri. Oriah only lived for a few months. He died 15 September 1834. Sariah and Oriah were the sixth and seventh of thirteen children.

Sariah's father, Horace was born 15 July 1799 in Scipio, Cayuga County, New York and her mother, Elizabeth was born 18 October 1807 in Montgomery County, Missouri.

Horace and Elizabeth joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and were baptized in 1831. They knew and loved the Prophet Joseph Smith, Brigham Young and other leaders of the early church. In 1832 they moved into Jackson County but because of the persecutions against the Saints they were forced to move. They moved into Lafayette County and remained there until June of 1834. It was while living in Lafayette County that Sariah and her brother were born. Her mother suffered for the bare necessities of life. The trip there from Jackson County had indeed been hard for all the family.

Because of the uprising of the mobs, her father was again advised by Thomas Marsh, the President of the Twelve Apostles, to cross over from Lafayette County into Clay County. He harnessed the team of horses to the wagon and loaded up the family and what few household articles they had left and drove to the Missouri River.

They loaded onto the ferry boat and crossed over, unloading on the other side on the sand

bank. Horace obtained a small place on the bluff of the river and built a house. They stayed there during the winter of 1834-35.

In the spring of 1836 they moved into Caldwell County, near Farr West, having sold their house and claim in Clay County. In the fall he bought a piece of land about four miles west of Farr West and built a house there.

In the spring of 1837 they joined with Isaac Morley and his family and bought land north of Farr West, on Shole Creek. Again the mob began to plunder and murder the Saints, being stirred up by Protestant Christian Ministers.

The Saints were forced to take up arms in self defense. Sariah's father took an active part to help defend themselves against the mob. They were forced to leave their property and livestock and flee. This was sometime in February.

Sariah's father loaded up his family into an old wagon that he had repaired and left, joining company with Patriarch Morley and family. It was a very disagreeable time of the year to travel. At night they would pile logs together and make a big fire, putting the wagons around the fire. They would stretch sheets across poles to protect the children and mothers from the bitter cold.

They arrived in Quincy, Illinois the latter part of 1839. They, the Morley family, along with other families, located on land near Lima, Hancock County, forming quite a settlement there. They remained at this place until the spring of 1841, at which time they moved to Nauvoo. They remained there at Nauvoo for two years in peace.

Dorothy Wallace Walker, in her *Life Stories of James Colgrove Owen and Sariah Rawson Owen*, printed in 2000, has written the following. "Sariah, who turned eight in 1842, was baptized in the Mississippi River. She later writes about this experience and her memories while living in Nauvoo.

'I was baptized in the Mississippi River. I was eight years old at that time. I went to Sunday School there in a little grove not far from the Temple block where they held their meetings. I can remember the prophet Joseph Smith preaching, standing on a platform in front of the trees. He spoke of the Savior coming and said he would come in a cloud. That is all I remember of his remarks.

'Many were the times both the Prophet and his brother Hyrum passed on the road running in front of our place. I well remember on training days of the Prophet Joseph dressed in his uniform, riding his horse. He was Major General of the Nauvoo League.'

"After a two year stay in Nauvoo, Horace sold his lot and improvements and returned south to Morley's Settlement, where he once again built a home, cleared and fenced his land and planted crops. For the next two or three years, he was able to harvest his crops. . .

"In June of 1844 a mob killed their beloved Prophet, Joseph Smith. Sariah related: 'The Prophet and his brother Hyrum were jailed at Carthage. News came for every man to have his gun and be ready at a minute's notice. All the men expected to be called to go and defend our leaders.

¹ Sariah's memories written when she was 66 years old, March 12, 1900.

The men all gathered at our place to run bullets and were anxiously waiting for the word to come from Nauvoo for the start when the awful news came of the death of the Prophet. It was a sad and gloomy time when they murdered our Prophet. Then they began to burn our homes and kill and drive us from our homes again.'

"After the Prophet's death, the mobs ceased their harassment of the Mormon settlers for awhile, apparently thinking that they had succeeded in overthrowing the Church by killing its leader. But peace was short lived. Feelings intensified once again against the Mormons, especially in the southern part of Hancock County in Morley's Settlement and surrounding area.

On September 12, 1845, the mobs, "of some three hundred persons started systematic burning the Mormon farms in and around Lima", hoping to drive the Saints out. Four men of the Morley and Hancock settlements signed a proposal in behalf of the Saints. It was proposed to the mob that the Saints would sell their deeded lands and improvements at low prices, but requested that they be able to harvest their crops. As payment for their houses and farms they would accept cattle, wagons, store goods, and other property. Horace Rawson was one of the four signing this proposal. Apparently the proposal was ignored, because nothing came of it, and the burnings continued.

"Sariah remembered an incident one time when a mob had robbed and plundered, taking everything they could. One of the mobocrats (as they called them) "who seemed to have a little kindness in his soul", returned to the Rawson home, knocked on the door and asked her mother for a pan. He returned a few minutes later, handed her the pan which he had filled with honey that had been taken from her father's bee hives.

It is not known where the following incident occurred. It could have been in Missouri, Illinois, or en route to the Salt Lake Valley. The Rawsons stayed nearly three years in the Council Bluffs area, so it may have taken place there. Sariah's granddaughter Harriet Emily Owen Crane, wrote: One time Sariah had serious inflammation in her eyes, it being so painful that she could stand no light. In the darkened room, with her eyes bandaged, she heard her mother say, "I just don't know what to do. I have done everything I know and nothing seems to do any good."

Just then there was a knock at the door, When her mother opened the door a good looking man stepped in. Without any other words being spoken he said, "I see you have a very sick child. Get some of the herb growing out in the back yard and steep it. Make a poultice and put over the child's eyes as hot as she can stand it, replacing as they cool." With no more words the man left. As her mother collected her thoughts, she hurried to the door to ask the man who he was. Although she could see quite a distance away in all directions from the house no one was in sight. The family always wondered if he could have been one of the "Three Nephites" who had come in answer to their prayers, to heal Sariah. Needless to say her eyes were healed quickly.

On September 14, 1845, Brigham Young sent 134 teams from Nauvoo to Morley's Settlement and surrounding areas, to move the people to Nauvoo for protection. The Rawson family consisted of eight people (the oldest children were now married). They were to bring with them what goods they could. One wonders where they all stayed in Nauvoo and how they could make

necessary preparations to go west.

Adding to the population growth of Nauvoo were emigrants who were arriving almost daily. An adequate supply of food must have been a big problem. Fortunately, many thousands of pounds of grain were brought to Nauvoo from Morley's Settlement and surrounding areas to help feed the Saints that winter.

Sariah remembered how sick she was with "ague", as she traveled to Nauvoo. (Ague was a malarial fever with alternating chills and sweating at regular intervals. This was a common and dreaded sickness, and it was not known at that time that it was carried by mosquitoes.)

With most of the people gone, the mobs had an easy time continuing their rampage. In Morley's Settlement and Lima area, some 70 homes were burned, along with possibly 100 barns and outbuildings. Many more homes and outbuildings were burned in nearby areas. The labor and toil of years was ruthlessly destroyed. All previous efforts on the part of Church leaders to ask for protection from Governor Ford of the State of Illinois, and even to Martin Van Buren, President of the United States, was in vain.

The actions of the mobs in the southern part of Hancock County convinced Brigham Young and other Church leaders that the Saints must leave Illinois sooner than expected, regardless of the weather.

In February 1846, the famous exodus of the Mormons from Nauvoo began. Sariah's father said, "We were obliged to leave the state and go into the wilderness and seek a home among the red men of the desert."

"We traveled on until we came to Mount Pisgah and stopped there for awhile until the way did open, as it was God's will and best for us, for He knows all things and plans for his children."

The Mount Pisgah area was a temporary stopping place for the Saints. The Saints would plant crops, often leaving the crops for those who followed to harvest. Horace wrote, "The way soon opened and we moved on again, to the west to Council Bluffs where our leader, Brigham Young, and all the Saints that could, gathered there for awhile."

At Council Bluffs, a call came from the U.S. Government for 500 volunteers to serve in the Mexican War. Sariah's brother, Daniel signed up. Another volunteer who would later become an important figure in Sariah's life was James Owen. James and Daniel became good friends and traveling companions during their many months in the Mormon Battalion.

The Rawson family stayed nearly three years in the Council Bluffs area. Upon Daniel's return, he stayed with his family through the winter and then with his sister Samantha, left for the Salt Lake Valley in July of 1848. Mary Ann Olive with her husband, John Garner left for the Valley a year later arriving 27 October 1849.

Horace, Elizabeth and their other seven children (William, eighteen; Sariah, sixteen; Chloe Ann, thirteen; Arthur M., ten; Sarah Urinda, six; Cyrus, four; and Horace Franklin, one and a half) made preparations for travel with the Wilford Woodruff Company. This was called the eighth company because it was the eighth one organized in 1850. It consisted of two-hundred and nine

people in forty-four wagons. It was first divided up into two divisions of about a hundred each, with each division having captains over fifties and tens. The Rawsons were under the leadership of Edson Whipple's fifty.

James Owen had returned from his service with the Mormon Battalion and was also traveling with the Wilford Woodruff Company.

Fortunately, some of the Rawson family members later wrote down some of their experiences and feelings about this journey. It was also fortunate that some in this company kept daily journals. Some of what has been written about the journey by Rawson family members will be included here. Sariah states: "In 1850 we started for the trip to the mountains. We traveled with oxen and wagons. I was in the company of Elder Woodruff, he being the captain. There was a great deal of sickness in the first part of our journey, especially of the cholera. My mother took it first. She was administered to, and her sickness turned into chills and fever. It looked as though we would leave her on the plains and that very camping place would be her final resting place.

We traveled about five miles a day [actually, it was more than that]. We had lots of rain in the first part of our journey. President Woodruff, our captain, called the camp together and told the people that if they would all come together night and morning to hold prayer meetings, that the sickness would leave. He also cast off some bad teamsters that had been driving some oxen. The rain and the sickness ceased. He said that the Lord would bless our camp, and He did."

Sariah, who was now sixteen, walked most of the way barefooted. She would help drive the cows. Cracks would come under her toes which were so wide that they were difficult to heal. She would get a needle and thread and draw the cracks together to help the healing process.

Sarah Urinda, Sariah's sister, was only six years old at the time. Despite her young age, she remembered the hardships and toil, how terribly tired she became from walking, how hungry she was when food was scarce, and how more than once she cried herself to sleep because of hunger pain. She had to help watch and care for her two younger brothers and help hunt for buffalo dung and wood for fires. She remembered how frightened she became when the older ones talked of Indian raids.

Sarah Urinda also remembered an incident during a terrible electric and rain storm. In her biography, written by one of her children, she states: "Although a small child, I could remember many interesting incidents which occurred during the journey. One incident that made a great impression on me was when a violent electric and rain storm overtook us as we drove along. The lightening and thunder was terrific. Just ahead of us was a man and his son with three oxen on his wagon.

"He was crossing a very bad mud hole, and the oxen were so very tired and weak and it was hard for them to pull the heavy load through. The man became extremely angry and began to beat his animals. He also cursed and used terrible language.

"Then suddenly there came a deafening crash of thunder, and a flash of lightening struck him and two of his oxen and killed them there before our eyes. His son and one of the oxen were spared.

This incident was always a great lesson to me, for I felt the man was punished for his vile language and excessive cruelty to his animals.”

The journey was not always trials and problems, especially for children. Sariah writes: “We moved on and had a good time until we reach Salt Lake Valley.”

The Wilford Woodruff Company arrived in the Salt Lake Valley on 14 October 1850, one-hundred twenty-seven days from Council Bluffs, Iowa. There had been twelve deaths and two births (one a stillborn).

The Rawson family settled in Ogden, and it was there that James and Sariah were married. Sariah played a very important role as a homemaker, wife, mother, and grandmother. Her children and grandchildren wrote fond memories about her. Her grandchildren loved Grandma's cooking, and they said her home was always “so clean and homey, with the aroma of her good cooking in the air”. Unfortunately, she was sick much of her life, which may have been caused from the sufferings and hardships she went through as a child. Her son Charles Hanford, mentioned in his story that he, in his young boyhood, remembered his mother being bedfast for seven years.

Sariah later wrote: “In 1901, on the first day of June was our fiftieth wedding anniversary and was celebrated by our children. There were forty or fifty of our children and grandchildren present.

“It was a great day for us to live and witness, for which I feel very grateful. Besides the lovely presents we received from our children, I deeply appreciate their kindness and respect toward us.

“I am also grateful to my Aunt Jane Rawson for our wedding anniversary cake and appreciate her kindness to us on this occasion. It will be a day long remembered by our children and grandchildren.”

James Colgrove Owen passed away 26 January 1914 and Sariah Rawson Owen followed him in death 13 December 1914. They have a large posterity, scattered like sands of the sea. Sariah and James were true and faithful to themselves, to their family, their church and their country. They started life empty handed and became very successful, hewing their way by hard work, and winning and retaining the highest respect of all whom they came in contact with during their lives. They had been kind and considerate all their lives, loved and admired by all who knew them.

ARTHUR MORRISON RAWSON

Arthur Morrison Rawson born..... 17 June 1840
 Married 3 February 1859
 To: Margaret Angeline Pace 14 September 1842
 Children:
 Lucinda Elizabeth..... 9 March 1860
 Amanda Jane 14 October 1861
 Margaret Anna..... 20 January 1864
 Martha Amelia..... 4 April 1866
 Arthur Franklin. 7 April 1869
 Dora May..... 14 June 1871
 William John 21 August 1873
 Mary Louette 10 August 1875
 Horace Edward..... 25 April 1877
 James Daniel. 3 February 1879
 Laura. 26 July 1882
 Samantha Priscilla. 30 March 1884



Arthur Morrison Rawson

Lois Owen Chapman, in a *Book of Remembrance* printed in 1974, included an autobiography written by Arthur in 1915, and the following is quoted from that book.

"I, Arthur Morrison Rawson, was the ninth child of Horace Strong and Elizabeth Coffin Rawson. I was born 17 June 1840 in Nauvoo, Hancock County, Illinois. When I was about two years old Father moved to Lima Branch in the Yelrome Stake where we resided until the exodus from Nauvoo City in 1846. [Yelrome is Morley, after Isaac Morley—spelled backwards with an e added.]

"We first stopped at Mount Pisgah, where we planted a crop and stayed until June or July, then we came to Kanesville and settled about two miles up the Muskrat Creek, one mile west of the Old Indian Mill.

"There we cleared off a nice farm where we lived one year. Then father sold out to William Coffin, Mother's cousin, and we made another home about one half mile west, where we lived until the spring of 1850 when we sold to a Mr. Wolfe, and then we started for the Valley of the Mountains.

"We joined President Wilford Woodruff's Company and were in Captain E. Whipple's ten families. I helped to drive the cow herd part of the way across the plains. We had many experiences while traveling.

"I had many boy friends and shared in all the past times during the summer. There was nothing of importance that I remember until one day when we were traveling up the Platt River. In the afternoon the dogs got after an old buffalo and all at once he started toward the train and came over to one team and jumped over between the wheel, team and wagon, which frightened the team

and in a few minutes a dozen or more of the teams were running in all directions.

“Our dear old mother was in the wagon, sick with cholera, but she took no harm for our team did not run, but the teams on both sides of us did. There was such terrible excitement, cattle bellowing, men hollering and women crying.

“There was one woman run over and badly hurt. Her horse and buggy were all used up and all kinds of scares, but we soon got everything in shape and arrived in Salt Lake, pretty well tired out but glad to get there.

“In a day or two our brother Daniel came for us and we all went to Ogden and settled between 8th and 9th streets and resided there until Ogden City was laid out when we moved houses and everything we could on lots, in the city, lying just south and east of where the Post office is now located.

“The winter of 1850 to 1851, I attended school in Brown's Fort. We had a teacher by the name of Ingram, a gentleman who stopped and wintered. The next winter I went to school in the first school house built in this part, with Miss Chrille Abbot as the teacher and we always had a good time.

“In the early spring I hired out to John Thomas to drive a team and plow his farm. When I got through with him, I worked for Edward Bunker and helped him until he got his crops in, then I went to school until fall.

“That fall Brother Critchello came to Ogden and taught school during the winter, in the house that was built first, and the next summer and winter he taught in a house a little beyond where Jenkins lived and the north west corner of the block where we lived.

“The next winter school was held in a dobie [adobe] house built on the west side of the Post Office. This school was taught by Critchello and by a man by the name of Truly. The next spring Father and family moved to Kaysville and bought a farm of Allen Taylor near the foot of the east mountains, near Bare's saw mill and put in a large crop and everything bid fare for a splendid harvest in the fall but in July the swarm of grasshoppers that came over the east mountains destroyed all the fine crops and that fall Father moved to Farmington and I attended school there and had a good time with the young people of Davis County and had spelling matches with the ward joining Farmington on the south. I don't remember what it was called. On two occasions William and I spelled them all down.

“The next spring we rented land of Brother Clark and planted it to corn after the wheat had all been eaten up by the grasshoppers, and we raised a fine crop which made bread for us and fed the cattle. This was the hardest time we ever had in the valley.

“We saved some corn and fodder for Brother Clark and ourselves. We lost most of ours as well as everyone who turned their stock out on the range, and most of the people had to, that winter.

“In the spring we sold out what we had there and moved to Payson, Utah. This was the spring of 1857. During this summer I worked for my brother Daniel and the fore part of the winter went to school and the latter part worked for the Church, helping Joseph and Brigham Young to take care of the Church stock.

"We drove them west of town on the lake shores as that was good feed grass and then to the east shore. We stayed home at night and went over and rounded the poor cattle up and drove them to parts that had the best feed. In that way we saved nearly all of the Church herd. In the spring I went to work for the Bishopric. Part of the time I worked in the canyon, lumbering and making roads, and in the latter part of the season I worked on the meeting house.

"On 24 May 1857, I was ordained a Seventy by Daniel B. Rawson and joined the 46th Quorum.

"That fall Johnson's Army came to Utah and our Militia was called out to keep them from coming into the valley. I was kept home to haul wood and ride express. I hauled wood for the families whose men were away and rode 1000 miles express, and as my brother William was brought home sick with rheumatism, I had him to look after and brother Daniel's family, besides Father and Mother and others that needed help. This kept me busy til spring.

"I had sown part of the winter wheat. After getting William's crop in and Father's work done, I, with seven or eight others, went up Provo Canyon and contracted two miles of road, which kept us busy that summer.

"We did pretty well and after putting up hay I went to Camp Floyd and made dobies until I had earned \$300 in gold. I ran a wagon and peddled for awhile, then hired out to Brother Thorn to help thrash wheat, at Payson. Then Orville Child and Lehi Curtis and I went out to Fort Ephraim, in San Pete [Sanpete] County and thrashed.

"I came home to get married. On the 3rd of February 1859, I married Margaret Angeline Pace. We lived in Payson until 1860, then moved to Ogden. In March 1860, our first baby girl was born. In the fall of 1861, our second girl was born. We have raised a family of ten and have buried two."

The following history was submitted to the Daughters of Utah Pioneers' Museum by a granddaughter, Rozella Pickford.

My grandfather, Arthur Morrison Rawson, was born in the city of Nauvoo, 17 June 1840. He was the son of Horace Strong Rawson and Elizabeth Coffin. When Arthur was two years old, the family moved to the southeastern part of Hancock County on a branch of the Yetrone River.

They farmed there until the fall of 1845. They were driven from their home by a mob of unsympathetic men. Their buildings were burned, crops left ungathered and their livestock left behind. Early in 1846 the family crossed the Missouri River and settled in Council Bluffs. While they were there, their elder brother Daniel Berry joined the Mormon Battalion. Arthur was ten years old when they started the long journey across the plains to the Salt Lake Valley. They left Council Bluffs in April and arrived in Salt Lake City on October 14, 1850.

They came in the Wilford Woodruff Company and settled in Ogden, Utah. In the spring of 1856 they moved to Payson, Utah, and one of the first families they became acquainted with was the James Pace family. Arthur's sister Urinda met Margaret Pace at school. They were soon the best of friends and visited in each other's homes. Urinda's brother, Arthur, thought Margaret was such a nice girl and they started going out together.

Urinda's boyfriend was Orval Child and during the next few years, the two couples had many

enjoyable times together. The fall Arthur was eighteen, he and Orval decided to go down to Sanpete County and work on a threshing machine. A few nights before they went Margaret and Arthur went out together and he asked her if she would marry him.

While they were working on the threshing machine, Arthur lifted a part of the machine and the strain was so great he lost the sight in both of his eyes. He was blind for two weeks. The doctor left and the family he was staying with anointed his eyes with consecrated oil and administered to him. The doctor had told him he would never see again. His sight began to return and in a few days he was able to go home. He had always been a religious young man and faithful to his church duties and was entitled to the blessing he received. This experience increased his faith even more.

After he returned to Payson he asked Margaret's father if he would let Margaret marry him. Mr. Pace told him that he would have to talk to his daughter first before he could give him an answer. When her father talked to Margaret he asked her if she wanted to marry this young Rawson boy. He told her if she married him she would have to eat corn bread the rest of her life. Margaret said to her father, "I have always liked Johnny cake."

They were married 3 February 1859 by Bishop Charles B. Hancock. Arthur worked in a carpenter shop. They lived with Margaret's parents the first year after they were married. Shortly after they were married, Arthur was ordained a Seventy and was an officer in the Seventies Quorum. Four months after they were married Arthur's family moved to Ogden, Utah and in April of 1861, Arthur and Margaret followed them.

In the summer Arthur went east with a load of grain. He came home with Typhoid Fever. He was so sick that his tongue was black and swollen. They found out that faith alone couldn't cure him so they sent for Dr. McEntire. He was very concerned about Arthur's health as he was so slow recovering. The doctor suggested that they take a trip to St. George to a warmer climate for awhile. Margaret's family had been sent to St. George by church leaders to settle that part of the country so they were eager to go. Arthur and Margaret stayed there until the fall of 1868 and then moved back to the Ogden area. They bought a farm in Harrisville. They had four girls at this time. In the spring of 1869, their first son was born. In October of that year they were sealed in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City by Daniel H. Wells. During the fourteen years they had four more daughters and three more sons born to them. Their first son, Franklin passed away when he was five years old. In May 1887, Arthur was helping get a sick horse on it's feet. The horse fell against him breaking his leg and injuring his chest. They sent for Dr. Driver to set the leg, but the pain in his chest was so severe that they felt he wouldn't live. The next day was fast day and he asked some of the elders that stopped in if they would remember him in their prayers that morning. He was in so much pain that morning and again he was healed through the power of the Priesthood, and was up and around on crutches and had no more pain in his chest.

After Margaret's last baby was born she was never very well. She had had twelve children and it was taking it's toll. She had a pain in her side and it finally got so bad something had to be done for her. Dr. Driver said she had a tumor in her stomach. After she had suffered with it for several years they decided to have it removed. At the time she had the tumor removed it weighed

fifty pounds. When she walked she had to have one on each side of her to hold her up she got so large. Normally she weighed one hundred pounds. The night before she went to the hospital the Elders administered to her and promised her that she would get well and return to her family. Dr. Richards operated on her on the 14th day of October 1888. The operation was a success and in 25 days she was back home with her family. The operation cost so much they decided to sell their farm, pay their bills, and this they did and moved to Idaho.

Three of their daughters and their husbands were there homesteading farms five miles east of Idaho Falls in a small community. This was in the spring of 1890. In the fall of 1890, Bishop Steel of the Iona Ward organized a branch of the church in their little settlement. The meeting was held in Grandfather's home and he was sustained as presiding Elder. They continued holding their meetings in his home until they could get a chapel built. The ward was called South Iona.

On 15 November 1891, Grandfather was ordained a High Priest and a Bishop by Heber J. Grant in Rexburg, Idaho. He was given the privilege of naming the settlement and he named it Ammon, honoring the son of King Mosiah of the Book of Mormon. A marker was dedicated on 22 June 1951 at Ammon.



NO 167 ERECTED 1951

AMMON

THIS VILLAGE FIRST CALLED SOUTH IONA, WAS SETTLED BY LATTER-DAY SAINTS. A BRANCH OF THE CHURCH WAS ORGANIZED NOV. 26, 1889 WITH ARTHUR M. RAWSON AS PRESIDING ELDER. HE LATER BECAME BISHOP ON FEB. 12, 1893. THE WARD NAME WAS CHANGED TO AMMON, HONORING THE SON OF KING MOSIAH OF BOOK OF MORMON HISTORY, WHO WAS A MISSIONARY TO THE LAMANITES. THE FIRST PUBLIC BUILDING WAS MADE OF LOGS AND WAS ERECTED ON THIS SITE TO SERVE AS BOTH CHURCH AND SCHOOL. THE PRESENT BRICK MEETING HOUSE WAS BUILT 1912-13. ED-A-HO CAMP BONNEVILLE CO., IDAHO

In 1899, Grandfather and twenty-three other families from around Ammon and Idaho Falls decided to go into Oregon and they settled on a large piece of land near LaGrande. This settlement was called Nibley honoring Charles W. Nibley who was at that time a counselor to the President of the stake.

Grandfather was ordained a Patriarch by Mathias F. Cowley at LaGrande on 9 June 1901. He was also the Postmaster and had a small mercantile store—the only one nearer than Cove, which was about ten miles away. The store had a porch and steps all across the front and faced the east. He often sat on the porch and talked to neighbors and friends about the principles of the church and what it meant to those who tried to live them.

The families that came to Nibley were promised that after three years if the land was farmed it would be theirs, but through a breach of contract they were ordered to move and all of their homes were torn down and the town of Nibley was no more.

The Rawson families then came back to Ogden and built homes in Ogden. Grandfather built a home on 31st Street near Wall Avenue.

Grandfather was sustained a Patriarch of the Weber Stake on 20 October 1913. From then until the time of his death he gave many blessings with different members of his family acting as scribe.

On 27 June 1916, Grandfather and Grandmother went to Salt Lake City to attend a banquet for old people. When the train arrived they were met by a large band and to the strains of familiar music. They marched to a park where about seven thousand members of the older generation were entertained. This was about the nicest thing that happened to them in their later life and a trip they talked about for a very long time.

Grandfather was confined to his bed for the last three months of his life. He was loved and respected by all those who knew him.

Many people outside of his family came to him for consolation and advice. Many came just to visit and they always went away feeling that they had received spiritual help. One of his favorite sayings was that the "Lord will provide, but faith without works is dead.

Arthur Morrison Rawson died 28 February 1923 at Ogden, Weber County, Utah, and was buried in Ogden City Cemetery. He was the son of Horace Strong and Elizabeth Coffin Rawson. He was 5 feet 10 inches tall, weighed 180 pounds, and had a dark complexion and dark hair.

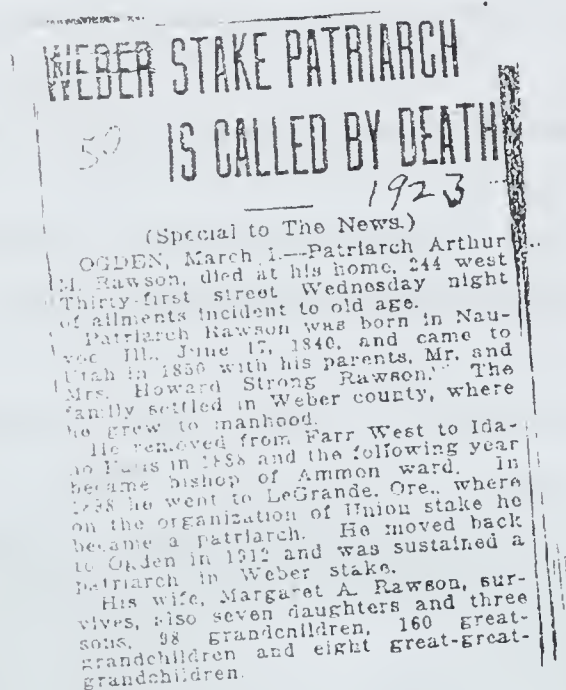
He was baptized in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints at Pottawattamie County, Iowa, 17 June 1848 by his father, Horace Strong Rawson, and confirmed by Bishop Coon. He was ordained a Seventy 24 May 1857 at Payson, Utah.

Arthur was elected Constable and served for twenty years at Harrisville. He was a Sunday School teacher in Harrisville for sixteen years. He lived most of his life in Weber County.

In 1888 he moved from Farr West to Idaho Falls, Idaho. He was ordained a High Priest and Bishop at Rexburg, Idaho by Heber J. Grant, who later became President of the Church. Arthur was set apart to preside over the Ammon Ward in Idaho Falls.

Ten or more years later he moved to LaGrande, Oregon. He was ordained a Patriarch 9 June 1901 by Matthias F. Cowley in the Union Stake when that Stake was organized.

Arthur and Margaret moved back to Ogden, Utah in 1912, and he was sustained a Patriarch of Weber Stake, holding this position for eleven years.



WEBER STAKE PATRIARCH IS CALLED BY DEATH

(Special to The News.)

OGDEN, March 1. Patriarch Arthur M. Rawson, died at his home 244 West Thirty-first street Wednesday night of ailments incident to old age.

Patriarch Rawson was born in Nauvoo, Ill., June 17, 1840 and came to Utah in 1850 with his parents, Mr. And Mrs. Howard [Horace] Strong Rawson. The family settled in Weber county, where he grew to manhood.

He removed from Farr West to Idaho Falls in 1888 and the following year became bishop of Ammon ward. In 1898 he went to LaGrande, Ore., where on

the organization of Union stake he became a patriarch. He moved back to Ogden in 1912 and was sustained a patriarch in Weber stake.

His wife, Margaret A. Rawson survives, also seven daughters and three grandchildren and eight great-great-grandchildren.



Ogden Cemetery, Ogden, Utah
Arthur, Maggie and their
son Frankie.

MARGARET ANGELINE PACE

Margaret Angeline Pace born.. 14 September 1842
Married..... 3 February 1859
To: Arthur Morrison Rawson..... 17 June 1840
Children:
Lucinda Elizabeth [Lizzie]..... 9 March 1860
Amanda Jane [Amanda]..... 14 October 1861
Margaret Anna [Annie]. 20 January 1864
Martha Amelia [Millie]. 4 April 1866
Arthur Franklin [Frankie]. 7 April 1869
Dora May [Dora]. 14 June 1871
William John [Willie]. 21 August 1873
Mary Louette [Louette]. 10 August 1875
Horace Edward 25 April 1877
James Daniel 3 February 1879
Laura 26 July 1882
Samantha Priscilla [Mattie]. 30 March 1884



Margaret

Margaret Angeline Pace, who was the daughter of James Edward Pace Jr. and Lucinda Gibson Strickland, kept a journal and many stories have been printed in histories recorded by grandchildren. She also wrote her autobiography at the age of eighty-six years. We are printing excerpts here from her writings. Some grammar and punctuation has been modernized.

I was born 14 September 1842 at Nauvoo, Illinois. I was two years old when our Prophet Joseph Smith and his brother, Hyrum, were murdered in the Carthage Jail. When I was about three and a half years old my parents were driven from their home with the rest of the Mormon people. We left Nauvoo 8 February 1846, crossed the river in the night, leaving all our possessions to the mercy of a ruthless mob.

My parents, James and Lucinda Pace, had their trials with the rest of the saints, and on 16 July 1846, my father and oldest brother, Byram, were called to join the Mormon Battalion. I can well remember the day of their return home, how overjoyed they all were. My mother shed many tears of joy. I do not remember how many times we moved, but many. I do know we were living in Saint Joseph, Missouri when we started for these lovely valleys. I can remember a great many things that transpired while crossing the plains. My father was the captain of our fifty, and the young people would come and get his consent for a dance, then they would smooth off the ground and have a jolly time, like the saints always do. We would often have prayer meetings and such times of rejoicing.

But the best times for the children were when we would camp for a few days for the women to wash and iron and for the men to rest.

I well remember seeing a large herd of buffalo being driven up close to camp by the men, and they killed all they wanted, and let the rest go, there were nice fat ones. I can remember how well I liked to eat the meat when it was cured and dried. I can remember how scared I was when we crossed the Platte River in a large boat, our teams and cows were so frightened they had hard work to keep them from jumping overboard.

I shall never forget the day we came into Salt Lake City. It was 23 September 1850 and was not much of a city then. If my memory serves me right, there was only one adobe house, and black adobe at that, the rest were log cabins with dirt roofs. While we were in Salt Lake, President Young came and he told my father to go and make a settlement at a small creek about eighty miles south of Salt Lake. The name of the creek was Peteetneet. We went there with five or six other families, but soon enough more came and we built a fort which we lived in on account of the Indians.

While we were on the road, we camped on Battle Creek. There we found my Uncle William Pace and family, and a happy meeting it was. They had come in the year before and were getting scarce of groceries. My mother gave them a good supply for which they were very thankful. We had not been on the little creek long, when President Young and quite a number of the Twelve Apostles came and organized a branch for us, and put my father in to preside over the branch.

We lived in peace and happiness until the third year. Then my father was called on a mission to England. Brother Gardner was also called and he was our dancing master. The people were very kind in helping my father and Brother Gardner on their missions. Brother Charles Hancock bought one horse and I cannot remember how they got the other, but they were soon off together. I was ten years old the day they left for Salt Lake City. It was a long three years for us while father was gone. After he left the Indians got to be very troublesome. They killed several brethren, and did a great deal of mischief.

While father was gone, my young brother got his leg broken. He was a delicate little fellow. We could not get a good doctor so we had to have a poor one, and his leg never was set right. Just before his leg was broken he was riding a horse to water, and a little Indian boy that one of our neighbors was raising, gave the horse a scare and he threw my little brother off on his face. One of our neighbors saw him fall, then brought him home and we did not know him he was so covered with dirt and blood and his face was so swollen. Mother asked the neighbor whose child it was before she knew it was hers. Just after my brother John got so he could walk again, my mother took down very sick with Erasiphus and she came very near dying. When mother first took sick, we wrote and told father how bad she was. There happened to be a good doctor with father who had just been released to come home. Father sent him to see mother. He did all that lay in his power to help mother. The first thing he did was to get some slippery elm weed, mashed it and wet it with cold buttermilk. It drove the inflammation out so fast she was soon well. She was very low when the doctor came, and she began to gain from the first poultice, and I know the Lord helped in sending

the doctor to cure my good mother for the Lord always helps us in our sickness and troubles.

When father got home from his mission the Indian War was over, a town site was laid out, and all built on their lots and we soon had a nice little town named Payson. As father built the first three houses and as his name was Pace, the town was named after him and we all lived happy again and in a peaceful country.

. . . I was running around with a girl by the name of Urinda Rawson and Oh My! If ever two girls had fun it was Urinda and I. We went to school in winter, attended spelling matches, dances and prayer meetings.

I used to have to go down to father's farm nearly every day. I would always go past Brother Rawson's and get Urinda to go with me. One year father had a large melon patch. He kept telling us what fun we would have when the melons were ripe. So we picked some nice ones, but they were all green, so we hid them in the tall grass. The next day Urinda and I were both down there again and father told us to come down and see what some mean boys had done. He led us to where the melons were. We felt very sorry as well as he did, and told him we didn't see how boys could be so mean. He left us to watch the melons while he went home to get his quilts. He slept there several nights but the bad boys did not come back. Soon the melons were ripe, and both Urinda and I thought of the bad boys every time we ate one.

Not long after this I got acquainted with Urinda's brother Arthur. The first time I went with him we went to a circus. When he asked me I went down into the field where father was working and asked him if I could go with Arthur Rawson to a circus, but father was cross that night and told me no. I wanted to go so bad that I told Arthur to go and ask him. Arthur was a dreadfully, bashful fellow and he hated to go, but he went and father told him he would rather that I did not go. I went home feeling very bad indeed for it was more than awful and the more I thought about it the worse I felt. I began to think that father was hard on me, and I knew that Arthur was one of the best young men in town, and I told my mother I would go with him anyway. So I sent my little sister over to Brother Rawson's to tell Urinda and her brother to call for me at my sister Martha's and I would go anyway. Mother wanted me to go, but was afraid I would get a scolding, but we went and had a good time. But father's second wife's little Jim was at the circus. When we got home I heard father call little Jim up to him and ask him if he had seen Maggie at the circus and Jim said, "Yes, she was cocked up there with that young Rawson." It was not long before I could hear father coming in our room. I expected to get a good scolding but he only asked me a few questions then went back to bed. He asked me why I went. I told him because I wanted to. Then he asked me if I would go with young Rawson anymore and I told him I could tell him better after the next dance there was. But I never had any more trouble about going with Arthur.

The next time I went with Arthur was on a sleigh ride. We went up to Summit Creek miles from home. It was very good sleighing and as good luck would have it, not very cold or both of us would have frozen for he was very bashful and had to drive. We had a board across the wagon box on the bobs and a quilt on the board and he sat on one side and I on the other. There was enough

room between us for a big fat girl and I believe we spoke three words while we were going. When we were coming back we began to get acquainted and talked a little more. I was past sixteen that winter and we did have good times in that good little town of Payson.

The winter after I was sixteen just as we began to have a good time dancing and sleigh riding, Rinda's fellow and mine took a notion they would go to Sanpete and run a threshing machine. We four did have good times before the fellows left. We had one good sleigh ride that we four will never forget. I guess the boys thought they would make sure of us before they went away so Arthur got one of his sisters in-law to get us a nice supper, and we had a nice time. It was a farewell sleigh ride. We went round and round town ever so many times and then we went to supper. The boys could not muster enough courage to ask us to have them before supper, but after supper they seemed to get more strength and courage and we had not ridden far before Arthur asked me if I would have such a fellow as he was, and I shall never forget how silly I was and what I said. I told him I did not know and he asked me who did know. Then I told him I was too green and young to get married and if I ever told the truth that was the time.

While the boys were on their way to Sanpete, Orville fell in the creek and was nearly killed. He had to run several miles in his wet clothes. While they were there Arthur nearly killed himself lifting the horse power. He lifted so hard he was blind for two weeks and he sent for a doctor. He told him he would never see again and then charged him five dollars. After the doctor left the neighbors came in to see what they could do for him and some of the old sisters washed his eyes and got oil and rubbed them and prayed for him and they got a thick scum off his eyes and he soon got his sight again.

Soon after that they came home and glad enough to get there, too, but they weren't the only happy ones. This was in '59 and Arthur hadn't been home long when he asked father for me, and I shall never forget how my father talked to me when he came into the house. He came up to me and said, "Well, Maggie, do you want to have young Rawson?" And I said, "Yes, sir." Then father said I would always have to eat cornbread, and I told him that I had always loved "Johnny Cake." Then father asked me if I liked Arthur better than I did him, and I told him not much better. After dinner I went into my mother's room and had a long talk with her. I told her I knew I was too young to get married, and if I could only live alone with her and take care of her for a few years I would not think of getting married so young, but the way I had to work for such a large family, I couldn't stand it.

When I was seventeen, I married Arthur Morrison Rawson. We were married on 3 February 1859. Father did all he could for us, he gave us a nice supper and dance. Arthur started work in a carpenter shop at that time and we lived with mother over a year. We had only been married four months when Arthur's parents moved to Ogden, Utah. We had one yoke of cattle and a wagon and one cow, and one young mare. So we took our team and went with Brother Rawson and took a load for them. Then we came back and stayed with mother until the next summer.

On 9 March 1860 we had a nice little daughter born to us, we called her Lizzie [Lucinda Elizabeth.] She was a nice plump little round faced baby with long black hair. She was born on

Friday and on Sunday we counted fifty persons that came in to see her during the day, and we thought her so nice we would even burn candles to look at her.

We lived at Payson until our first baby was born, then we moved to Ogden. . . When we reached Ogden we found Arthur's folks all glad to see us, but we had no home to go to. Orville Child had a log cabin with two rooms, and his mother lived in one so he let us have the other. We lived there all summer and Arthur helped his brother Daniel tend his farm. That year, in the fall, we moved up on the bench close by Arthur's parents and they was so good to me I felt a little more to home. We went to William Rawson's and they had only one room. So him and Arthur made a shed out of willows close to their house and I had my bed and cupboard in there. It was quite nice.

I well remember one night it began to thunder and lightning and William said to bring our bed in, so we did and his wife had so much to say about it I was sorry I took it in. About that time I began to wish I had a home. Father Rawson had a shop where he worked with his tools, so they went to work and got a partition in that and made a warm little room. Then we moved in that and glad enough to get there, too. It was a few rods from Grandma's door, and she was so good and kind to me, I began to feel more like I was at home.

Grandma Rawson was very much like my own mother. They were both born and raised in the southern states, and that is why they were both so good for the best people on earth are their kind. I know for myself that our two mothers were the two best women who ever lived. I never could see a failing in them.

We moved in that little house in September. On the 14th of October our second daughter Amanda was born. This was in 1861, just one year and seven months between our two daughters. I well remember that day our second girl was born. I had my work all done and my house all clean and nothing to do so I went out where Arthur was at work making a fence around his corn. So I thought I would shuck some corn while I was out there. So I kept on working until time to get supper. Then I went in and got supper. By that time I could not sit still or stand still and Arthur's brother Cyrus was in our house and I didn't know what to do. He was a young man and I was so afraid he would think I was sick, but he never. Just then a man came in and wanted to sell us some apples for corn I had shucked that day and there was nine bushels. So I did a little good that day. The man took the corn and Arthur had to go to town to get the apples, so I asked Cyrus if he would go down and get them but Cy said he would stay with me. After he started I went out and told him to hurry for I was sick and he would have to go for the doctor woman. He was soon back but none too soon, for I kept getting worse and he had to go for Grandma Child in a hurry and about that time the baby was born. The next day Cyrus told his mother if he had known what was up he wouldn't have been so willing to stay with Margaret while Arthur went for the apples. We stayed there that winter and was quite happy with our two little girls. A short while after Amanda was born we got word that my folks had been called to go to Dixie. Then I begun to think I would never see them and I often had a good cry over that.

The next year in 1862 we bought a house and lot just east of Father Rawson's place, then we

had a little home of our own for the first time. That fall Arthur went out east with a load of grain. He went with two yoke of cattle. He had to wade the rivers so many times and he caught such a cold that he came home with typhoid fever. While he was gone out east I was so lonesome. One day I went down to his father's and was telling them how lonely I felt and he told me to take up school teaching and that would pass the time off as well as make a little means to keep us with. So I went around and soon got all the scholars I could get in our house. . . I took in twenty-five children and taught school while he was gone. Some of the people paid flour and some fruit and some meat, so we had plenty all winter and it came in very good for when Arthur came he was so sick he was soon down in bed, and helpless for six weeks. We had to sit up nights with him for several weeks. His tongue was black and hard. When he got so bad off, we sent for Dr. McIntyre and he was quite out of patience, he said we should have sent for him long before we did, but I was so afraid of doctors and did not believe in them. But I found out that faith alone could not cure him so we went to work and with the help of the Lord and the help of the doctor we soon got the fever broken, and he began to mend, but very slowly. The doctor said that Arthur was the sickest man he had ever seen to get well.

He was so poor that I could get him in the rocking chair and pull him up to the table and back to bed. When he began to eat I had quite a time. The doctor told me not to let him overload his stomach. It was quite a trial for me to be so stingy with him when he had not eaten for six weeks. I well remember one morning he was wishing he could have all he wanted to eat. Just while he was talking about it one of his nephews came in with a bucket full of pie and cake his sister Sariah had made. She was very kind to help me out, but I felt sorry when I saw what was in the bucket, for I knew he would be mad if he could not have all he wanted, so I gave him a very small piece of pie and a small piece of cake, and put the key in my pocket and went after a pail of water so he could not scold me. His two youngest brothers were sitting there with him so I stayed talking with the neighbors where I went for water until I thought he would be all over it when I went back. His brothers told me he was terribly mad after I went out because he could not find the cakes. He called me stingy and said I was never stingy before and he couldn't know what to think about me. Just then his brother Daniel came in nearly out of breath. He had run nearly all the way from his home, over a mile, for he had heard about Sariah sending the pie and cake and he thought I was so young and green I would not know any better than to let Arthur eat all he wanted and he knew if he did it would kill him. But when Daniel came in and I told him how much I had given him and how I ran after water to keep him from scolding me, he said that was the smartest trick I ever did. He went home satisfied and said he would not be so uneasy about Arthur getting too much rich food.

By the time Arthur could walk it was getting warmer. One day he took a cane and walked down to town. Dr. McIntyre met him on the street and told him to take a trip down to Dixie. He came home and told me and I was so excited I couldn't sleep that night for thinking about going to Dixie to see my folks. We sold our home and soon got ready and were off to Dixie. We went with our ox team, but I was so anxious to get there I did not dread the trip. When we got to Provo we

stayed overnight with my oldest brother Byrum. Next night we stayed with my brother Sidney. I think we stayed in Payson about three days. Eight days after we left Payson we were with my folks, and Arthur kept gaining all the time for the country seemed to agree with him, so we stayed down there.

My mother lived on a farm about one half mile from Washington east of town. We lived with her one year. . . In July of that year Arthur had to make a trip back to Ogden for we had left our things and needed them very badly. . . While I was in Dixie, just before Arthur came back, I got very sick. Father was on his farm at Harmony and heard I was sick and he came down after me. He waited a few days for me and then took me to his home in Harmony. I heard him telling his folks that he just went in time for me for as I was fearfully sick. The change did me good and by the time Arthur came I was nearly well. We went back and Arthur went to work for father getting rock to make a fence around the . . . farm. . . Our third girl was born on the 20th of January, 1864.

In the spring of 1864 we moved up to Harmony on Father's place and built us a home. Arthur helped father tend his place that year and also the next. In 1865 while Arthur was working for father I was working for him, too. I spun one hundred pounds of wool rods that summer and he gave me fifty to pay me. While I had all this spinning to do I did sewing in the home for five families. I would spin four skeins a day, do my work, and then sew until midnight every night. That is the way I worked all the time we lived in Harmony. After I got my spinning done I went to see my cousin to see if she would weave some for me. She said she would if I would spin for her. I told her Arthur would pay her the money if she would weave him a suit of clothes, but she would not take the money as she needed the work done more. So I went to work and spun and paid her for making ten yards of jeans. Then I was wondering where I could get the warp. Then one day one of the neighbors came in. It was Sister Redd. She asked me if I would spin for her and take some cotton yarn for pay. I spun about ten pounds for her. Then I had another cousin who said if I would spin some for her she would pay me some warp and weave some for me. So I got her to weave me some factory for table cloths and towels and bed tick. I spun about 15 pounds for her and she wanted it spun coarse so I soon got that job off my hands. During the summer and fall of 1865 I spun 200 pounds of wool rods and corded and spun several pounds of cotton. . . I sent the cotton to Salt Lake City by one of our neighbors and bought me a pair of shoes, but when the shoes came they were small, a size three and I always wore fours, and oh, my, how they did pinch my feet, but I had to wear them as it was too far to Salt Lake to change them.

The next spring, April 4, 1866, our fourth girl was born and we called her Millie. I well remember that day. As soon as the midwife came in our house she looked at me a moment and then she said she did not think the child would ever be born. I thought to myself she was rather weak in faith. I was feeling quite badly right then, but my faith was stronger than hers. I never shall forget the position she got me in. She made Arthur stand up and hold me under my arms just a little way from the floor. I do believe the last pain I had lasted one hour. While I was so bad there was a big wind storm from the north and our door was in the north and as soon as the baby was born I began

to chill and I shook for an hour before I could get warm.

One Sunday morning Arthur went to meeting and my four little girls and I were home. The two biggest were out playing. All at once I heard such a roaring noise I thought it was a big wind storm and ran out to get the children in, but there was no wind. Then I looked just across the road on the north side and there came three feet of water right for our house. I was so frightened I took the two smallest children in my arms and the others hung to my dress and we went wading through that flood for higher land. Arthur met us and took us to one of the neighbors where the flood had not reached. He ran home to see how home looked. He said when he got there, there was a big stream of water running in the door and out of the place left for the fireplace and there was about three feet of sand all over the floor and my stove covered up with sand. I suppose a cloud burst up in the mountains and that was the cause of the flood. My father had a nice milk house close by a spring and there was about three hundred dollars in it, but it all went for miles down the creek.

That summer we moved our house into town so we could send our oldest girl to school. That fall Arthur's youngest brother came down to see us. He came to help a man move from town in that part of the country. When he came Arthur had gone to the mill and his brother rode up on a white mule and I never knew him. I was trying to spin on one foot, for I had a lame ankle. He came in and said how do you do and I said the same. Then he said did I know him and I said no that I did not. He then asked me if I knew Arthur's youngest brother, and then took off his hat. Then I knew him and soon flew around and got him something to eat. I was so glad I entirely forgot my lame foot until it began to pain. Just about dusk Arthur came home and I need not tell you how glad he was to see his brother, Franklin. After Franklin had been here about two weeks he wanted to go home so we told him we would take him.

I wanted to go to Dixie to see my mother before I went North. So Franklin took my sister Mary Ann and me. We had a good visit and in a few days started for Ogden. After we got to Ogden we made up our minds to make us a home there so we got some land of Daniel's and we got a set of house logs from James Owens. On one Thursday morning Arthur began on our house and a week from the next Saturday night we moved in.

I believe we were the happiest family that night that I ever saw, although we didn't have our things we had left in Harmony. Grandma Rawson gave us a table and Arthur made us a bedstead and we had a fireplace and some things to cook over the fire. We got along splendid that winter. This was in 1868. In the spring of 1869 our first son was born on the 7th day of April. He was the smartest child we ever had. When he was about a month old, Grandpa Rawson came to see him. He said he was the noblest looking child he had ever seen. He then told me that I must not think too much of him for he was afraid he was too pure to stay on this earth. When he was about nine months old he had a hip infection that left him crippled in that leg. He had every bad disease and one time worm fits. Old Sister Brown came over and gave him gun powder and jollop. After that he got fat and grew so good, but when he was five years old he had croup and left us. He died March 26, 1874. On August 21, 1873, our second son was born. We called him William John. He was the baby when

little Frankie died. It was a sad summer for me, but in the fall, my good old mother, one sister and two brothers came to see me. It was a great comfort to me for no one can comfort a heartbroken child like a mother.

In April 1875 we moved down on our little farm [in Harrisville] we had bought from Daniel Rawson on August 18th. The same year our sixth daughter Mary Louette was born. That summer I had five boarders and my own family to cook and work for. Besides that I did sewing for some of my neighbors. One day a sewing machine agent brought a new machine to my house and said one of the neighbors said they knew I would buy it because I did so much sewing. It cost \$85 which seemed a lot of money, but we finally got it paid. One day three of my girls and myself kept the machine going from sunup to sundown to see how much sewing we could do. We made seven dresses, one shirt and cut them out that day.

On the 25^h of April in the spring of 1877, our third son and ninth child was born. I had such a hard time with him and began to get so bad I sent for David and William Rawson. They came and administered to me and then I was soon all right. When I saw what a nice baby I had I felt paid for all the pains I suffered. We named him Horace Edward after his grandfather, [Horace Strong Rawson] and Edward for the first Rawson that ever came over the sea [Edward Rawson was Secretary of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay from 1650 to 1686.]

That winter before Horace was born, on the 20th of January [1877], our eldest daughter [Lucinda Elizabeth or Lizzie] married her cousin William F. Owen, Sr. He had a good home to take her to close by, but I shall never forget what a trial it was to have her leave us. When she had been married about eleven months our first granddaughter [Mary Elizabeth Owen] was born. I was then 35 years old.

On the 14th of February 1879, our second girl was married to Reuben Hiatt, and on April 20th, 1882, our third girl Annie was married to Thomas Hiatt. In 1879 our fourth son was born on February 3rd, the very day we had been married for twenty years. He was our tenth baby and we named him James David after his Grandpa Pace and his Uncle David Rawson, and oh, how happy we were we had three boys left to us.

On July 26th, our seventh girl was born and when she was old enough we went to Ogden and her Grandpa Rawson named her Laura and blessed her and then he composed some verses for us about her. When we started out Grandpa came out and shut the gate and said, "God bless you." And I never saw him after that. He died October 11, 1882. In 1881, the year before Father Rawson died he came to Harrisville and spent a week visiting his children and grandchildren. He had been ordained a Patriarch previous to this time and gave us all good blessings and he gave all the oldest grandchildren blessings.

In 1884, our eighth girl was born and she was the twelfth baby, and I never got along so well with her. After Laura was born I had had trouble with my side and when the baby was about three years old a tumor started in my side. I was never well and at times had terrible cramps in my stomach.

On the 4th of May 1887, Pa got his leg broken. He was helping a sick horse up and the horse, in struggling to get up, fell against him knocking him down and breaking his leg at the same time. We sent for Dr. Driver in Ogden and he set his leg. He was hurt so badly it seemed impossible for him to live, but the next day was Fast Day and the people all gathered in on their way to see him and we asked them to pray for him all that morning. He suffered fearfully all the time they were praying for him. I ran out to get some wood to keep the packs hot. When I ran into the bedroom to change the packs he said, "Well, Maggie, I'm healed." He said he knew they had been praying for him and he was free from pain. When I looked at him he didn't look like anything was the matter with him. He got along splendid and in three weeks was around on crutches. The first morning Pa came to the table to eat with us, his brother Daniel came in to bid him goodbye. He was going to the pen in Salt Lake City. It was such a trial to part with such a good brother. Pa told him if he would take the broken leg, he would go to the pen.

One day Rinda and Orville came up to see us and wanted us to go on a trip, so we decided to go up to Idaho to see the girls. We were eleven days going 240 miles. Orville wanted to fish and shoot sage hen, so wasn't in much of a hurry. We visited all three girls, and on the way back stopped at Fish Creek for two days. I don't believe I ever saw so many fish in all my life. I cooked so many that I don't ever want to see another fish.

The next summer after our trip north I started having trouble with my side. I kept getting worse all the time and I told Pa I thought it was a tumor. Pa said for me to have faith. I was administered to so many times that finally I told Pa that faith without works is dead. He sent for Dr. Driver. The midwife thought I was going to have twins I got so large, but I told her I had too many children and I knew better. Dr. Driver sent Dr. Allen out and he said he was sure it was a tumor and he could tap me and relieve some if I could stand it. He tapped me and got rid of three gallons of liquid. He told me there was a doctor in Salt Lake who could take the tumor out, so he wrote to Dr. Joseph Richards, and Dr. Richards told me to wait until the weather was cooler and then come down to the Salt Lake Hospital.

On the 11th of October I went into the hospital and stayed four days. On the 14th of October, a Sunday, I went into the operating room at 12:00 p.m. When I woke up again what was left of me was in a nice warm bed, and it seemed to me I was almost all gone. The tumor and water weighed over 50 pounds and I was very poor. I was in the bed 25 days in the hospital and then was back home. As soon as I was able to work a little the first thing I did was make a nice chair tidy and rug for Sister Smith, the nurse I had in the hospital. Then I made her a quilt to help her for nursing me.

The operation cost us so much that we sold our home in Harrisville to pay for it and decided to go to Snake River Valley where the girls were.

I taught the children in school the next winter. I held school in Dan Owen's house that year. Although I was not much of a teacher I could help them to learn to read and spell.

In 1890 we moved into our new home so after three years of living in two rooms we did enjoy the nice home. Dora had been in Harrisville with Millie since we had moved, but she came

just after we moved in the new house. She soon got acquainted with the young folks and on the 5th of November she married John Denning in the Logan Temple. The next spring we got the sad news that dear Mother Rawson died the 21st of April 1890.

In the fall of 1891, I took a trip down to St. George to see my dear mother, and with the rest of my sisters and two brothers we went to the St. George Temple and were sealed to our parents. I visited about five weeks and then stopped in Harrisville for a few days to visit on my way home.

In the fall of 1890 Bishop Steel and his counselors came down and organized a ward. They held the meeting in our house and put Pa in as presiding Elder. We held all the meetings in our house for over a year and then built a church and called our ward South Iona. We soon had all our organizations started. They put me in as President of the Primary. The Relief Society had Sister Edna Molen and Maryetta Southwick and Lizzie Devens to preside. The young ladies had Dora Denning, Anne Southwick, Ruthy Richardson. The Primary officers were Margaret Rawson, Crista Empey and Emily Norton.

The next winter in 1893, we had a school paid by taxes and the trustees hired a teacher that did not belong to our church. She was from Kansas City.

On 2 December 1894 James Taylor, our daughter Millie's husband died. Horace went down to Harrisville to stay with Millie for a few months. Willie had gone to Logan to the high school there. We were so lonesome without our two boys. All four of the girl babies got sick at once. I went first and stayed a week with Annie, then stayed ten days with Lizzie, then went to Louette, then I was so worn out I had to come home. I never once thought of all this trouble when I got married or I don't think I ever would, but it's a good thing I didn't for then I would not have had a nice large family like I have.

Willie was married in the Logan Temple on the 18th of December 1895 to Nancy Southwick, a good girl and a true Latter-Day Saint.

On the 7th of May 1895, we had a family reunion. There were 34 of us, 11 of our own children, six sons in-law, and one daughter in-law besides Pa and I. It was a meeting long to be remembered with the grandchildren playing in the yard. They made a lovely sight playing games and running races, seemed like the fourth of July. I hope we may all live to have many more such good times and family meetings.

On the 30th of September 1896, William's first child was born, a daughter. She added another to our flock and made the 37th grandchild and the first of all to bear the Rawson name.

In 1912, we moved back to Ogden and built a brick house on 31st Street below Wall Avenue. I hope I can stay here until I die.

This is 1916 on the 27th of June. We went to Salt Lake to the banquet for the old people. When we got to the depot the band began to play and we marched out of the train with the lovely music playing. When we got to Salt Lake we went to the tabernacle. I expected to see my sister there, but I could not find her. There were six thousand people there over seventy so it was impossible to find her. She came to Ogden to see me and we went together to St. George and saw

all the folks and had a nice visit.

This is in 1923. Pa died on February 28, 1923. He had Bright's disease and flu and suffered fearfully for three months. Everything was done for him that could be done, and it was a relief to have him go, he suffered so terribly.

My father died on 6 April 1888 and my mother lived until 11 March 1898. They had sure worn out their bodies doing good for others. We had lived in Dixie close to my parents for several years. Then we lived in Ogden and then moved to Farr West [Harrisville], staying there until several more children were born. We moved to Idaho Falls where Arthur was made Bishop of the Ammon Ward. He was Bishop of the Ammon Ward for twenty five years or more. He was released on account of bad health. We then moved to LaGrande, Oregon and when the Union Stake was made Arthur was made Patriarch. We lived here for a few years and then moved back to Ogden where he was sustained as a Patriarch. He died from the effects of the flu and Bright's disease.

He was the last one to go from a large family and I am here yet. I am now eighty-six years old, Arthur was eighty-three and we had twelve children, one hundred and one grand children and two hundred thirty great-grandchildren and thirty great-great-grandchildren.

I have always taken in work to help get along. I have made eleven hundred quilts and have done my own work. I had eight girls to work but we were always poor and the girls had to work out to help get their clothing.

Arthur was sick over half his life and it made it hard on me and all of us. I am still making quilts. I want to stay as long as I can pay my way. I wore out three new sewing machines and now I am wearing out my hands. I have moved forty-three times since I was married. Every time we moved we lost a lot and had to work harder to get more. I am living with my youngest daughter Mattie Anderson on 12th Street in Ogden, Utah.

[Grandmother Margaret Angeline Pace Rawson passed away 19 Feb 1929 at the home of her youngest daughter, Samantha, [Mattie] and was buried from the eleventh ward in Ogden, Utah. She was buried in the Ogden Cemetery.]
Copied from her journal by her granddaughter Ida May Rawson Russell. Copy from Daughters of Utah Pioneers Museum.

Margaret A. Rawson.

OGDEN—Margaret A. Rawson, 86, widow of Arthur M. Rawson, died Tuesday night at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Martha Anderson, 186 West Twelfth street. She was born in Nauvoo, Ill., Sept. 14, 1842, and came to Utah in 1850, living in Salt Lake and Payson before coming to Ogden. She was married when 17. Surviving are the following sons and daughters: Mrs. Elizabeth Owen and Mrs. Dora M. Ball, Idaho Falls, Idaho; Mrs. Amanda Hatt, Rupert, Idaho; Mrs. Margaret A. Niles, Mrs. Anderson and Mrs. Laura Southwick, and Horace E. Rawson, Ogden; Mrs. Mary L. Grow, San Francisco; W. J. Rawson, Salt Lake, and James D. Rawson, Sandy; 101 grandchildren, 148 great-grandchildren, and 50 great-great-grandchildren.

HORACE STRONG RAWSON

Horace Strong Rawson born. . . . 15 July 1799
 Married:. 9 October 1825
 To: Elizabeth Coffin 18 October 1807
 Children:
 Mary Ann Olive. 8 October 1826
 Daniel Berry. 16 December 1827
 Samantha Priscilla. 26 April 1830
 William Coffin. 13 January 1832
 Sariah. 15 March 1834
 Oriah. 15 March 1834
 Chloe Ann. 15 August 1836
 Caleb Lindsey. 5 March 1839
 Arthur Morrison. 17 June 1840
 Sarah Urinda. 8 February 1844
 Cyrus. 14 June 1846
 Horace Franklin. 9 October 1848
 Elizabeth. 21 August 1853



Horace Strong Rawson

From the *Conquerors of the West*,
 published by the Sons of Utah Pioneers, the
 following information is quoted as written.

“Horace Strong Rawson was born in Scipio, Oneida, New York. He was the son of Reverend Daniel and Polly Strong Rawson. He married Elizabeth Coffin 9 October 1825 and they had thirteen children.

“Horace learned of the gospel and was baptized in 1831, and a year later he moved to Jackson County, Missouri, and settled near Independence. He had been Justice of the Peace in Randolph County, Indiana.

“In 1833, persecution of the saints commenced and finally they were forced to give up their arms and leave. He moved his family to Clay County but they were again forced to leave. He took an active part in helping to defend families and property.

“Finally in the winter of 1837-8, his family was driven from their home and the state. They went on to Commerce (Nauvoo) where they settled. In 1842, they moved to Lima in Hancock County. When the Saints were forced from Nauvoo and the area, Horace moved his family and goods to Council Bluffs, where they remained until 1850. They followed the saints to the Valley and settled in Ogden.

“At the organization of the stake, Horace was chosen a member of the high council. He was later elected a selectman for Weber County and also a member of the city council. He had been

Justice of the Peace in Randolph County, New York. In 1856 he was called to go to Payson where he presided over the High Priests and also served in the city council. In 1859, he returned to Ogden where he lived the rest of his life.

"He and his family were driven from their home five times, had to give up their arms twice, lived in a number of places and fought infuriated mobs. Through it all he remained faithful to the church. He was ordained a patriarch in 1880."

Horace Strong Rawson tells his own story, as quoted in the book published by Archie L. Brown in 1973¹.

"Nothing very particular transpired in my childhood only what is common until the war of 1812 with Great Britain. In 1813 the British came over Niagra River and burned Buffalo City and several other towns and drove the inhabitants off the frontiers, my Father and his family with the rest, but they again returned and in 1819 my Father and his family moved by water down the Allegheny River to Pittsburg, thence down the Ohio River to the Falls, just below Cincinnati. We came very near being lost in a gale, but the Lord in his mercy preserved us.

"My father and mother were goodly folk, reserved in all their ways. My father was a Baptist Preacher and lived up to the best light they had until their death. My father died 17 September 1824, in Washington County, Indiana, in the 54th year of his age, leaving my mother with six children, and I feeling in some degree, the obligation I was under to a kind and tender mother, done the best I could to relieve their wants. My mother died 16 May 1825 in the 35th year of her life, in the same place, leaving their children on my hands to provide for.

"On the 9th of October 1825, I married Elizabeth Coffin, daughter of William and Mary Duncan (Dunkin) Coffin. She kindly assisted me in providing for my brothers and sisters until they could take care of themselves. We labored hard and was prospered much. We then moved to Randolph County, Indiana and bought a quarter of a section of land, and soon had a nice farm with suitable buildings and settled down to life as happy as we could be with the light we then had, steadily pursuing our labors, endeavoring to the best of our abilities to keep the first commandment to multiply and replenish the earth.

"In 1831 we were baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints by Levi W. Hancock and confirmed by Zebede Coultrin, receiving the Holy Spirit, the Lord verifying His promise. I then testified to a large congregation the truth of the latter-day work.

"We soon partook of the gathering spirit, being fully convinced that the Lord had set his hand the seventh time to gather His people. We learned the place of gathering and in 1832 with several other families, moved to Jackson County, Missouri, the land of Zion. There I was ordained a teacher under the hand of Wheeler Baldwin, President of the Branch.

"We enjoyed ourselves for awhile, a very short time, filled with love toward each other, granting us the gifts and we improved on them to a great extent. We were a law abiding citizens, so

¹ Archie L. Brown 1973, *141 Years of Mormon Heritage - Rawsons, Browns, Angells-Pioneers* pp 9 to 15.

we could get into no trouble with the law but our enemies were spiteful and so in 1833 persecution commenced and increased until we were forced to deliver up our arms and leave the county.

"I saw Lyman Wight, who was our captain, deliver his sword to Colonel Boggs, exclaiming, 'Take my sword or my head I do not care a damn which,' and we were ordered to set our guns down on the Temple lot against the fence where the great Temple is to be built and dedicated unto the Lord. According to the edict of old Boggs the Saints had to leave Jackson County. Several families moved to Lafayette County, our two oldest children Mary Ann Olive and Daniel Berry traveled from Jackson County to Lafayette County bare-footed. They were without shoes during the whole winter.

"While in Lafayette I rented four acres of land from a Mr. Barnard, worked, paid for the use of it and planted it. Prospects were fair for a good crop but the mobs began howling and threatening and I was advised by Thomas B. Marsh, who was then President of the Twelve Apostles, to cross the Missouri River. I tried to sell the crop to Mr. Barnard but he refused to give me anything, he knew he could get it for nothing.

"In the Spring of 1834, Bishop Partridge and Council, who lived in Clay County requested the scattered Saints to gather there prior to the coming of the Prophet Joseph Smith with a portion of the strength of the Lord's house to redeem Zion. We were obedient to the call.

"When we left to move across the Missouri River into Clay County we left our friend Ezra Barnet—a friend indeed. The people here for awhile seemed very calm until Joseph and his little band arrived which magnified in their eyes to a degree that two hundred swelled to two thousand, and then the mob gathered on all sides, swearing that they would destroy Joseph and his band. They gathered in the night and got within a mile or two of his camp and the Lord interposed by sending his artillery from heaven in form of an awful hail-storm, shivering some of their gun stocks to pieces, cutting through their caps into their skull, deflected in their purpose they gladly left the field, carrying their wounded. The Lord verified his promise, "I will fight your battles." Peace was restored again.

"Here in 1836 I saw the Prophet Joseph for the first time and heard him preach as I never heard a man preach before, speaking of the redemption of Zion and the restoration of scattered Israel, exhorting us to be faithful and sealed up the Church to eternal life and then returned to Kirtland. The Church then moved to Caldwell County, near Farr West and settled down, hoping to enjoy peace, but in 1838 the war commenced again. A jealousy arose to the degree that all western hell boiled over.

"Boggs, G. M. Hincle (Hinckel), the old apostate, equipped the hellish clan for to destroy their fellow man. They called out eight thousand men against Farr West and Diamon. The noted Hincle betrayed Joseph and Hiram, Rigdon, Wight, Baldin and McRay into the hands of the enemy and also the rest of us, all who stood in their path or served in some way and I pray God would reward him according to his deeds.

"Now Boggs issued his extermination orders—old Clark determined to carry them out, and called a court martial comprised partially of sectarian priests and they sentenced Joseph and his followers to be shot. Next morning General Donophen of Liberty, Clay County, one of the martials [marshals] arose and said, 'Gentlemen, this is a damned blood thirsty inquisition and I will have

nothing to do with it.'

"He started back to Liberty with his regiment which frustrated their calculations, old Clark declaring to us that we need not think of seeing our brethren again, saying, 'The die is cast, the doom is fixed, their fate is sealed,' but he did not know, but God knoweth how to deliver the Godly out of temptation and tribulations, Old Boggs, Clark, Hincle and the enemy and to reserve the unjust until the day of judgement to be punished.

"In the winter of 1837, we moved to the state of Illinois, hoping to find a more hospitable people, away from relentless hands of our persecutors. We settled in the city of Nauvoo or city of Joseph. Here we enjoyed ourselves very well for some time, feasting on the teachings of the servants of God, surely we were then exalted to heaven in points of privilege, but didn't appreciate the day.

"Each time we moved I found myself building another house and started to plant and make a new start, always hoping to find security for my family.

"In 1841 I was ordained an Elder under the hand of Charles Rich and Simeon Carter and in 1842 we moved to Lima, and was ordained a High Priest under the hand of Isaac Morley, President of the Branch and also chosen one of the High Councilmen to preside over the Quorum of High Priests of the Branch and was eye witness to many of the recorded facts pertaining to the suffering of the Saints, although I wasn't present at the awful Martyrdom of the Prophet Joseph and Hiram—awful indeed, law abiding holy men of God, cast into jail, murdered in cold blood on the 27th day of June, 1844.

"In the fall of 1845, driven from our home in Nauvoo and our houses burned by Christians of Illinois, so by spring of 1846 we decided to leave the state and go into the wilderness and seek a home among the red men of the desert.

"We stopped at Council Bluffs and Uncle Sam stretched out his hand and made a requisition upon us for 500 men to help fight the Mexicans an unheard of thing, free born American citizens, driven from our native land as exiles, but it was performed to the letter. Daniel, my oldest son was one of the boys, and we, by doing so, proved our loyalty to the government.

"In 1850 we moved to the Valley of the Mountains [16 October—Wilford Woodruff Company] and settled in Ogden City. I was re-baptized by Elder Glasgo and at the organization of the Branch was chosen one of the High Councilmen, also was elected selectman and one of the city council.

"Here in the far off land, 'Sweet Mountain Home' we enjoyed our holy religion. The Lord making known more fully unto us his ways, causing great joy in our hearts.

"In the spring of 1855, we moved to Farmington, called to preside over the High Priests of that Branch. In 1856 we moved to Payson by the council of President Young. Was elected one of the City Council, also called to preside over the High Priests of that Branch. I have been in all the ups and downs of the Church from Jackson County, Missouri in 1832 til 1859. Twenty-seven years, driven five times from our homes, because we had embraced the fullness of the Gospel, the free gift of God to man, notwithstanding all the persecution and tribulations we have had to endure.

"The Church has kept a steady onward march, increasing in knowledge and numbers

continually until from six numbers in 1832 to over one hundred thousand in 1859, showing that the Lord is abundantly able to carry on his own work. We were now organized into a territorial government with President Brigham Young as governor. We enjoy peace and tranquility in the land until Uncle Sam wouldn't stand it any longer. In 1857 he sent an army of 13,000 men, the flower of the United States, causing our quietude to cease and arranging affairs, on purpose, to oppose the work of God and his people.

"But if we are the Saints of God we will be falsely accused, for the Savior said, 'Then lift up your heads, and be exceedingly glad, for so persecuted they the Prophets which were before you,' and the Lord over ruled in this, causing an investigation to take place and peace was restored again.

"So we will acknowledge his hand in all things for eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of natural man, the blessings laid up in store for them that walk uprightly before Him, for it is the spirit of our religion, to keep the law of the land. If we keep the law of God we have no need to break the law of the land. It is for us to deal justly, love mercy and walk humbly with God.

"So I will conclude by saying, that I have not written the half, but what I have written is true. (Signed) H. S. Rawson."

Archie L. Brown continued: "To further illustrate what a giant of a man Horace Strong Rawson was, I have decided to go one step further in relating this talk given by him at a Rawson Reunion held in Ogden, Utah in November 1873 at the home of Orville and Sarah Urinda (Rawson) Child. He states:

"This is a day I have long desired to see—a family meeting of all my children and my children's children, all that are alive now on earth. I feel thankful for this privilege. I esteem it a great blessing, not only meeting my children but all those connected with our family. I desire to esteem all of you as my children hoping that there never will be, but that our love and friendship may continually increase until it shall be like a three fold cord that is not easily broken. And another thing I esteem of great importance that we all belong to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, the greatest boon of God to man. Therefore, my children, let me advise you—let what may come on the earth, to stand fast in that liberty wherein you are made free, and you shall be free indeed, that is always keeping the commandments of God and the requirements of Heaven—then let me tell you, you never will apostatize and have to bear the reproach of heaven and earth, cause great sorrow to your friends and lose your own soul's salvation.

"Remember this life is a probation but yet it is long enough for us if we wish to be saved. Remember eternity is just before us when we shall launch forth into a higher state of development where time is not measured to man, where we shall see as we are seen and know as we are known. I will try to set before you the things as they are with me; new associations have been formed; new branches woven in individual cares and responsibilities having been linked with the fundamental

household cause which is dear to each member.

"Here we are all, the grey-haired sire and grandsire with my best of all God's gifts to me, the partner of my life, sharer of my every joy and hopes, consoler of my griefs—my faithful wife, who hath born me the myriads of kindred hearts, brothers and sisters, husbands and wives, and all your children, all congregated once more at Father's house. There should be no timid spirit fearing to be seen or heard there, nor is restraint felt. One is not higher nor greater than the rest, but all alike are free and equal².

Talk by Horace Strong Rawson At the Rawson Family Reunion held in 1876 - in Ogden.

'The fourth of July 1776 was the birthday of the government of these United States of America which was achieved by the blessing and power of Almighty God. We, as Latter-day Saints can truly appreciate the same.

Likewise, the 15th of the same month 1799 was the birthday of him who now stands before you, which makes him seventy-seven years old, a living monument of the mercies of an indulgent God, and we feel that we are very highly privileged at this time of beholding all your faces once more in this life, our children and our children's children, and those connected by marriage, also our friends; for which we have called you together at this time, as well as to commemorate my birthday and the centennial year of our government, for which we feel glad and surely appreciate the same.

Sometimes we marvel and wonder when we look down through the dark vista of time and behold you again, our posterity, an almost innumerable multitude.

What shall we say—a righteous branch of the House of Israel. The thought of this makes me elated with joy. To be sure this is anticipation, but what do we behold before us? A good foundation, and the prospects are very bright.

We look upon you our children, as a posterity blessed of the Lord, which, if you continue faithfully, we shall also participate in our anticipation, a righteous branch in the house of Israel—Abraham's seed and heirs according to promise. When this comes to pass then we can exclaim thus:

Then we can feel and see and know
All our desires or wish below
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of Joy.

The great and glorious Millennial morn
Is watching in a glorious form
Will make us wise so be His bride
We'll be nurtured near His side.

² Ibid, p 17

Anticipation cheers the heart
And nerves us up to do our part
That we may be wise, walk in the light
Our lamps and armour shining bright,"

You need never have any doubt respecting the truth of Mormonism, my children and friends, for it is abundantly proven to every candid mind who honestly investigates the doctrines. Be you assured that all who keep the commandments of God will never fall away. To be carnally minded is death, but to be spiritually minded is life and peace.

We are not very worthy examples for you, but we generally have done the best we could under the circumstances. We often had offers from the world if we would leave the Church. They would provide a home for us, but we felt that we would rather suffer with the people of God than to enjoy all the pleasures of sin. We feel so yet and always expect to.

When you behold us you see the sands of our hour-glass have about run out, yet we keep the faith which was first delivered to us. We glorify in it. It is our anchor to the soul—sure and steadfast. If we are faithful to the end then we shall go to a higher state of existence where persecution will be no more.

We shall ever be living in the learning of God. We will do all we can for our dead and prove ourselves as saviors on Mount Zion and where the kingdom is the Lord's. Let us discharge our duties to the best of our abilities, then when we meet our kindred in yonder world we shall hail them with delight. There, you see my children, the travail of my unbridled mind looking back on our past lives with gratitude to God, stretching forth into the future and with great anticipation, therefore we have the greatest reason to rejoice and be exceedingly glad of any people on earth, for we have embraced the Gospel of Christ and are not deceived. Therefore, I will bring my remarks to a close, hoping that you will improve the time, and I think the time was well improved for there was quite a number that spoke both male and female. Father Butler made a very appropriate speech on the occasion, also Arthur, Cyrus and Frank Rawson, Harvey Taylor, Nancy Rawson and Sariah Owen, to our great surprise for all her long sickness, so you see we had a very good time, long to be remembered.

Now, these are sentiments of my heart. As this is the first meeting attempted of this kind, let us enjoy ourselves the best we ever can, in every way that will be commendable.

This is the first anniversary, let it not be the last, for I wish this to be held annually. If we will keep up these family meetings with energy and zeal, I will prophesy that in a few years it will be a meeting desirable.

Here, I wish to say, I mean to have a record book and have all your names recorded therein, both the living and the dead, and have it handed down from father to son, to the last generation on the earth, in order that genealogies as a family may be kept.

Let us not be disobedient, lest the holy Priesthood be taken from us for by this Priesthood we receive all the blessings of a spiritual nature, the deaf may hear, the blind may see, the dead are raised up, devils are cast out, and to all the world the gospel is preached.

In all the gospel we can see there a steady progression and will be unto the consummation of God's Eternal purposes on the earth, unto the restoration of scattered Israel, and the fulfillment of the prediction of the Prophets. They declare that the spirit of God shall be poured out upon all flesh, so that the enmity of man and enmity of beasts shall cease, and all shall know the Lord.

As we hold fast to the rod of iron—until established free in Zion:

Therefore my children courage take

And your covenants never break,

Which is the prayer and desire

Of your Father and Sire

We shall be free, and sure is our reward

By listening to the Prophet's voice, the Zion of the Lord.

We shall come off triumphant then,

And sure is our reward

By listening to the Prophets voice

The Zion of the Lord.³

Horace Strong Rawson died 10 October 1882 in Ogden, Weber, Utah

HORACE STRONG RAWSON (Obituary)

Daily Herald 14 October 1882

Funeral Services over the remains of the late Patriarch Horace Strong Rawson were held at the family residence on Thursday afternoon, 12 October 1882. The services were conducted by Bishop N. C. Flygare. After the opening hymn Patriarch Samuel Eggleston engaged in prayer. The assembly, which was very large, was addressed by President D. H. Perry, Elders Joseph Hall, Lorin Farr, S. Eggleston, and Bishop N. C. Flygare, all of whom have been acquainted with the deceased for many years, some for a quarter of a century and one of them, Elder Lorin Farr had known him for forty years.

Father Rawson was one of the earliest recipients of the Gospel, as revealed to the Prophet, having embraced it in 1831 and was identified with much of the history of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. He bore an excellent character for honesty and up-righteousness. His faith was unimpeachable. His last words to his family were "Hold fast to these glorious principles of truth."

³ Lois Owen Chapman, *Rawson Family Records*.

ELIZABETH COFFIN

Elizabeth Coffin born..... 18 October 1807
Married:..... 9 October 1825
To: Horace Strong 15 July 1799
Children:
Mary Ann Olive..... 8 October 1826
Daniel Berry..... 16 December 1827
Samantha Priscilla..... 26 April 1830
William Coffin..... 13 January 1832
Sariah..... 15 March 1834
Oria..... 15 March 1834
Chloe Ann..... 15 August 1836
Caleb Lindsey..... 5 March 1839
Arthur Morrison..... 17 June 1840
Sarah Urinda..... 8 February 1844
Cyrus..... 14 June 1846
Horace Franklin..... 9 October 1848
Elizabeth..... 21 August 1853



Elizabeth Coffin

Elizabeth was the daughter of Mary Duncan (Dunkin) and William Coffin. Her life has not been recorded except the few words written by her husband, Horace Strong Rawson. His writings reveal that she was a strong, faithful partner helping to care for his six siblings and then bearing thirteen children. She was by his side to the end.

I quote the following from his biography. “My father and mother were goodly folk, reserved in all their ways. My father was a Baptist Preacher and lived up to the best light they had until their death. My father died 17 September 1824, in Washington County, Indiana, in the 54th year of his age, leaving my mother with six children, and I feeling in some degree, the obligation I was under to a kind and tender mother, done the best I could to relieve their wants. My mother died 16 May 1825 in the 35th year of her life, in the same place, leaving their children on my hands to provide for.

“On the 9th of October 1825, I married Elizabeth Coffin, daughter of William and Mary Duncan [Dunkin] Coffin. She kindly assisted me in providing for my brothers and sisters until they could take care of themselves. We labored hard and was prospered much. We then moved to Randolph County, Indiana and bought a quarter of a section of land, and soon had a nice farm with suitable buildings and settled down to life as happy as we could be with the light we then had, steadily pursuing our labors, endeavoring to the best of our abilities to keep the first commandment to multiply and replenish the earth.

"In 1831 we were baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints by Levi W. Hancock and confirmed by Zebede Coultrin, receiving the Holy Spirit, the Lord verifying His promise. I then testified to a large congregation the truth of the latter-day work.

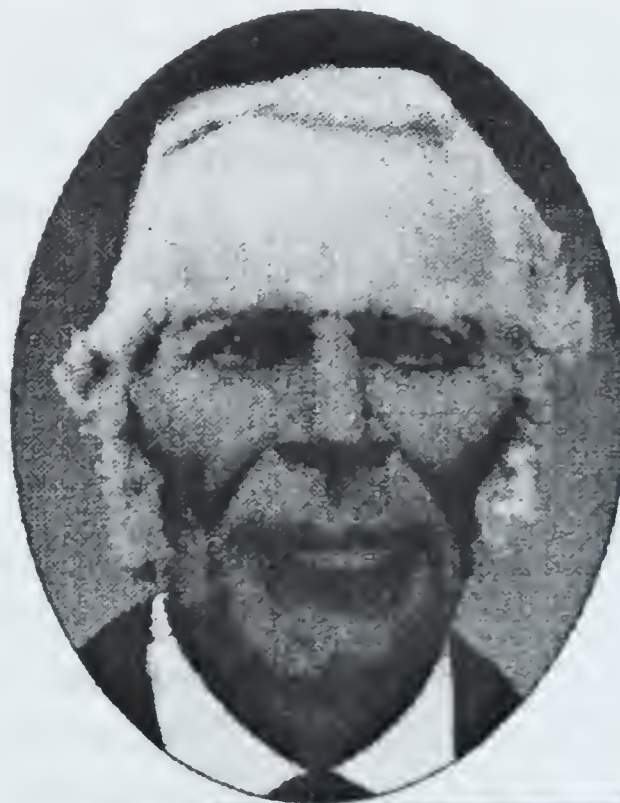
"We soon partook of the gathering spirit, being fully convinced that the Lord had set his hand the seventh time to gather His people. We learned the place of gathering and in 1832 with several other families, moved to Jackson County, Missouri, the land of Zion. There I was ordained a teacher under the hand of Wheeler Baldwin, President of the Branch.

"We enjoyed ourselves for awhile, a very short time, filled with love toward each other, granting us the gifts and we improved on them to a great extent. We were law abiding citizens, so we could get into no trouble with the law but our enemies were spiteful and so in 1833 persecution commenced and increased until we were forced to deliver up our arms and leave the county."

Elizabeth died 21 April 1890 in Ogden, Weber County, Utah at the age of 82. Horace died prior to her death 10 October 1882 at the age of 83.

PACE ANCESTRY - JAMES EDWARD PACE, Jr.

James Edward Pace Jr. born..... 15 June 1811
 Married 21 March 1831
 To: Lucinda Gibson Strickland 16 June 1805
 Children:
 William Byram 9 February 1832
 James Finis 20 February 1834
 Mary Ann 20 October 1835
 Warren Sidney 28 December 1837
 Martha Elmina 15 April 1840
 Margaret Angeline 14 September 1842
 John Ezra 12 July 1845
 Amanda Lucinda 18 February 1850



James Edward Pace, Jr.

Compiled by Carolyn Calkins from the sources as noted below¹.

In researching family lines, the first record we find of the Pace family in America is in Jamestown, Virginia.

Richard Pace was born in Wapping Wall, Middlesex, England in 1583 and was a carpenter by trade. He and his wife Isabelle Smyth were married in St Dunstan, Stepney, London, England on 5 October 1608. They came from England prior to 1616 and were "Ancient Planters", a term applied to the early settlers of Jamestown, Virginia, [those] arriving prior to 1620. They established a plantation called "Paces's Paines" on the south shore of the James River nearly opposite Jamestown. As "Ancient Planters" they were granted one hundred acres apiece by the Virginia Colony²."

Jamestown, Virginia, was founded 14 May 1607 under the auspices of the Virginia Company of London. Jamestown was primarily a profit-oriented colony whose stockholders in England hoped to reap quick and easy riches from their initial investments. Organizers of the company wanted to expand English trade and obtain a wider market for English manufactured goods. They were hoping for financial profit from their investment in shares of company stock. Most of the women colonists didn't arrive until twelve years later. The first slave ships with Africans arrived in 1619 making Jamestown the birthplace of American slavery. The settlers at Jamestown were members of the

¹ *Peteetneet Town, A History of Payson Utah* by Madeline C. Dixon; *Five Hundred Wagons Stood Still, Mormon Battalion Wives* by Shirley N. Maynes; Census Records and Historical Notes from UVFHC library.

² Martha W. McCartney, 2007, *Virginia Immigrants and Adventurers 1607-1635: a Biographical Dictionary*, p 527

Anglican faith, the official Church of England.”

Richard Pace died in Jamestown 1 September 1627. His wife, Isabelle died in Jamestown, James City, Virginia in 1635. We have little knowledge of life in Jamestown, but the following interesting experience that Richard had, which resulted in saving the lives of many of the Jamestown settlers, occurred in 1622³.

“In 1621 word reached James Towne that Opechancanough (a Chief of the Powhatan Indians and Chief after the death of Powhatan) intended to use the ceremony of “the taking up of Powhatans bones” as an empire wide cue to destroy simultaneously every English plantation. Opechancanough denied it, but Governor Yeardley (governor of the Jamestown settlement at that time) was taking no chances. He visited each English settlement, took a general census of all mep. [men] and weapons (a record which, alas, does not survive), and called on them to keep constant guard. The English population had grown between 1,200 and 1,400 by March 1622. Although, according to John Smith (who wasn't there), the massacre was triggered by the death of Nemattanow, alias Jack the Feather.

“It's true that we do not know the specifics of Opechancanough's “great threats of revenge,” but the fact that he got an answer from the English makes it clear that his reaction to Jack's death was not merely for effect. Coupling these threats with those made at Powhatan's funeral, the colonists had good reason to look to their defenses, yet they seem to have done nothing until a small boat grounded before dawn on the shore at James Towne. Out of it clambered a breathless Richard Pace. He had rowed three miles in the dark from his plantation in Quiyoughcohanock territory, carrying a warning from a friendly Indian named Chanco who, though “belonging to one Perry,” was living in Pace's house. Waking Pace, who the subsequent report stated “used him as a Sonne,” Chanco revealed that he had received instructions to kill him and that in the morning others would come “from divers places to finish the Execution.” Chanco had received his orders from his brother (another of William Perry's Indians) who was spending the night with him, and we may deduce that Chanco got out of bed ostensibly to do the murder and instead gave his warning.

“There is no evidence that Chanco intended anything more treacherous to his own people than saving the life of a man who had been like a father to him, and as he turned up again a year later as an envoy for Openchananough, it is possible that none of his people knew that his was the weak link in the chain of Indian vengeance.

³ Ivor Noel Hume, Published by Alfred A. Knopf, New York 1994, *The Virginia Adventure*. Researched by Dennis Skinner

Indeed, a letter written by retired Virginia Company treasurer Sir Edwin Sandys, after all the post-massacre reports had been analyzed in London, indicated that warnings had come from more than one Indian. However, that documentation being lost, we are left only with the story of Richard Pace's famous rowing exploit carrying Chanco's warning to James Towne.

"No details survive to tell us what happened there after Governor Wyatt received Pace's report and the settlers braced themselves for the impending onslaught. The only detailed account was later published in London, using information derived from several eyewitness reports, and like most Company-approved releases, it no doubt edited out bits that failed to fit the scenario. Virtually nothing is said about any attack on James Towne beyond the statement that as the result of Pace's warning, an attack "was prevented there, and at such other Plantations as was possible for a timely intelligence to be given." Without specifying whether it meant James Towne or the other warned plantations, the report added only that "where they saw us standing upon our Guard, at the sight of a Peece [musket] they all ranne away." So there went our best hope of learning anything specific about James Fort's ability to withstand assault—the closing of its gates, the method of manning its palisades, or the firing of its guns. Indeed there is no certainty that it was even attacked.

This catastrophe dealt a crippling blow to the struggling colony of the 1240 English living in Virginia, as about 340 were killed by the "Pagan Infidels". No deaths were reported from Jamestown Island or from plantations on either side of the river in its immediate vicinity. The communities about seven miles downstream were completely surprised and suffered the loss of life."

Throughout most of its history, parts of the territory that old Virginia once claimed were carved off to form parts of other states. Parts of Virginia became part of North Carolina, Pennsylvania, Kentucky, Maryland, Tennessee, Indiana, Illinois and West Virginia. Tennessee had become a state in 1790. State lines were changed with Indian wars, the Civil war and political issues before the eventual admission of a state to the union. Birth records could be listed in any of the adjoining states. In viewing the Pace family pedigree chart we see births in Virginia, North Carolina, New Orleans, Louisiana and then to Tennessee. From the 1600s to 1800, tracing the migratory trends, we can see the population spreading westward along the navigable river system. Undoubtably, the Pace men were engaged in the battles for freedom from tyranny, the rights of slave owners or the rights of those who opposed slavery.

We pick up the story of the Pace family with James Edward Pace, Senior. He was 34 years old when he went off to war to fight with Andrew Jackson's "mismatched group of militia and pirates" in the war of 1812. The British had launched an effort to seize a portion of southern Louisiana, including the prized city of New Orleans.

Captain James Pace served with the 2nd Regiment West Tennessee Volunteer Mounted Gunmen with Colonel Thomas Williamson. "This regiment was part of General John Coffee's brigade that fought at Pensacola and New Orleans. Marching from Fayetteville to Camp Gaines (30 miles from Fort Montgomery,) they helped Jackson take the port of Pensacola from the Spanish on 7 November 1814. Williamson's men then participated in all of the engagements at New Orleans, where they were part of the left line of Jackson's breastworks. In March 1815 they returned to Tennessee via the Natchez Trace⁴."

James was one of the few fatalities in the Battle of New Orleans on 23 December 1814. The accounts state that the British losses were approximately 700 killed and 1400 wounded and American losses amounted to 8 killed and 13 wounded. However, James was killed before the renowned "Battle of New Orleans" which actually occurred on 8 January 1815, several weeks after the Treaty of Ghent was signed. The treaty had provided that the hostilities were to continue until both sides ratified the agreement. However, that did not occur until February 1815.

James Sr. left behind his wife, Mary Ann Loving and eight children—six daughters and two sons. Elizabeth was then fifteen, Nancy thirteen, Neomy or Amy twelve, Rutha eleven, Margaret six, and the baby, Zany one year old. Their son William [Byram] was seven years old and James Edward Pace, Jr was just three.

In the Murfreesboro, Rutherford County, Tennessee census of 1810 James Edward Pace Sr. was living near his father and mother, William and Ruth Lambert Pace. His brothers William, Wilson and John were also listed with their families. James' father William was listed as having one son and one daughter under ten years of age and one son between the ages of ten and sixteen living at home. He and his wife were listed as age forty-five and over. They had no slaves listed on the census.

One might assume that Mary Ann received support and help with her children from her husband's parents and his brothers' families after the death of her husband. However, we have no record of James Jr.'s youth until the report of his marriage to Lucinda Gibson Strickland on 21 March 1831 in Murfreesboro, Rutherford, Tennessee.

⁴Lucinda Gibson Strickland was born on 16 June 1805 in Rutherford County, Tennessee to Warren Gibson Strickland and Mary Anderson. [Warren Strickland was a judge born in North Carolina.] James Pace and Lucinda were living in the same vicinity when they met and were married 21 March 1831 at Murfreesboro, Rutherford County, Tennessee.

⁴ Tom Kanon, Tennessee State Library and Archives. *Regimental Histories of Tennessee Units During the War of 1812*.

⁵ Shirley N. Maynes, *Five Hundred Wagons Stood Still - Mormon Battalion Wives*.

Their first son, William Bryan [Byram], was born in Murfreesboro on 9 February 1832. Soon after, James, Lucinda and son moved to Shelbyville, Illinois. When they were settled, James journeyed back to Tennessee to get Lucinda's parents and move them to Shelbyville. A sad tragedy occurred when their second son, James Finis, was born. During the summer of 1834, an epidemic of Ague was prevalent and Lucinda's mother as well as the newborn son died. A daughter, Mary Ann, was born on 20 October 1835.

In April of 1837, James and Lucinda heard Dominicus Carter, a missionary representing the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, preach concerning a new gospel that they believed was true. On 14 April the two were baptized and confirmed members of the "Mormon Church." By September of the same year, Almon Abbot organized a branch of the Church in their neighborhood where James was ordained to the office of a Deacon. Later on that year their son, Warren Sidney was born and in 1840 a daughter, Martha Elmina, became a member of the Pace household. The Pace family now consisted of their four children with Lucinda's father and her brothers and sisters living nearby.

The family moved to Nauvoo, Illinois where they met with the Prophet Joseph Smith who advised the family to remain there and James was assigned to be a worker on the Nauvoo Temple.

During this period of time, James was a body guard for the prophet and served with the police force in Nauvoo.

In 1844, James went on a mission to Arkansas leaving Lucinda to care for the children. Upon his return, he and Lucinda received their endowments in the Nauvoo Temple and a month later, on January 20, 1846 they were sealed to each other.

James and Lucinda began making preparations to leave Nauvoo along with other Saints because of pressures from mob interaction. The family made a special wagon that would provide them with shelter during the long journey to the Rocky Mountains. Lucinda obtained clothing, bedding, soap, flour, other breadstuffs, spices, beans and dried food, plus cooking and eating utensils. James obtained a cow for the milk, sheep for food, tools, seeds, a good tent and enough furniture to supply two families. The Saints were told, if at all possible, to be self-sufficient.

Church leaders studied John C. Fremont's maps and reports of his many expeditions. Word was sent to all members of the Church, including Saints living in other states, that the spring destination would be, "some good valley in the neighborhood of the Rocky Mountains." Church leaders vowed to take all those who wanted to leave, even the poor. Arrangements were made to accommodate them⁶.

⁶ History of the Church Volume 7:570

They, with other church members, crossed the Mississippi River by February 1846. The families, including William Pace, brother of James, journeyed on a cold snowy day across the frozen river to the Sugar Creek Camp. At the time there was eight inches of snow on the ground. Their outfit consisted of a two-horse wagon covered with common sheeting. They had no other shelter. Leaving Lucinda and six children, James returned to Nauvoo to stand guard at the Temple. When the Temple caught on fire, James helped to extinguish the flames.

After James returned to his family, traveling companies were organized 1 March 1846. Under the leadership of Brigham Young, the pioneers began their trek to the Rocky Mountains. The company crossed the Des Moines River where farms were seen along the countryside and some of the men obtained work from the farmers. Their pay consisted of meat, bacon, potatoes, corn and other food items. The hungry Saints welcomed the food.

The companies stopped at Garden grove, Iowa to make a temporary settlement, raise crops and send teams back to help others leaving Nauvoo. James, Lucinda and family continued on and reached Mt. Pisgah where again the group stopped to build log cabins and plant crops for others who would be coming at a future time.

About this time, President Brigham Young and two other apostles visited Mt. Pisgah. The purpose of their visit was to inform the Saints that President James Polk had sent word through Captain James Allen of the U.S. Army, that five hundred men were needed to form a Battalion. This Battalion was to march to California in defense of the United States in the war against Mexico. James enlisted and became First Lieutenant in Company "E" under the command of Captain Daniel Davis. Because of his rank, he was entitled to a servant, so he filled this position by taking his son, William Byram, a lad of fourteen years with him. Byram went along as his assistant and in time was advanced to the rank of general in the Nauvoo Legion-Utah Militia. with him. He left Lucinda and children at Mt. Pisgah with her father and other members of her family, as well as members from James' family.

When James was discharged from the army on 16 July 1847 at Pueblo De Los Angeles, a company under his command, along with Andrew Lytle, known as the Lytle-Pace Company, was formed to bring the men to the Great Salt Lake Valley. Both men had been lieutenants in Company "E" of the Battalion. The company arrived in Salt Lake on 16 October 1847. James reported that when they entered the valley, they found men constructing a fort. The height of the fort at that time was about three feet high and the returning men were able to speed its completion.

The men were disappointed when they found that all of their wives and families were not there. Many of their families had remained in Iowa and Nebraska.

With James Pace as their leader, a group of men decided to brave the one thousand-mile trek across the plains, during the winter months in order to reach their families. Young William Byram Pace accompanied his father. The journey proved very difficult and the group encountered many hardships and trials. Many of them were inadequately clothed and food was scarce consisting mostly of animals that were killed along the way. James reported that "they were accustomed to all of these things."

The group finally arrived at Winter Quarters on 18 December 1847. James and William continued on to Mt. Pisgah. Lucinda and family were overjoyed to see their husband, father and brother again. The two men were relieved to know they had made it back to their family having traveled nearly five thousand miles to do so. James took a stroll around the settlement. He found, on the west banks of the Missouri River, well-planned streets but homes were nothing more than crude huts and dugouts. An old fashioned flat-bottomed boat was stationed between Winter Quarters and the eastern shore. On the east side of the Missouri River several settlements had been formed. Some of those settlements were Council Bluffs, Cutterville and Key Creek just to name a few. Council Bluffs, at various times, was called "Miller's Hollow" and "Kanesville."

James, Lucinda and family remained in Iowa for a short time; then they moved to St. Joseph, Missouri where James found employment. They needed a good outfit, team and many supplies in order to cross the vast plains. Finally, everything was in order for the family to leave for the valley.

The entire Pace family, including Lucinda's father, and the newest addition to the family, four month old Amanda, left Kanesville, Iowa in the spring of 1850."

Margaret Angeline was 8 years old at that time and recalled the journey. She said, "I can remember many things that happened along the way with our ox teams. One morning the men drove up a herd of buffalo and they killed what they needed for meat. At that time we camped for two days and the women washed and ironed while the men cured the meat. They drove two sticks into the ground placing an iron across and hung iron kettles filled with strong salt water over the fire. When it was boiling hot they dropped the meat in and out and then dried it and put it in sacks. I haven't forgotten yet how good it tasted.

"My father was the captain of fifty families. I had two brothers and two sisters that were grown up. The young folks sure had a good time. They would clear a place and have a dance when the moon was bright. There were two good fiddlers in our company.

"The company ahead of us had a hard time. They had cholera bad and many people were dying from it. I remember one morning a lot of us children started on ahead of the teams and came to a nice big feather bed at the side of the road. It was all made up with nice big pillows. We all got in the bed and were there when the folks caught up to us. They were so scared as they were sure that

someone had died in it. They were sure that some of us would get the cholera. We never got it. We were surely blessed that time.

"We were blessed all the time. We had plenty to eat. We never had to churn, for mother would strain the milk into a crock churn and at the end of the day we would have a roll of butter.

"One morning a lot of us children were ahead and we saw a lot of black rocks standing up. It looked like Indians. We ran back and told our parents that a lot of Indians were just ahead of us. My father knew about the rock as he had walked to California with the Mormon Battalion and back to Illinois⁷."

The Pace family's arrival in the valley was anticipated and James had an assignment waiting for him. Brigham Young knew that James would be the man he could count on to send south.

From *Peteetneet Town, A History of Payson, Utah* by Madoline C. Dixon we have the following report:

"Three days after the first pioneers arrived in the Valley of the Great Salt Lake, July 24, 1847, President Brigham Young sent a scouting party south into Utah Valley. They returned with reports of the location of Utah Lake and of several streams which emptied into it and of their sources in the majestic mountains. They noted that the soil was fertile, as indicated by the luxuriant growth of sagebrush, and believed it well adapted to cultivation.

Their report was verified two years later in the government survey of John C. Fremont, who had passed through the Utah area as early as 1830. He had also heard of the Escalante Expedition of 1776. Brigham Young knew of the location of every stream and rivulet and intended to make use of them in building the Mormon Empire in the West.

In 1849, President Young sent men to colonize the area where Provo River emptied into Utah Lake. In 1850 his people made a nucleus of settlements on other waters, arriving at Grove Creek (Pleasant Grove) in July, at Dry Creek (Lehi) September 12th and at Hobble Creek (Springville) on September 18th.

He knew of the existence of still another stream, located at the far end of Utah Valley. His men called it Peteetneet Creek. Here he would send settlers to establish another colony. This would be the last outpost for the time being.

In Salt Lake Valley the Mormon leader began looking about for colonizers to send south. Andrew Jackson Stewart, a good man with a team, and his family, had arrived in the Valley on September 16th, 1850. There was also John Courtland Searle and his young wife, Jerusha, a good combination to send to the wilderness south. They had arrived with the wagon train from the East on September 23rd.

But Governor Young had one more man in mind for the new settlement. This man was James Pace, said to be a born frontiersman and expected to arrive in the Valley any day. Pace had served well with the Mormon Battalion in the Mexican War, and after receiving an honorable

⁷ Grammar, spelling and punctuation modernized.

discharge in California, had made his way back to his family at Winter Quarters, Iowa. He would come to the Valley from the East as a captain of fifty wagons. The church president had faith that James Pace would be a valuable man in the settlement at Peteetneet Creek."

Margaret Angeline wrote: "My father was a good man and did a great work for the church. I remember when we got to Salt Lake, Father drove up in front of Brigham Young's home and he came out and met Father and told him to go and start a settlement by a little creek called Peteetneet which was about 80 miles south of Salt Lake City. Father went with a few families and others kept coming. Soon we had a nice little settlement."

When Pace and his family drove into Salt Lake Valley in mid October they were immediately assigned to lead the way south. The load from the three Pace wagons was redistributed. Some of their possessions were left with friends. They packed a single wagon for their journey to Peteetneet.

The distance of about sixty miles was covered in approximately a week. The way was dry and travel conditions were comparatively good. The pioneers, with most of their worldly goods loaded into three covered wagons, stopped at the new settlements along the route, exchanging news and information about the area.

As they came within sight of the southern end of Utah Valley they noted the rugged mountains that circled the area. They saw the clumps of trees growing along what they believed to be Peteetneet, a stream that flowed from the canyon across the gentle slope to Utah Lake.

Approaching their new home they peered anxiously from their wagons. Ahead of them they saw the waters of the creek and headed their oxen toward the grove of trees at its bank. This would make a good camp ground for the night and for days and nights to come.

Then as their entourage approached the stream, 14-year-old Allison Hill leaped from one of the wagons and ran ahead of the others. He was the first to drink from the creek that would sustain them in their new home.

Before the day had ended the pioneers had dipped the clear, cold water from the creek and carried it to their tables for the evening meal. The story would be told time and time again through the years that followed. The date was October 20, 1850.

The first settlers of the new colony at Peteetneet were sixteen in number: James Pace, his wife, Lucinda and their children, William Byram, Mary Ann, Warren Sidney, Martha Elmina, John Ezra, and Amanda Lucinda [Margaret Angeline's name was somehow omitted from the list but she recorded a personal account of the arrival of the group.]; Andrew Jackson Stewart, his wife, Eunice Haws and their children, Sarah Catherine and Andrew Jackson Jr; John Courtland Searle and his wife, Jerusha Morrison Hill and her brother Allison Hill; and Nathaniel Haws, a brother of Eunice Haws Stewart.

The first work involved cutting poles and building corrals to hold the stock. Andrew Jackson Stewart also made plans to draw a survey of the area, as directed by Brigham Young. John Courtland Searle dug the first irrigation ditch in the colony. The ditch joined the creek near the grove where the settlers made their first camp.

Margaret Angeline recalled, "I well remember how it looked when we stopped by the little creek. There were a few Indian tents. The Indians were near by and almost naked and it was September [as she remembered it.] It was a very pretty place—a lot of green grass and trees along the creek and the mountains close by with lots of timber.

Soon after we arrived, Father got logs and built two log rooms. The roof was covered with grass brush and then dirt. They cut sod where it was damp and built the chimney. We had ground floors and we hung up quilts at the doors the men set up. A saw mill was started in the canyon and then we had doors and floors of wood. We were able to live in peace and happiness for two years or more."

The colonists immediately went to work harvesting the wild hay that grew in abundance in the regions north of their camp. They cut the cottonwoods along the creek and started to build their cabins. These homes were located somewhat east and south of the place where they spent the first weeks in their wagons. The first houses were built on Third North, from Second West to Second East streets.

In December of 1850 Brigham Young issued a call for volunteers to join the company at Peteetneet and others were planning to go south. On December 11, 1850, a company started from Salt Lake City to go as far as Peteetneet and beyond "for the purpose of organizing church groups and for investigating places for settlement." The company consisted of 101 wagons and carriages, 119 men over 14 years of age, 30 women, 18 children under 14 years of age, plus a large number of oxen, cows, goats, horses and chickens.

President George A. Smith and his companions met at the Pace home and wrote reports, letters and a history of their journey to this point. But of all the business taken care of at the Pace cabin that day, December 20, 1850, the organization of a branch of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was of greatest importance to those who were the residents of the settlement. James Pace was appointed President or Presiding Elder of the settlement. Elder Smith delivered an address recommending that all present who were old enough be re-baptized, especially those who had not been baptized since crossing the plains; that a record be kept in regular form; that meetings be held once a week and that "we partake of the sacrament."

He also advised that "we pay particular attention to the education of the children;" that the fort be picketed; and that each man should take a small piece of land, fence it, and till it well.

Elder Smith wrote, under date of December 20, 1850, that "Great credit is due Capt. Pace for the energy he has manifested in making this settlement, 20 miles from any other. Under his direction a fine and extensive settlement may soon be looked for by pioneers of the mountains."

March 21, 1851 President Brigham Young and his party arrived about three o'clock in the afternoon and stopped overnight with James Pace. They were on a tour of the settlements of Utah County. Later that day, Parley P. Pratt and Charles C. Rich and company arrived and formed a corral on the west side of the fort. The next day they were joined by a large number of settlers bound for California,. A day later, Sunday, March 23rd, a meeting was held in the fort and the congregation

was addressed by Charles C. Rich, Heber C. Kimball and Amasa M. Lyman. That evening another meeting was held at the home of James Pace. Benjamin Cross was ordained a high priest and set apart as Bishop. Another event that occurred that evening was recorded by William Byram Pace in his journal: "It was in March . . . 1851 that President Brigham Young named Peteetneet Creek "Payson" after my father, James Pace, and son. "Pacen" was the first spelling."

Margaret wrote, "Troubles started with the Indian war and we had to live in a fort all closed in. One night the bishop had us all go to the meeting house. The women and children on the inside and the men outside. One of the guards got killed. The Indians made a raid on Provo and killed two men. We had trouble for a few years."

In 1852 James Pace and Elias Gardner were called to serve missions in England. They left in August, leaving behind plural wives and children in the care of other families in Payson.

James spent three years in England and then returned to his family in Payson. Their home was located at an address that in 1973 was known as about 413 North Main Street. It was outside the fort and when visitors asked where James Pace lived, they were told that his place was "out in the meadows."

Margaret wrote: "Before Father was called on a mission, we sure had good times. We had a good school and a dancing school which we enjoyed very much. We were all broken up when Father left.

When Father got home from his mission, the Indian war was over, a town site was laid out and all built on their lots. We soon had a nice little town built."

In 1859 James pioneered at Spring Lake and with James Butler built the original part of a 40-room "mud castle" that in 1861 they sold to Joseph E. Johnson. In 1861 he was called to help settle the Dixie country in southern Utah. He labored in Washington, Harmony and St. George for about a year and then in 1862 moved to Thatcher, Arizona, where he died April 6, 1888, at age 77.

Throughout his life, James Pace showed courage and integrity. He was a respected 'frontiersman' and colonizer. He had great strength of character and followed his convictions as well as following the direction of the prophet.

Patriarchal Blessing given by Hyrum Smith

“The patriarchal blessing of James Pace son of James and Mary Ann Pace,
born in middle Tennessee the 15th day of June 1811.”

I lay my hands upon your head in the name of Jesus of Nazareth to place a blessing upon your head for your consolation to be fulfilled hereafter, which blessing shall be by promise and sealed by the sealing power which is vested in me for the time shall come when you shall feel the power of God to work which shall work until the great object in view shall be accomplished for his spirit shall be upon you in power, as upon the residue of his servants which he hath called and chosen to prune the vineyard for the last time and to push the people together from the ends of the earth as the horns of Joseph as the thousands of Ephraim, Manasah and the ten thousands of Ephraim there ye are called and chosen and shall be blest in your calling for ye are of Joseph in the lineage of Ephraim and your calling and inheritance shall be accordingly and ye shall be blest with the anointing and endowments in the House of the Lord and shall be qualified with due diligence shall it be accomplished even your mission according to your calling you shall be blest spiritually and temporally also, which are minor blessings aside from the importance of your call and your years shall be many and crowned with an holy hand and a celestial crown in the Resurrection of the just together with the order of the priesthood upon the heads of your posterity unto the latest generation. These promises I seal upon you Even so, Amen.

Given by Hyrum Smith at Nauvoo, Illinois June 10th 1842

Approximate date 10 June 1842 found in Volume 4, page 179.

LUCINDA GIBSON STRICKLAND



*Painting by Lynde Madsen Mott
Picture used by permission of Daughters of Utah Pioneers*

Lucinda Gibson born. 16 June 1805
 Married. 21 March 1831
 To James Edward Pace Jr...15 June 1811
 Children:
 William Byram. 9 February 1832
 James Finis. 20 February 1834
 Mary Ann. 20 October 1835
 Warren Sidney.... .28 December 1837
 Martha Elmina..... 15 April 1840
 Margaret Angeline. .14 September 1842
 John Ezra..... 12 July 1845
 Amanda Lucinda. . . . 18 February 1850

This account is printed in its entirety from *Five Hundred Wagons Stood Still, Mormon Battalion Wives* by Shirley N. Maynes 1999. Printed with her permission. See her book for full documentation.

Lucinda Gibson Strickland was born on June 16, 1805 in Rutherford County, Tennessee to Warren Gibson Strickland and Mary Anderson. James Pace and Lucinda were living in the same vicinity when they met and were soon married on March 21, 1831 at Murfreesboro, Rutherford County, Tennessee.

Their first son, William Bryan [Byram], was born in Murfreesboro on February 9, 1832. Soon after James, Lucinda and son moved to Shelbyville, Illinois. When they were settled, James journeyed back to Tennessee to get Lucinda's parents and move them to Shelbyville. A sad tragedy occurred when their second son, James Finis, was born. During the summer of 1834, an epidemic of Ague was prevalent and Lucinda's mother as well as the newborn son died. A daughter, Mary Ann, was born on October 20, 1835.

In April of 1837, James and Lucinda heard Dominicus Carter, a missionary representing The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, preach concerning a new gospel that they believed was true. On April 14, the two were baptized and confirmed members of the Mormon Church. By September of the same year, Almon Abbot organized a branch of the Church in their neighborhood where James was ordained to the office of a Deacon. Later on that year their, Warren Sidney was born and in 1840 a daughter, Martha Elmina, became a member of the Pace household. The Pace

family now consisted of their four children with Lucinda's father and her brothers and sisters living nearby.

The family moved to Nauvoo, Illinois where they met with the Prophet Joseph Smith who advised the family to remain there and James was assigned to be a worker on the Nauvoo Temple.

In 1844, James went on a mission to Arkansas leaving Lucinda to care for the children. Upon his return, he and Lucinda received their endowments in the Nauvoo Temple and a month later, on January 20, 1846 they were sealed to each other.

James and Lucinda began making preparations to leave Nauvoo along with other Saints because of pressures from mob interaction. The family made a special wagon that would provide them with shelter during the long journey to the Rocky Mountains. Lucinda obtained clothing, bedding, soap, flour, other breadstuffs, spices, beans and dried food, plus cooking and eating utensils. James obtained a cow for the milk, sheep for food, tools, seeds, a good tent and enough furniture to supply two families. The Saints were told, if at all possible, to be self-sufficient.

Church leaders studied John C. Fremont's maps and reports of his many expeditions. Word was sent to all members of the Church, including Saints living in other states, that the spring destination would be, "some good valley in the neighborhood of the Rocky Mountains." Church leaders vowed to take all those who wanted to leave, even the poor. Arrangements were made to accommodate them.

They, with other church members, crossed the Mississippi River by February 1846. The families, including William Pace, brother of James, journeyed on a cold snowy day across the frozen river to the Sugar Creek Camp. At the time there was eight inches of snow on the ground. Their outfit consisted of a two-horse wagon covered with common sheeting. They had no other shelter. Leaving Lucinda and six children, James returned to Nauvoo to stand guard at the Temple. When the Temple caught on fire, James helped to extinguish the flames.

After James returned to his family, traveling companies were organized on March 1, 1846. Under the leadership of Brigham Young, the pioneers began their trek to the Rocky Mountains. The company crossed the Des Moines River where farms were seen along the countryside and some of the men obtained work from the farmers. Their pay consisted of meat, bacon, potatoes, corn and other food items. The hungry Saints welcomed the food.

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battalion was to march to California in defense of the United States in the war against Mexico. James enlisted and became First Lieutenant in Company "E" under the command of Captain Daniel Davis. Because of his rank he was entitled to a servant, so he filled this position by taking his son, William Bryan [Byram], a lad of fourteen years with him. He left Lucinda and children at Mt Pisgah with her father and other members of her family, as well as members from James' family.

When James was discharged from the army on July 16, 1847, a company under his command, along with Andrew Lytle, known as the Lytle-Pace Company, was formed to bring the men to the Great Salt Lake Valley. Both men had been lieutenants in Company "E" of the Battalion. The company arrived in Salt Lake on October 16, 1847. James reported that when they entered the valley, they found men constructing a fort. The height of the fort at that time was about three feet high and the returning men were able to speed its completion."

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The group finally arrived at Winter Quarters on December 18, 1847. James and William continued on to Mt Pisgah. Lucinda and family were overjoyed to see their husband, father and brother again. The two men were relieved to know they had made it back to their family having traveled nearly five thousand miles to do so. James took a stroll around the settlement. He found, on the west banks of the Missouri River, well-planned streets, but homes were nothing more than crude huts and dugouts. An old fashioned flat-bottomed boat was stationed between Winter Quarters and the eastern shore. On the east side of the Missouri River several settlements had been formed. Some of those settlements were Council Bluffs, Cutterville and Key Creek just to name a few. Council Bluffs, at various times, was called "Miller's Hollow" and "Kanesville."

James, Lucinda and family remained in Iowa for a short time, then they moved to St. Joseph, Missouri where James found employment. They needed a good outfit, team and many supplies in order to cross the vast Plains. Finally, everything was in order for the family to leave for the Valley.

The entire Pace family, including Lucinda's father, and the newest addition to the family, four month old Amanda, left Kanesville, Iowa in the spring of 1850, arriving in the Valley by September of that same year. [The *Mormon Pioneer Overland Travel from 1847 to 1868* lists seven children traveling with their parents in the James Pace Company leaving Kanesville, Iowa (present day Council Bluffs) on 11 June 1850. One hundred wagons were in the company when it began its journey and the arrival date was 20-23 of September 1850.]

Upon arrival in Utah, the family left the Valley to settle in other parts of Utah and Arizona. They were early pioneers in Washington, Utah and Thatcher, Arizona.

Lucinda Gibson Strickland Pace died on 11 March 1898 at the age of ninety-two at Washington, Utah. She was buried in the Washington City Cemetery, Washington, Utah.

James died ten years earlier and was buried at Thatcher, Graham County, Arizona. Both had lived full and exciting lives during the time when The Church of Jesus Christ in these later days was organized. They stood firm and true in their beliefs and were active members until their deaths. This special couple had gained the respect and love of their family and friends."

HISTORY OF THE WILL OWEN STONE HOUSE

The "Big Stone House" built in 1893. Will Owen is seated in the horse drawn buggy.

The "big stone house" on the corner of Ammon-Lincoln Road and Sunnyside has been a geographical and social landmark to the people of Ammon for many years. Whenever talk turns to points of interest in the local area some old timer will reminisce about the unique windmill and someone else will comment on the beautiful house and flower gardens. Directions can be given from the "big rock house" because everyone knows where it is. Just as frequently stories are told of the illustrious people who have lived there.

William Franklin Owen Sr. built the house in 1893¹ for his family. While living there the last four of their twelve children were born. It was the first house in the area to have a shingled roof rather than the customary dirt roof.² When the well house was built in 1897 it was probably the first house in the area to have running water and an indoor bathroom.³ It worked by an ingenious system of a windmill pumping the water up to a second story storage tank. Gravity feed allowed the water to be piped into the house⁴ and even deliver water to a tank by the kitchen stove for heating before using. The date stone which was originally the lintel over the well house door was moved beside the back steps of the house when the well house was demolished.

Will Owen established a reputation early as a hard and competent worker and was always involved in the religious, social and political life of the young community. From the time he arrived in the Snake River Valley in 1885⁵ he served at various times as Superintendent of Schools, Registrar of deeds, and as County Commissioner for some time. He is listed on the first village Board of Trustees in 1905.

During these years he also served in unofficial capacities in helping to build the first school house (even before his own home was done) and in the construction of the irrigation project that watered this whole new area.

In 1899 his father put him in charge of the ultimate civic project. He gave him the money to purchase the 160 acre homestead just west of Ammon-Lincoln Road and north of Sunnyside Road. He then plotted it into blocks and streets and donated it as the official town site of Ammon, Idaho. The land deed is still on record in Bingham County Courthouse, which was the name of this county at the time.

In 1902 Will Owen served as a representative to the Idaho State Legislature.

About 1908⁶ the house was sold to Joseph Anderson when Will decided to move his family to Idaho Falls and leave farming. Joe Anderson was a quiet spoken man, liking the solitude of the hills and being particularly adept at raising sheep. He started herding sheep in Utah when he was

¹ Clarice Larson, deceased, Idaho Falls, Idaho (Granddaughter of William F. Owen)

² Ada Owen Campbell, deceased, quoted in "Snake River Echoes" Vol. 9, No. 2, p 37
(Niece of William F. Owen)

³ Virginia Peterson Smith, Ammon, Idaho (daughter of S.L. Peterson)

⁴ Justin Anderson, Shelley, Idaho (son of Joseph Anderson)

⁵ Ada Owen Campbell

⁶ Jesse Anderson, (son of Joseph Anderson)

thirteen and was so good that his employer took him as a partner when he turned eighteen. Some seven years later (1897) he moved his wife and two children to Idaho. Having little to start with, he was given thirty head of sick sheep by a local rancher. He pulled them through a usually fatal illness and started to build his "fortune."⁷

Four more children were born to the family before they moved into the "big rock house." While there the last two children, Jesse and Gordon, were born. The picture on the preceding page was taken about this time (1912).

Joe decided to venture into pig raising and sold half of his 160 acre farm for some pigs (land was cheap then). The pigs died and the project failed, and now the "estate" was just 80 acres.⁸

Joe was active both in religious affairs and in the civic affairs of his community. He served two 2 ½ year missions for the Mormon Church and was a Sunday School Superintendent and Counselor in the bishopric at various times.

His name appears as one of the trustees on the first village board of Ammon.⁹ He served many years on the board, sometimes as chairman. During the same time he served on the school board of Ammon. His interest was so keen in the education of the children that he and another man, Arthur Ball, signed personal notes for enough money to rebuild the school after it burned. This was done by a man who abhorred debt and avoided it like the plague.¹⁰

In his later life, he was elected a representative to the Idaho State Legislature. He served from 1927-1933. While there he served as Chairman of the Livestock Committee and as a member of the Education Committee and the Agriculture Committee. He was not the stereotype chest-thumping politician but was very effective in his quiet way at accomplishing the things he was most interested in.

He also effectively influenced two of his sons who went into political life. Lyle Anderson served as a county commissioner for two terms and as a state representative in 1947-49. Jesse Anderson served as an Idaho State Representative in 1939-41, and as a Utah State Representative in 1957-59. Jesse later filled a third term on the Utah State Board of Education. He also has served on many national committees of the American Association of Workers for the Blind and is President of the Ogden Association of the Blind.

One of the sons, Floyd, became a school teacher and the others followed their father into

⁷ Ibid

⁸ Justin Anderson, (son of Joseph Anderson)

⁹ Vera Lee, (lifelong resident of Ammon and local historian.)

¹⁰ Justin Anderson, (son of Joseph Anderson)

successful farming careers.

In 1916 the house was sold to Christopher Galbraith.¹¹ He and his family were well known and liked in the little community. However, they decided to move to Utah after about a year and the house was sold to James C. Soelburg.

Mr. And Mrs. Soelburg moved into the house with their family of ten children. One child still remembers how elegant the natural carved wood fixtures were, and how beautiful the flower gardens were around the house. She remembers, too, the extraordinary convenience of the upstairs inside bathroom with hot and cold running water—a real luxury at the time.

Depression times came and the Soelburgs lost the house in about 1923.¹² It stood empty for about a year until George Wadsworth bought it and moved in in 1924.¹³ His family lived in the house until economic depression made itself felt once again in about 1931. The house reverted to a mortgage company which rented it out to a Mr. and Mrs. Heath. They lived in the house for about a year, moving out when it was sold to S.L. Peterson in 1932.¹⁴ (The attached amusing newspaper article refers to this approximate time although no one will take credit for having kept pigs in the pump house.)

Mr. Peterson had come from Utah in about 1917 to help build the sugar factories at Shelley and Lincoln. When the job was done he returned to Utah. Not until 1931 did he come back to Idaho at the urging of his in-laws. The big house and the 80 acre farm were for sale and he bought it for about \$12,000. His wife and six children moved up the next “spring”, having to be rescued from a snowbound train on the way.

He brought a dairy herd up from Utah and built up a very successful dairy farm. He also succeeded in his personal life, serving his church well and raising his children to productive useful lives. His youngest son became a doctor. His only daughter maintains an active interest in the local history and has served as president of the Bonneville County Historical Society.¹⁵

After Mr. Peterson died in 1954, his widow continued to live in the rock house. About 1957 it became necessary for her to sell the attached 80 acres. Ammon annexed it for a housing project and it became known as Peterson Park. It was developed by Sterling Cannon and later Harold

¹¹ Ruth Mechen, (daughter of James C. Soelburg.)

¹² Ibid

¹³ Velta Wadsworth Dalton, (daughter of George Wadsworth)

¹⁴ Virginia Peterson Smith, (daughter of S. L. Peterson.)

¹⁵ Virginia Peterson Smith, (daughter of S. L. Peterson.)

Loveland. The land that once supported hay, sheep, cows and miscellaneous farm animals now supports homes and people. Only the house and granary (now used as a garage) remains of the original homestead of William F. Owen.

At times over the years the second floor has been rented to various persons but for short periods of time and of which little information was obtainable. The house was vacant when Mrs. Marjorie Rice purchased it in 1980 and attempted the task of refurbishing it. The antique oak hutch and door frames can be stripped of their white paint to glow with the warmth of a beautiful natural finish with some serious work.

The house was built with unusually large windows for the time and a lovely bay window that extends through both main floors. These unique features need to be preserved. It is hoped that the National Registry will consider this house sufficiently significant both in its beautiful architecture and as the home of a number of prominent men in the early history of Idaho to accept it as an "Historical Place."

Juanita Williams, 2865 Central Ave., Ammon, Idaho (niece of William F. Owen)

Ada Owen Campbell, quoted in Snake River Echoes, Vol 9 No. 2 p.37 Niece of William F Owen

Clarice Larsen, deceased, (granddaughter of William F. Owen)

Jesse Anderson, (son of Joseph Anderson)

Justin Anderson, (son of Joseph Anderson)

Ruth Mechen, (daughter of James C. Soelburg)

Velta Wadsworth Dalton (daughter of George Wadsworth)

Christie Heath (wife of Heath)

Virginia Peterson Smith, (daughter of S. L. Peterson)

Vera Lee, (lifelong resident of Ammon and Local historian)

Miranda C. Stringham (early resident of Ammon and local historian)

Edna Edwards, (lifelong resident of Ammon)

Ogden, Utah
Sept. 1, 1981

Mrs Marjorie Bries,

Dear friend, we sure enjoyed our visit with you and to see the house where I was born. For the second time in my life that I remember seeing it. After we returned home I reread my father's journal to refresh my memory.

I can find no dates as to when the rock house was built, so your daughter could be right. I found the correct date that the house was sold to Joe Anderson, for which I am thankful as I could not have been there.

I am sending two sheets from my father's journal to give you the correct dates. You may keep these as they were extra. Keep up your good work,

Sincerely, Wm L Owen

once printed
into the
personal sketch
pages

MORMON BATTALION

*Mormon Battalion Memorial Visitor's Center in
San Diego, California*

Before the Mormon exodus from Nauvoo in the Spring of 1846, Brigham Young had instructed Jesse C. Little to go to Washington, D.C. and attempt to obtain government support for the westward migration. The proposed aid was to be in the form of contracts for the construction of blockhouses and stockaded forts along the Oregon Trail as an aid to overland travel.

Mr. Little traveled to Washington, arriving on May 21, but he arrived just eight days after Congress had declared war on Mexico. Mr. Little then met with President James K. Polk on 5 June 1846 and urged him to aid migrating pioneers by employing them to fortify and defend the west. The president offered to aid the pioneers by permitting them to raise a battalion of five hundred men who would join Colonel Stephen W. Kearny, Commander of the Army of the West, and fight for the United States in the Mexican War. Little accepted the offer.

With Brigham Young's encouragement, five companies of able bodied men, between the ages of eighteen and forty-five, volunteered from the Mormon encampments in Iowa. In July 1846, under the authority of U.S. Army Captain James Allen the Mormon Battalion was mustered in at Council Bluffs.

From among these 543 men Brigham Young selected the commissioned officers; they included Jefferson Hunt, Captain of Company A; Jesse D. Hunter, Captain of Company B; James Brown, Captain of Company C; Nelson Higgins, Captain of Company D; and Daniel C. Davis, Captain of Company E. Among the most prominent non-Mormon military officers immediately associated with the battalion march were Lt. Col. James Allen, First Lt. Andrew Jackson Smith, Lt. Col. Philip St. George Cooke, and Dr. George Sanderson. Also accompanying the battalion were approximately thirty-three women, twenty of whom served as laundresses, and fifty-one children.

James Edward Pace, Jr. was a First Lieutenant in Company E and because of his rank, was allowed to take a “servant” or aide along. He chose to take his son, William Byram who was then fourteen years of age. His brother William D. Pace was also in Company E. James Colgrove Owen and Daniel Berry Rawson were both in Company D. James later married Sariah Rawson, sister of his friend and companion, Daniel. Sylvanus, Alvah Chauncey and James Wood Calkins were Privates in Company A. These were the three oldest sons of Chauncey Ira and Sarah Kellogg Calkins. Chauncey was a brother to Israel Calkins, Jr. Edwin Calkins, son of Luman Hopkins and Eunice McDearman Calkins was also listed as a Private in Company A. Luman was a son of Israel Sr and his wife Hannah, a half brother to Israel, Jr. Edwin was a young boy and may have gone along as an aide to his cousins.

From Council Bluffs the Battalion went to Ft. Leavenworth, Kansas, to be outfitted. The Battalion opted to forgo a uniform issue in lieu of money, which was to be sent by the government to the Church to help their families with general expenses of “crossing the plains.”

The march from Fort Leavenworth was delayed by the sudden illness of Colonel Allen. Capt. Jefferson Hunt was instructed to begin the march to Santa Fe and soon received word that Colonel Allen was dead. This caused confusion regarding who should lead the battalion to Santa Fe. Lt. A.J. Smith arrived from Fort Leavenworth claiming the lead, and he was chosen the commanding officer by the vote of battalion officers. The leadership transition proved difficult for many of the enlisted men, as they were not consulted about the decision.

The battalion members apparently had no idea what was really in store for them. Sickness, heat, cold, hunger, and thirst plagued the soldiers during their 2,000 mile march. Many were sent back because of illness.

The men of the Mormon Battalion are honored for their willingness to fight for the United States as loyal American citizens. Their march of some 2,000 miles from Council Bluffs to California is one of the longest military marches in history. Their participation in the early development of California by building Fort Moore in Los Angeles, building a courthouse in San Diego, and making bricks and building houses in southern California contributed to the growth of the West.

Following their discharge, many men helped build flour mills and sawmills in northern California. Some of them were among the first to discover gold at Sutter’s mill. Men from Captain Davis’s Company A were responsible for opening the first wagon road over the southern route from California to Utah in 1848.

Historic sites associated with the battalion include the Mormon Battalion Memorial Visitor’s Center in San Diego, California; Fort Moore Pioneer Memorial in Los Angeles, California; and the Mormon Battalion Monument in Memory Grove, Salt Lake City, Utah. Monuments relating to the

battalion are also located in New Mexico, Arizona, and Colorado, and trail markers have been placed on segments of the battalion route. The Frontier Army Museum in Ft. Leavenworth, Kansas, has preserved some of the Fort's early history. On display is a model of a Mormon Battalion soldier holding a musket. A plaque tells a brief story of the Mormon Battalion. Of interest is information about the musket. It reads: Shown here is a Model 1816 musket produced at Harpers Ferry in 1827 and issued to James Owen of the Mormon Battalion.

The story of the Mormon Battalion is an important one in Mormon history, but it is also important in military history and in American history.

High points of the march of the Battalion follow:

1846

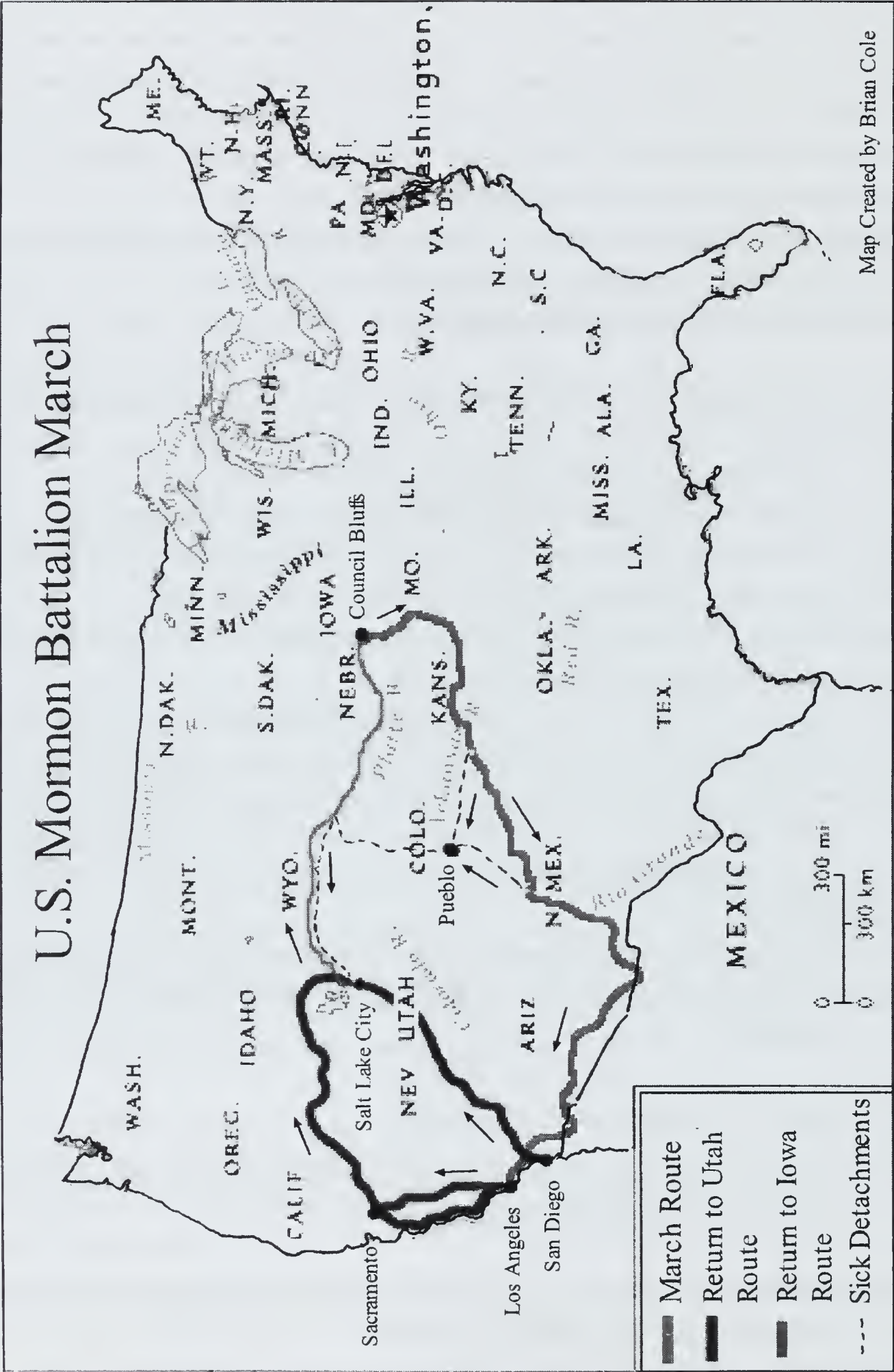
- June 26 At Mt. Pisgah, Iowa, Captain James W. Allen delivered the call for a battalion of Mormons.
- July 13-16 Enrollment of the Battalion at Council Bluffs.
- July 20 The Mormon Battalion marched southward out of Council Bluffs.
- August 3-5 The Battalion was mustered into service and equipped at Ft. Leavenworth, Kansas.
- August 12 Orders were given to begin the march from Ft. Leavenworth.
- September 16 Families not actually enlisted for service and some sick members were dispatched from the Arkansas River to Pueblo.
- October 9-12 Arrival of the Battalion at Santa Fe—in two companies. Here Col. P. St. George Cooke took command. Before leaving Santa Fe, sick members of the Battalion were released and sent to Pueblo where they arrived November 17. Meanwhile (November 10) additional sick men had been released and sent to Pueblo where they arrived December 20-24. These people migrated northward to Ft. Laramie and on to the Salt Lake Valley in 1847.
- October 19 The Battalion marched from Santa Fe with orders to build a wagon road to San Diego.
- December 9 At a point on the San Pedro River south east of Tucson the Battalion had a "fight" with wild bulls.

1847

- January 29 Arrival of the Battalion at San Diego.
- July 16 The Battalion was mustered out of service. Some traveled at once to the Salt Lake Valley; others took employment at Sutter's Fort.

1848

- January 24 Discovery of Gold at Sutter's mill. Details and date of the discovery were recorded by Henry W. Bigler, a member of the Battalion.



DR. ELLIS KACKLEY

Compiled by Sylvia Calkins Kent

Dr. Samuel “Ellis” Kackley was born in the Smokey Mountains in southern Ohio in 1871. In 1898, after graduating from the University of Tennessee Medical School, he answered an ad in a medical journal and came to Soda Springs, Idaho determined to be the best doctor in the west. He served the people of Southeastern Idaho for nearly 50 years, only leaving during World War I when he enlisted and served his country as a doctor.

He and his wife, Ida Sarver Kackley had three children, only one of whom lived to maturity. That child, his son Evan, also became a doctor and worked with him in Soda Springs. Ellis and Evan built the first Soda Springs hospital in 1925 to 1927. A source reports that Ellis delivered over 4,000 babies.¹ My Grandmother Mabel Lucy Calkins was one of those babies and she returned to Soda Springs for Dr. Kackley to deliver five of her children. I’m sure many more of those thousands of babies were our Calkins relatives and ancestors.



Ellis and Ida Kackley 1895

One author, while writing about her life growing up in Idaho, called Dr. Ellis Kackley, “a man I would be proud of, if I were God.”² She quotes a letter written by Dr. Kackley to a Mrs. Sadie Mickelson and her husband of Lago, Idaho, printed in 1958, that gives insight into Dr. Kackley’s profession and personality:

“It was a fortunate day in my life when I stopped in Soda Springs, it was an unopposed practice one hundred by two hundred miles. There wasn’t a bed pan south of the Oregon Short Line Railroad, and if there was one north of the railroad I never saw it, but we could cut off a board and lay it across an old milk pan.”

She quotes another passage:

“We hear so much about taking the baby through the abdomen, that is considered a very major operation in a modern hospital, but we did it then with no more help than those good [Relief Society] women. . . . The Relief Society is the only society that I have ever wanted to join, to me it is the biggest thing in your church or any other church³.”

¹ <http://imnh.isu.edu/digitalatlas/geog/rrt/part4/chp10/81.htm>

² Gay Taylor, *Dialogue: A Journal of Mormon Thought*, Volume 22, Number 1, Spring 1989, p. 108.

³ Ibid.

In an article written for Idaho State University's online history course about Idaho, Dr. Kackley is mentioned in a story about another "famous" person of the day, Butch Cassidy.

"Butch Cassidy and his band of outlaws frequented the Soda Springs area in the late 1890s and had a camp in Star Valley, Wyoming. . . . On June 2, 1899, Cassidy's Gang robbed the Overland Flyer of the Union Pacific Railroad. Later that summer Dr. Kackley was asked to treat a wounded member of the gang that was holed up near Freedom, Wyoming. Both Kackley and Cassidy sympathized with underdogs and did not like the big corporations. Kackley brought the injured man to Soda Springs under cover of darkness and housed him close to the railroad. Another of the Cassidy Gang was disguised as a woman and took care of the injured man until he recovered."⁴

An online obituary journal for 1903-1997 for Caribou County, Idaho listed the facts of his life from his obituary and noted: "The obituary write up for Dr. Kackley covered two pages in the *Soda Springs Sun* and is too extensive to show here."⁵ He was a very popular man, and the ISU article stated that over 2500 people attended his funeral service which was held in the local high school.

Ellen Carney, a historian from southern Idaho has written a book about Dr. Kackley, entitled *Ellis Kackley: The Best Damn Doctor in the West*.⁶ And while we did not quote from her book for this article, it is fascinating reading about the times and people of Soda Springs in the early 1900s. We have included a copy of an article she wrote in 1986 for the *Caribou County Sun* about Dr. Kackley. The photographs of Dr. Kackley are from her book.

We were also able through My Ancestry.com to locate a microfilm copy of the November 25, 1943 newspaper which published both Dr. Kackley's obituary and another news story about his life and have transcribed those articles here.

DEATH CLAIMS DR. KACKLEY

FAR-FAMED SODA SPRINGS PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

Dr. Ellis Kackley, 72, widely known physician and surgeon, superintendent of Caribou County hospital since its construction in 1926, overseas veteran of World War I and pioneer of Soda Springs, died Monday afternoon after a two week's illness.

Born in Smokey mountains, east Tennessee, July 15, 1871 a son of Samuel and Elizabeth Niswonger Kackley, he grew up there and was graduated in the spring of 1898 with an M.D. degree from the University of Tennessee. The next day he left home to begin the practice of his profession, arriving here April 2, 1898.

⁴ <http://isu.edu/digitalatlas/geog/rrt/part4/chap10/81.htm>

⁵ Caribou County, Idaho Obituary Journal, Part 1, 1903-1997

⁶ Ellen Carney, *Ellis Kackley: Best Damn Doctor in the West*, Maverick Publications, Drawer 5007, Bend, Oregon 97708, Copyright 1990.

For a number of years, it is said, he was the only practicing physician between Montpelier and Pocatello. During this period the weather was never too bitter, the snow too deep or the nights too long to prevent him from venturing forth to answer the call of the sick. He sometimes had to go 40 or 50 miles through a winter blizzard. As the years passed, his skill as a physician and surgeon, his ability to lift the spirits of those who were ailing and his greatness of heart endeared him to thousands. His reputation spread and the number of patients increased until he had to quit going to the sick because so many came to him and Soda Springs became a Mecca for many of the sick and afflicted from communities in Idaho and neighboring states.

Prior to construction of the Caribou County hospital, he maintained his own hospital in the Fryer building. The new hospital, said to be one of the best equipped in its class, gave more room for the patients, but it was too small and within a few years its capacity was doubled.

Surviving is a son, Dr. Evan Kackley, serving with the rank of Lieutenant in the navy in the Pacific, and two grandchildren; also two sisters, Mrs. Anna Densford, Crothersville, Ind. and Mrs. Emma Clark, Nashville, Ind.

Funeral services are being held at 2:00 o'clock in the high school gymnasium.⁷

LIFE OF DR. KACKLEY MAKES SUCCESS STORY

Forty-five years ago on the second of last April, Dr. Ellis Kackley who died Monday, arrived in Soda Springs to make his home. During those years he established himself as one of Idaho's most widely known and highly regarded men, a great benefactor of mankind, a courageous and rugged character with a following of patients, former patients, and friends running far into the thousands. A story of his life would be a history of the pioneer march of civilization on the big open spaces of southeastern Idaho.

It is said he came out here to die. Afflicted with a lung infection and spitting blood, he was attracted to Soda Springs by an advertisement appearing in a medical publication. This ad had been inserted in the paper by the late Judge L.C. Eastman, who, back in the 90s, was running a drug store here, and saw the serious need of a doctor in this area.

Young Kackley, born in Smokey Mountains, east Tennessee, age twenty-seven and a University of Tennessee graduate in medicine, sent an inquiry to Mr. Eastman; and he replied that Soda Springs had an ideal climate for a man with



Ellis Kackley in front of Caribou County Hospital

⁷ *Soda Springs Sun*, Volume 13, Number 16, Thursday, November 25, 1943, p. 1

lung trouble, and that any doctor who settled here, tended to business, and did not drink or gamble would make a lot of money.

So Dr. Ellis Kackley arrived in Soda Springs in the spring of '98 a total stranger. He was slight in stature, pale, and weak. According to Mrs. L.C. Eastman the Doctor occupied a little room back of her husband's drug store for about a year. On a day soon after his arrival, he walked through the drug store while Mr. Eastman and the late George W. Gorton, early Soda Springs leader and merchant, were having a chat; and Mr. Gorton remarked, "We'll be buryin' that fellow in a couple of weeks."

But the doctor didn't die according to plan. Living an abstemious life, breathing the clean, fresh mountain air and using his own determination to get well he began to recover, and to build up a following, and a professional practice which in those days could hardly have been dreamed.

Here is a story of how he got one of his early cases. A man at Chesterfield about 30 miles northwest of Soda Springs got his leg broken; and two men started by team to take him to Montpelier where the late Dr. Hoover was located. It was night when they arrived at Soda Springs, so they spent the night there, intending to continue the reaming 30 miles to Montpelier in the morning. Soda's new doctor heard of the case, called on the ailing man, and examined his broken leg. Then he took off his coat and vest and went to work, saying to the men: "I want you men to know, by _____, that you don't have to go clear to Montpelier to get a doctor."

During the years that followed the young doctor who came out west to die was kept might busy, answering calls over an area with a fifty mile radius, from the southern tip of Gentile valley to the northern edge of Grays Lake country.

Of course in those days he used horses with buggies in the summer and sleighs in the winter, or often going on horseback. If the snow was too deep he used skis; but never let his patients down. They could depend on him answering the call no matter what difficulties were in the way. It is said that on one occasion he had to swim across Bear river in order to answer a call in a hurry.

In those days he had no hospital, so most of the patients were cared for in their own homes, where many cases involving surgery were attended to by the light of a flickering kerosene lamp. Dr. Kackley is said to have performed operations on a bunk in a lonely sheep camp, and on a pool table in a saloon.

With the passing of years the doctor's practice increased until he had no time to make calls except in extreme cases. He was overworked just attending those who came to his office.

He established a private hospital; but it was inadequate so Caribou County built a hospital and made him superintendent. In a few years the county hospital had to be enlarged to double size and sometimes, even then, there was not room for all the patients.

Every day strangers came to town to consult Dr. Kackley. Patients from the far-reaching extremes of the Snake river valley, from the Salmon river country, from the Panhandle, from Utah, Nevada, Oregon, Montana, Wyoming and more distant states, and even from Canada, came to Soda

Springs bringing their ailments, their loved ones, and their last hopes, feeling sure that if anything human, or even super-human could help them, Dr. Kackley could.

These people stayed in our hotels, auto camps, and private homes. They ate in our restaurants, took prescriptions to our drug stores, made purchases from our business houses, and usually carried home stories favorable to our community with its municipal-owned electric system, its wide improved streets, its friendly and courteous people, its famed soda springs, its mysterious and remarkable geyser and its unique western setting, but whatever their opinions of the town, they carried away an almost reverent regard for Dr. Kackley and praised him to others for his success in treating the afflicted, and for his great-hearted kindness and the hope and confidence he gave them.

A Salt Lake City physician is said to have remarked on one occasion, "You people around Soda Springs hold Dr. Kackley just one step ahead of God." Of course it may be that a bit of sarcasm was veiled in this statement, for Dr. Kackley being a rugged individualist with a code of ethics favorable to the sick, troubled, and destitute, and a great sympathetic heart which made him want to help them in their difficulties was seemingly not worried much about the esteem in which he was held by other members of his profession.

For forty-five years Soda Springs was his home; but during the first world war, when his age was very near the half-century mark, he volunteered to serve in the army medical corps; and he was absent from his home town long enough to go to France, and, with the rank of lieutenant, serve in caring for the wounded through four major engagements with the enemy. And his only son, Dr. Evan Kackley is even now carrying on the family tradition of war service, being a lieutenant in the medical corps of the navy, on a ship somewhere in the Pacific.

How he kept going so long under the constant strain of the many hours each day, performing miracles of surgery and administering to the needs of the sick has always been something of a mystery; but his great desire to give aid and comfort to the suffering, and his super-abundance of nervous energy drove his frail body day after day and year after year to do his duty as he saw it.

Dr. Kackley always maintained a home, a big two-story frame structure, built many years ago by the late Herbert Horsley. He liked animals and had horses, sheep, cattle, chickens, and geese in the yard. There were always cats around, and one or more dogs, friends and pals of the doctor. Usually where you saw the doctor you saw at least one of his dogs. His flock of geese numbered close to a hundred, probably the most favored and pampered flock of geese in the world. They held their heads proudly, and when they cackled they did it as if they were aristocrats, especially favored.

The part of each evening he could spend at home, he usually was seated in a big chair, by the lamp with a book in hand. He had a remarkable memory, and was well-informed on a great variety of subjects. In conversation his mind worked with lightning speed, and his vocabulary was forceful, supplemented with a long list of explosive words sometimes called swearing; but seeming natural and acceptable when used by him.

It would require a book to half cover the unique career of Dr. Ellis Kackley from the time he came out here from Tennessee to die in 1898 to last Monday forty-five years later, when that last of all great adventures came to him.

But one is impressed with the promise of the late Judge Eastman, "Any doctor who settles here and tends to business, and doesn't drink or gamble will make a lot of money." Judging from the doctor's many liberal contributions, his big purchases of war bonds, he must have found that promise true—and what man has better deserved to make money?

Soda Springs, as the center of a big open territory has many attractions: good fishing and hunting, lumber, mining, livestock and farming industries, the Henry Stampede, the famed and popular carbonated mineral springs, the remarkable and mysterious geyser; but it is doubtful if all these combined have brought as many different people to town from as many towns, counties, and states, as were brought here at one time or another by the hope and faith mankind learned to have in Dr. Ellis Kackley.

But now our town is in mourning, and tens of thousands who revered Dr. Kackley are in mourning and the past few days his geese have been sitting quietly with their heads held low as if they are in mourning too.⁸

Community Family Tree lists the following biographical information about Dr. Kackley and his family:

Born Samuel Ellis "Ellis" Kackley, 15 July 1881, Ohio.

Died 22 November 1943, Soda Springs, Idaho

Burial 25 November 1943, Fairview Cemetery, Caribou County, Idaho

Married Iva Sarver, 19 October 1895, Clark, Indiana

Iva Sarver, born 18 May 1872, Bedford, Indiana, died 7 October 1959, Los Angeles, California

Children:

Ellis Alvin Kackley, born April 1901, died April 1904, Soda Springs, Idaho

Evan Morgan Kackley, born 30 March 1905, died 19 April 1999, Soda Springs, Idaho

Margaret Ida Kackley, born 4 January 1908, died 26 May 1912, Soda Springs, Idaho

Father, Samuel Kackley, born 21 November 1831, Buffalo, Ohio, died before 1920, Washington, Indiana

Mother, Elizabeth Niswonger, born 8 May 1835, Noble, Ohio, died 1898, Van Buren, Indiana⁹

⁸ *Soda Springs Sun*, Volume 13, Number 16, Thursday, November 25, 1943, pp. 1, 5.

⁹ http://www.familypursuit.com/genealogy/kackley_samuel/samuel-ellis-ellis-kackley-b.1871-d.1943-1

12 — The Caribou County Sun, Soda Springs, Idaho
Thursday, December 4, 1986

Practiced 45 Years in Soda Springs

Dr. Ellis Kackley — A Man 'Who Came to Soda Springs to Die'

by Ellen Carney

Dr. Ellis Kackley was born in the Smoky Mountains of East Tennessee in 1871. Three days after his graduation from the University of Tennessee, he was in Soda Springs in answer to an advertisement placed in a medical magazine by Postman L. C. Eastman.

Young Doctor Kackley occupied a small room behind the Eastman Drug Store and began his practice immediately in this small western village. He made Soda Springs his home for the rest of his life, except for the time he spent in France during World War I. For some years he was the only practicing physician between Montpelier and Pocatello.

During his 45 years of practice in Soda Springs, his fame and reputation spread throughout Southeastern Idaho and beyond, and he became one of Idaho's most widely known and highly regarded men.

His skill as a physician and surgeon, his ability to lift the spirits of the sick as well as cure their ills, and his thoughtfulness and generosity endeared him to thousands. His patients carried away an almost reverent regard for this unique little man who was small of stature, but large of heart.

There were no hospitals in those early days, so most people had to be treated at home. He was kept mighty busy answering calls within a 50-mile radius on horseback, with buggies and sleighs, on showshoes and skis, and eventually in a Model T Ford.

He once had to swim the Bear River to get to a patient in a hurry, and when he received word a patient in Grays Lake was bleeding to death, he made the 37-mile trip in 90 minutes on a race horse.

Many an operation was done by flickering kerosene lamp light, and he is said to have performed operations on a

bunk in a lonely sheep camp and on a pool table in a saloon.

Later the upper story of Fryar's Hotel was converted to a private hospital, and after a while an addition was built to furnish more rooms. Dr. Kackley was influential in the building of a county hospital in 1926, and used his own money to purchase much of the equipment.

It is said that Dr. Kackley came to Soda Springs to die. Slight in stature, pale, and weak, he was suffering from a lung infection. George W. Gorton, an early Soda Springs merchant, is reported to have remarked that they would be burying that fellow in a couple of weeks. However, his health returned, and this pioneer doctor grew with the town.

With the passing of years the doctor's practice increased until people wondered where he found the energy to see all those who flocked to his door. Though Soda Springs was the center of a big open territory, and offered many attractions, his obituary claims he brought more people to the town than all of the other attractions combined.

In spite of his fame, he cared for those who could not afford his services with the same consideration as the well-to-do. He had a "time-payment" plan.

"I'll take care of it now and we'll settle up on resurrection morning," he told many clients who could not pay then.

Kackley bought a three-story frame

house built by Herbert Horsley, and had horses, sheep, cattle, chickens, cats, dogs, and geese in the yard. Usually where you saw the doctor, you saw at least one of his dogs. For many years his dog "Pal" went everywhere with him, including to the office.

Mrs. Ida Kackley joined her husband in Soda Springs a year after his arrival, and they became parents of three children: Dr. Evan Kackley, Boise and Williamsburg, and Alvin and Margaret, who both died in childhood.

While the younger people now, and those who came to Soda Springs since the time of Dr. Kackley, may know little of him, for the old-timers here he is a legend. Everyone has a favorite story recount about "Old Doc Kackley" and their eyes light with pride as they tell it.

For many he was the first to greet them at birth. He saw them through dangerous illnesses, saved their lives with his skilled surgery, and financed college educations for many young people.

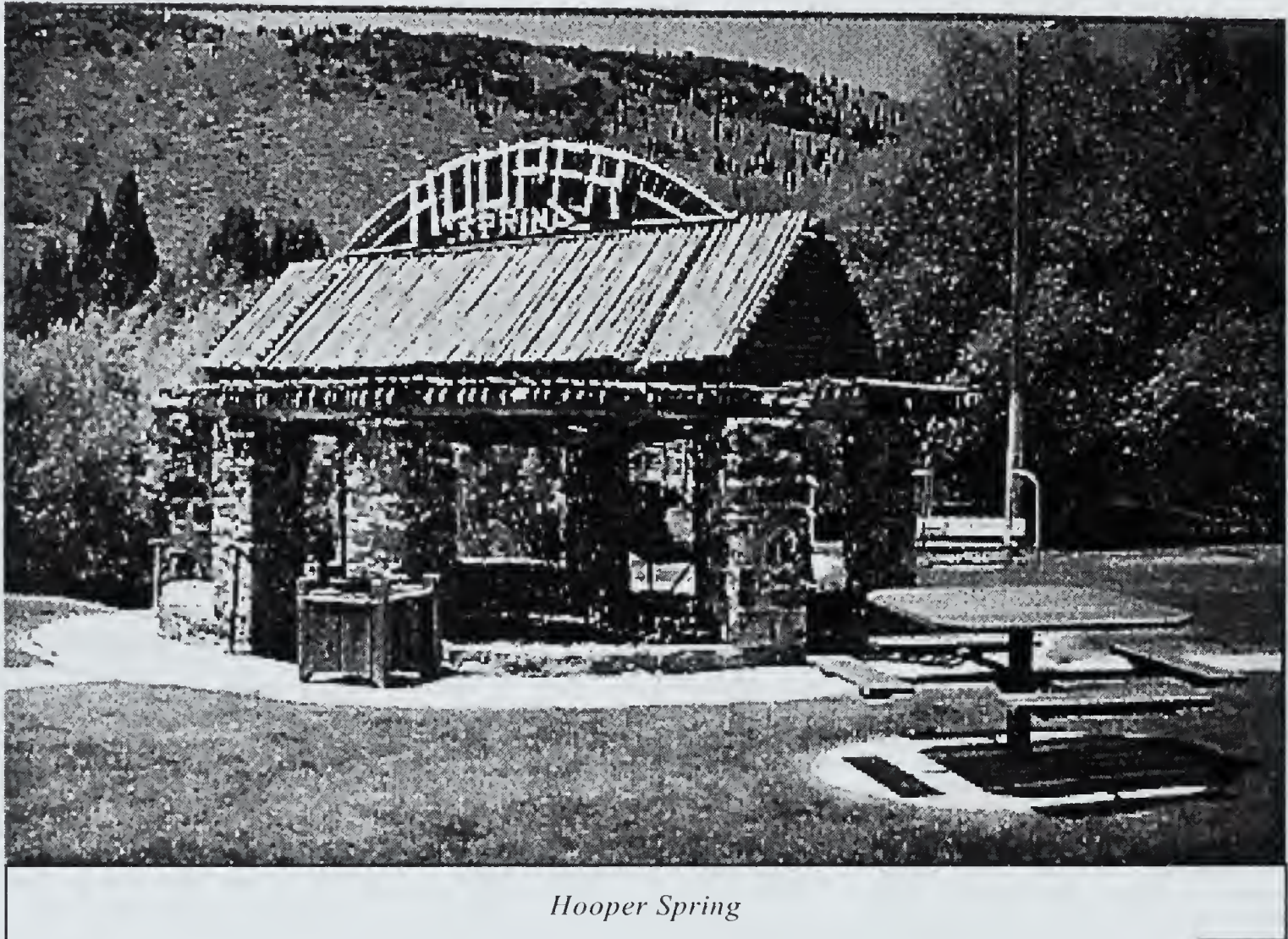
Dr. Kackley died in November of 1943.

His funeral was held in the high school gymnasium, which provided seating space for 900 people, and was totally inadequate to handle the crowd, which is reported to have been around 2,500.

It is said to have been the greatest throng ever to gather in Soda Springs for the burial rites of an individual.

TOSOIBA

“Land of Sparkling waters”



Hooper Spring

Jim Bridger, who was employed by Rocky Mountain Fur Company, trapped along the banks of the Bear River in 1824. He was one of the earliest trappers to pass through the “land of sparkling waters” or Tosoiba as the Indians called it. There are innumerable springs of sparkling soda water in the area and many believed in the medicinal qualities of the drink. Long before the “white man” had discovered the springs, the Indians came here with their sick, to worship the great spirit of the healing waters—I-DAN-HA.

Hooper Spring was a prime attraction for more than 160 years and the soda water was once marketed nationally, after the rail service reached the area in the 1880s. There were those who envisioned Soda Springs being a great resort area with the medicinal springs, the beauty of the mountains surrounding, and the crisp mountain air. The bottled water, however, didn’t live up to the expectations of huge profits and the venture was discontinued. The vision of multitudes who would flock to the springs didn’t ever materialize, but the beauty of Soda Springs has not diminished.

Hooper springs was named after W.H. Hooper, who, prior to 1880, was Salt Lake City’s leading banker and president of Zions Cooperative Mercantile Institution and had a summer home in Soda Springs. It is, reportedly, the tastiest of the many springs in the surrounding area, but not

everyone concurs with those who have grown up in Soda Springs. Newcomers sometimes dislike the strong taste of iron in the water, (which also contains sodium, magnesium, calcium, manganese, potassium, silica, and carbonic acid gas), so they bring along a package of Koolaid in a pitcher. You just add the carbonation from the spring and it's as tasty as the soda from the can. But, whether you're an old-timer or a newcomer, there is beauty in the area and a reason to return. The city park, adjoining Hooper Spring, is a popular gathering place for families and tourists.

Another attraction in Soda Springs is the only operating, man-made, controlled geyser in the world. It was discovered by accident in 1937, as men were drilling to try and tap into natural hot water for a swimming pool. After the unexpected eruption they felt that such a spectacular show should not be wasted. It is now capped and controlled by a timer. It erupts every hour on the hour and reaches 100 feet year round. The Visitor Center features displays of Soda Springs.



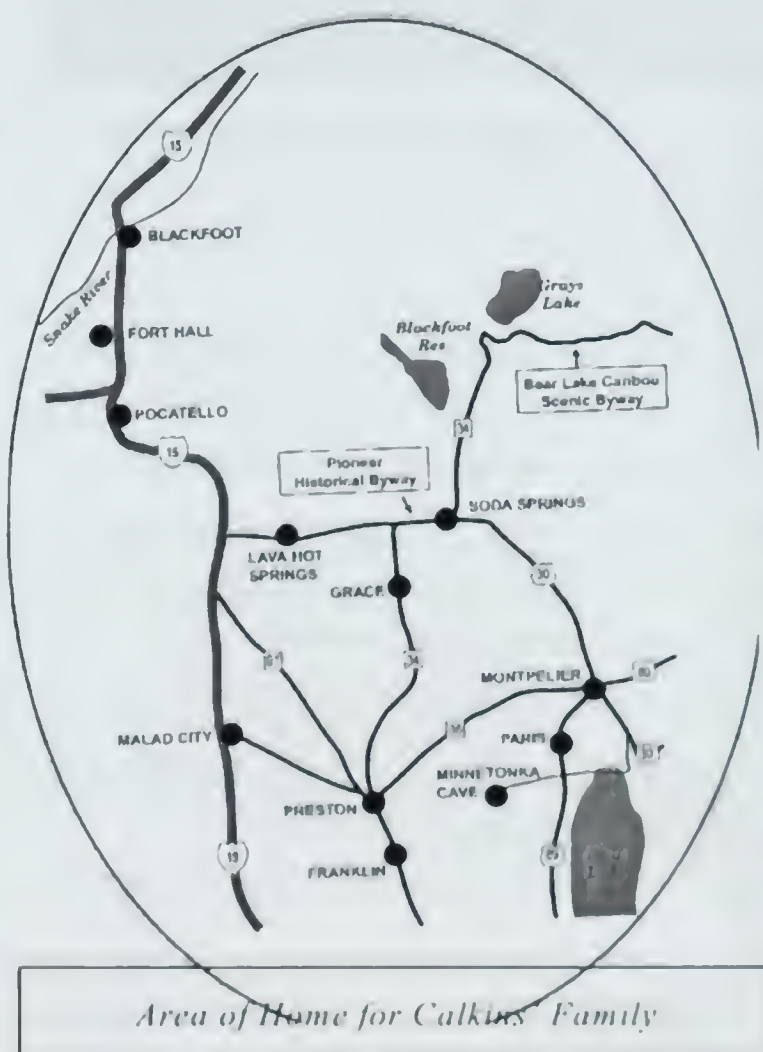
Soda Springs Geyser

But, perhaps a greater attraction to Soda

Springs is a need to return to your roots. I have no idea how many of the grandchildren of Orson and Mary were born in or around the area of Soda Springs, but returning to the place of your birth, wherever it is, gives you a feeling of connection to the past and helps you establish your own identity—knowing *where* you came from and *who* you came from, helps you to know *who* you really are.

This has been a drawing card for us, as we have made side trips on family vacations to visit Loren's birthplace, taste the water from the spring and listen to stories of working with Grandpa Orson on the dry farm in the middle of nowhere.

This last August of 2008, we got together as a family, minus our Dad, for a fun Calkins Family Campout. We stayed and played at Bear Lake, but



Area of Home for Calkins Family

Clarence, our oldest son, took the longer way home, to treat his children to the taste of soda water from Hooper Spring.

It was especially touching to me to see this picture of Clarence and his youngest grandson, Dawson Morris, because Clarence was killed in an accident in February of this year. He loved doing things with his children, especially taking them on camping trips. He was a great organizer, the promoter of the games and has been a “hands on” type father and grandfather.

Clarence has also been an inspiration to me because he began writing journals when he was nineteen and has filled many books with his thoughts and daily activities.

As I have researched families and looked for clues about grandparents, I realize how important it is to record your thoughts and feelings so those who come after you will really know who you are.

My purpose in compiling these histories has been to help my children, grandchildren and all who share the Calkins DNA, understand and appreciate their great heritage. These are histories of ordinary people who struggle, or who have struggled, with hard times, and yet have been able to make it through. I don't know

that any have acquired great wealth or will be long remembered by the world, but each plays a part in our lives and without them *you* would not be *you*.

To Dawson and the rest of my children and grandchildren; a trip to Hooper Spring is not just to taste the mineral water that comes bubbling up from the ground. Soda Springs is a connection to the past—recreating fun times together, memories of a Dad, a Grandpa, his parents, grandparents and all the links upward in the chain. We are bound together by our heritage.

A family is the most important organization that exists, and in today's world, one that needs great care and protection. We need to be connected to our family. We need to know them and appreciate the sacrifices they have made, which make this a better world for all of us.

An after thought: if the important events in your lives are not listed in the time line, pencil them in and take your place in history.

Carolyn Calkins



*Drink it up! Savor the memories.
Remember your roots and cherish your heritage.*

Family Events

Year

World and Church Events

1492

Christopher Columbus sails across the Atlantic Ocean.

1513

Juan Ponce de Leon explores the Florida coast.

1524

Giovanni da Verrazano explores the coast from Carolina, north to Nova Scotia.

1540

Francisco Vasquez de Coronado explores the Southwest.

1565

St. Augustine, Florida, the first town established by Europeans in the United States, is founded by the Spanish.

Richard Pace is born in England.

1583

Hugh Calkins is born in Waverton, England.

1600

Ann Eaton is born in England.

1605

1607

Jamestown, Virginia, the first English settlement in North America, is founded by Captain John Smith.

1609

Henry Hudson sails into New York Harbor, explores Hudson River. Spaniards settle Santa Fe, New Mexico.

Richard Pace is living in Jamestown, Virginia.

1616

1619

The first African slaves are brought to Jamestown. (Slavery is made legal in 1650)

1620

Pilgrims from England arrive at Plymouth, Massachusetts, on the Mayflower.

Hugh Calkins marries Ann Eaton about 1623.

1623

1626

Peter Minuit buys Manhattan island for the Dutch from Man-a-hat-a Indians. The island is renamed New Amsterdam.

1630

1634

Hugh and Ann's son John is born in England.

Boston is founded by Massachusetts colonist

Maryland is founded as a Catholic colony, with religious freedom for all granted in 1649

1639

Hugh and family come to the New World with the "Welsh Company" and Reverend Richard Blynman.

1658

John Calkins marries Sarah Royce in New London, CT.

Oct. 1663

John and Sarah's son Samuel is born in Norwich, CT.

1664

The English seize New Amsterdam from the Dutch. The city is renamed New York.

Hugh Calkins dies in Norwich, CT.

1690

Samuel Calkins marries Hannah Gifford in Norwich, CT.

16 Nov 1691

Family Events		Year	World and Church Events
Samuel Calkins Jr. is born in Lebanon, CT.	17 Oct	1699	French settlers move in Mississippi and Louisiana.
Samuel Jr. marries Damaris Strong.	03 Jun	1725	
		1730	"The First Great Awakening", was a period of heightened religious activity.
Samuel and Damaris' son David is born in Colchester, CT.	29 Feb	1736	
		1754	French and Indian War between England and France. The French are defeated.
David Calkins marries Priscilla Burgess.		1758	
		1764	England places taxes on sugar that comes from their North American colonies.
David and Priscilla's son Israel is born in Oblong, NY.	07 Jun	1766	
		1770	Boston Massacre: English troops fire on a group of people protesting English taxes.
		1773	Boston Tea Party
		1775	Fighting at Lexington and Concord, Massachusetts, marks the beginning of the American Revolution.
		1776	The Declaration of Independence is approved July 4 by the Continental Congress.
		1781	British General Cornwallis surrenders to the Americans at Yorktown, Virginia, ending the Revolutionary War.
Israel Sr. marries Mary Grigg in New York.		1785	
		1787	The Constitutional Convention meets to write a Constitution for the United States.
		1789	The new Constitution is approved by the states.
		1790	"The Second Great Awakening", with widespread Christian evangelism and conversions.
John Wortley Manwill is born in Maine.		1791	
Horace Strong Rawson was born in Scipio, NY.	15 Jul	1799	
		1800	The federal government moves to a new capital, Washington, D.C.
		1803	The U.S. makes the Louisiana Purchase from France.
Israel Calkins Jr is born in Hebron, NY.	01 Sep	1804	Lewis and Clark explore what is now the northwestern U.S.
Lucinda Gibson Strickland is born in Rutherford Cty, TN.	06 Jun	1805	23 Dec Joseph Smith Jr. is born in Sharon, Vermont.
Elizabeth Coffin is born.	18 Oct	1807	
James Edward Pace Jr. is born.	15 Jun	1811	

Family Events		Year	World and Church Events
Horace Strong Rawson and John Wortley Manwill fight in the War of 1812.		1812	War of 1812 with Great Britain: British forces burn the Capitol and White House.
James Edward Pace Sr. dies in the Battle of New Orleans.	23 Dec	1814	
		1820	Spring Joseph Smith's First Vision.
		1820	The Missouri Compromise bans slavery west of the Mississippi River and north of 36 degrees 30 feet latitude, except in Missouri.
		1823	The Monroe Doctrine warns European countries not to interfere in the Americas.
James Colegrove Owen is born in Sunderlandville, PA.	11 Oct	1825	The Erie Canal opens.
		1827	Joseph Smith obtains the gold plates.
		1829	Translation of the Book of Mormon is completed.
		1830	6 Apr The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is organized.
		1830	The first edition of the Book of Mormon is published.
James Pace Jr., marries Lucinda Strickland.	21 Mar	1831	The Liberator, a newspaper opposing slavery, is published in Boston.
		1832	The Black Hawk Indian War: The war was named for Black Hawk a Native American chief who fought against the United States Army for Illinois and the Michigan Territory.
Israel Jr. marries Lavina Wheeler.		1834	
Sariah Rawson is born in Lafayette, MI.	15 Mar	1834	
		1836	27 Mar The Kirtland Ohio temple is dedicated.
		1836	Texans fighting for independence from Mexico, are defeated at the Alamo.
Israel Jr. and Lavina's son Horatio Palmer is born in Alabama, NY.	08 Oct	1837	
		1838	Cherokee Indians are forced to move to Oklahoma, along the "Trail of Tears "
Arthur Morrison Rawson is born in Nauvoo, Ill.	17 Jun	1840	
Margaret Angeline Pace is born in Nauvoo, Ill.	14 Sep	1842	
		1844	27 Jun Joseph Smith and Hyrum are murdered at Carthage, Illinois.
		1844	The first telegraph line connects Washington and Baltimore.
Mormon Battalion, 500 volunteers, longest march.	July	1846	U.S. War with Mexico. Mexico is defeated, the U. S. takes control of the Republic of Texas and the Mexican territories.
		1846	The Nauvoo Temple is dedicated
		1847	24 Jul Brigham Young enters the Salt Lake Valley

Family EventsYearWorld and Church Events

1848

The discovery of gold in California leads to a "rush" of 80,000 people to the West in search of gold.

1850

"The third great awakening," was a period of religious activism in American history.

James Owen marries Sariah Rawson in Ogden, UT. 01 Jun 1851

The Book of Mormon is published in Danish, the first foreign-language edition.

1852

Uncle Tom's Cabin is published.

William Franklin Owen Sr. is born in Ogden, UT. 5 Aug 1854

1858

Abraham Lincoln and Stephen Douglas debate about slavery during their Senate campaign in Illinois.

Horatio marries Mary Elizabeth Manwill in Payson, UT. 18 May 1859

Lucinda Elizabeth Rawson is born in Payson, UT. 09 Mar 1860

Abraham Lincoln is elected president.

1861 12 Apr

The Civil War begins.

1863

President Lincoln issues the Emancipation Proclamation, freeing most slaves.

1864 9 Apr

The Civil War ends as the South surrenders.

1865 15 Apr

President Lincoln is assassinated.

1865

Orson Booker Calkins is born in Payson, UT. 03 Sep 1865

1869 10 May

The first railroad connecting the East and West coasts is completed.

William Owen marries Lucinda Rawson in Ogden, UT. 20 Jan 1877 6 Apr

The St. George, Utah temple is dedicated.

William and Lucinda's daughter Mary Elizabeth is born. 28 Oct 1877

1878

Brigham Young Academy is established in Provo, Utah.

1880

John Taylor becomes President of the Church.

1889

Wilford Woodruff becomes President of the Church.

1890

Battle of Wounded Knee is fought in South Dakota; the last major battle between Indians and U.S. troops.

1893 6 Apr

The Salt Lake Temple is dedicated after 40 years of construction.

Orson Booker marries Mary Elizabeth Owen in Blackfoot, ID. 24 Mar 1896

William Orson Calkins is born in Lewisville, ID. 25 Dec 1896

1898

Spanish-American War: The U.S. defeats Spain.

Family Events

Year

World and Church Events

Mary Elizabeth Manwill Calkins dies in Gray's Lake, ID. 08 Mar 1900

1901

Horatio Palmer Calkins dies in Ogden, UT. 23 Sep 1903

1908

1912

1914

1916

1917 6 Apr

1918 18 Nov

1918

William Orson marries Mabel Horsley in Idaho Falls, ID. 21 Mar 1920

1923

1924

1926

1927

1929 29 Oct

1929

1933

1936

1941 7 Dec

1945 15 Aug

Lorenzo Snow becomes President of the Church.

Joseph F. Smith becomes President of the Church.

The United States begins digging the Panama Canal.

Henry Ford introduces the Model T car, priced at \$850

The LDS Church seminary program is established.

The Panama Canal opens.

Jeannette Rankin is the first woman elected to Congress.

The United States joins World War I against Germany.

Armistice signed ending WWI.

Heber J. Grant becomes President of the Church.

The Cardston Alberta Temple is dedicated, making it the first temple built outside of the United States.

KSL Radio begins broadcasted general conference.

The first institute of religion classes are held.

Charles A. Lindbergh becomes the first person to fly alone nonstop across the Atlantic Ocean.

A stock market crash marks the beginning of the Great Depression.

The Mormon Tabernacle Choir's first weekly broadcast of Music and the Spoken Word airs.

President Franklin D. Roosevelt's New Deal increases government help to people hurt by the Depression.

The Church security program is instituted to assist the poor during the Great Depression (This later became the Church Welfare program)

Japan attacks Pearl Harbor, Hawaii. The United States enter World War II

Germany and Japan surrender, ending World War II

<u>Family Events</u>		<u>Year</u>	<u>World and Church Events</u>
		1945	George Albert Smith becomes President of the Church.
		1947	Jackie Robinson becomes the first black baseball player in the major leagues when he joins the Brooklyn Dodgers.
		1947	Church membership reaches one million.
Orson Booker Calkins dies in Idaho Falls, ID.	27 Sep	1948	
		1949	General conference is publicly televised by KSL Television.
		1950	U. S. armed forces fight in the Korean War.
		1951	David O. McKay becomes President of the Church.
		1953	27 Jul Korean War ends.
Mabel Lucy Horsley Calkins dies in Ferncroft, ID.	04 Dec	1954	The U.S. Supreme Court forbids segregation in public schools.
Mary Elizabeth Owen Calkins dies in Idaho Falls, ID.	20 Nov	1955	
		1959	Hawaii and Alaska become states.
		1962	The first Spanish-speaking stake is organized, in Mexico City.
		1963	President John F. Kennedy is assassinated.
		1963	Church membership reaches two million.
		1964	Congress passes the Civil Rights Act, which outlaws discrimination in voting and jobs.
		1965	The United States sends large number of soldiers to fight in the Vietnam War.
		1966	The first South American stake is organized.
			Compiled by Alicia Quintero

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A history of Orson Booker and
Mary Elizabeth Owen Calkins
their children and grandchildre
Calkins Carolyn.



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